★ Nov. 9, 1940

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THE NEW YORKER

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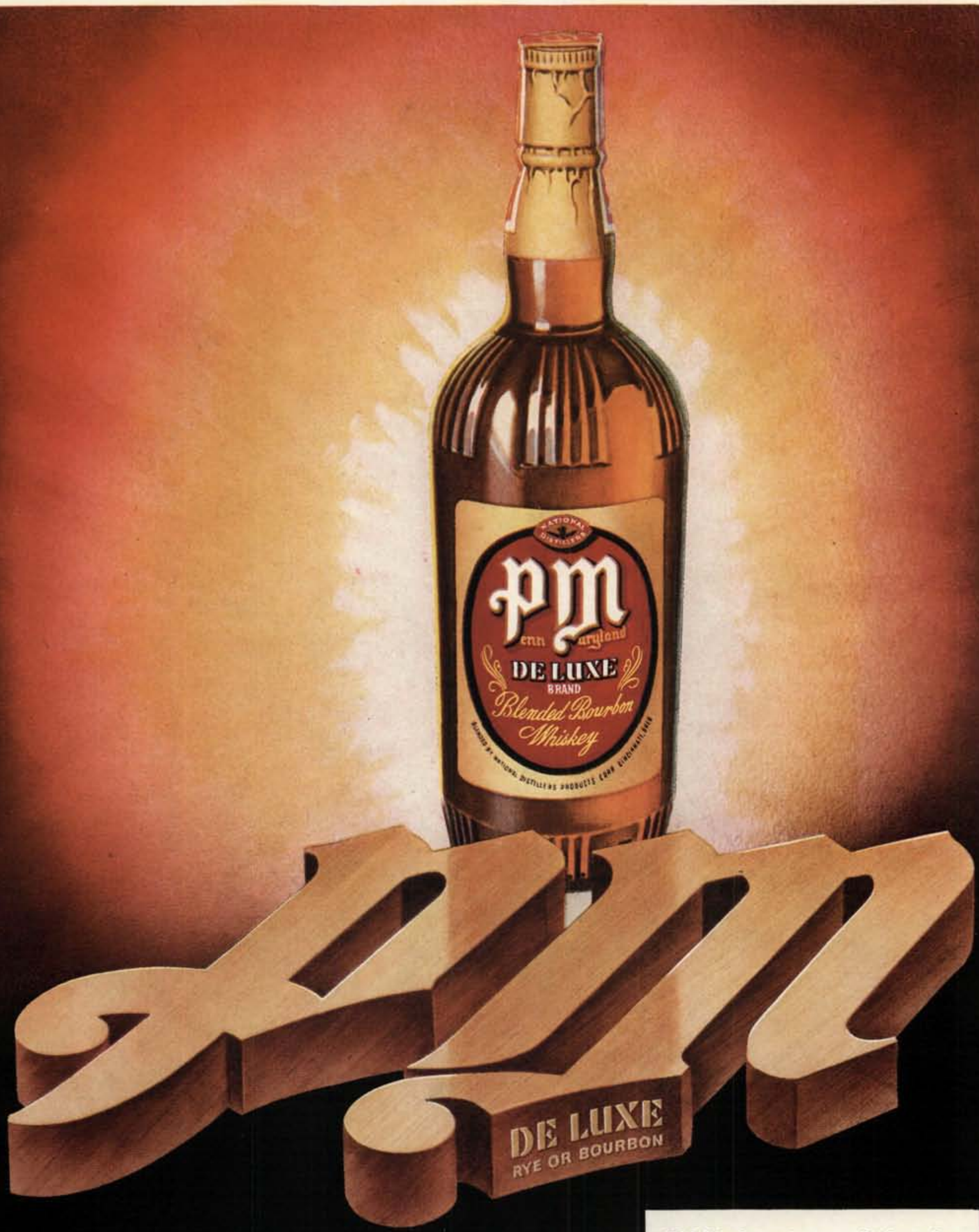
Garrett Price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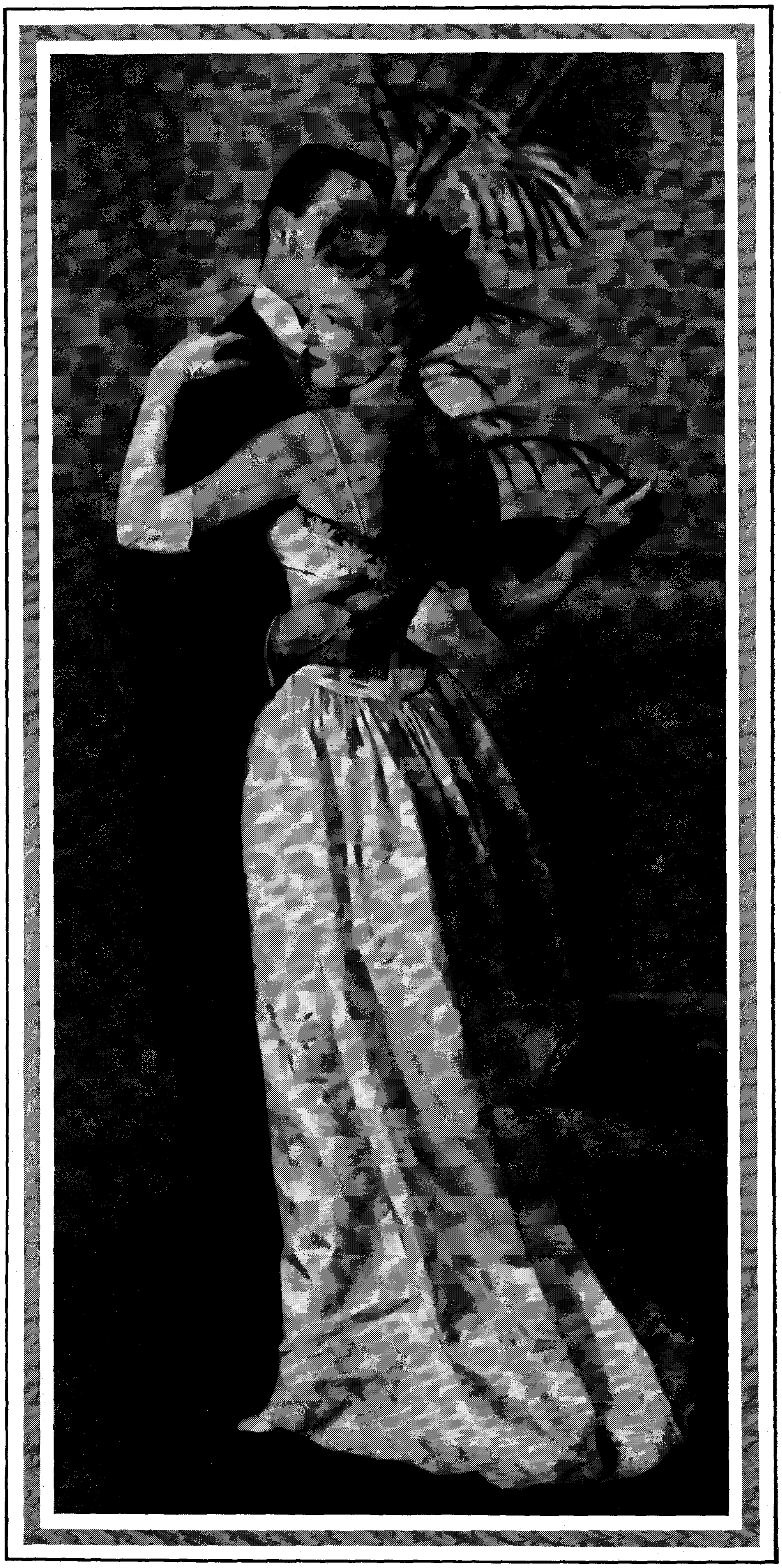
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Pink with black lace,
after Renoir.



HOYNINGEN-HUENE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. The producers are talking about putting on Sunday-evening performances and staying closed one night early in the week; furthermore, additional matinées may be scheduled for Armistice Day, Mon., Nov. 11. So, next week at least, you'd better phone before making plans.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—Roy Hargrave is still splendid in this revival of the 1935 melodrama about a gangster who is driven to suicide by psychoanalysis. The play itself may seem a bit dated. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—This old relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart present a very diverting explanation of what people who move to the country can expect. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Kind Lady—A revival of one of the best melodramas in years. Grace George is just as good as she ever was as the London hostess who entertains exactly the wrong people. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is practically all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Ethel Waters' strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering show, with Betty Allen, Bert Lahr, and Cole Porter music. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. every bit as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Nov. 11.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has returned to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, has got together some of the greatest skaters in the world and turned them loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief, but not enough. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Nov. 11.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this excellent musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A fine musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Nov. 11.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Beverly Hills—Ilka Chase, Violet Heming, and Helen Claire in a comedy by Lynn Starling and Howard J. Green. Produced by Laurence Schwab and Otto L. Preminger. Opens Thurs., Nov. 7. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Quiet, Please!—A satire by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly, with Jane Wyatt and Ann Mason. Produced by Jesse L. Lasky and Henry Duffy. Opens Fri., Nov. 8. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Glamour Preferred—A comedy by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, with Flora Campbell. Produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Tues., Nov. 12. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Pinocchio," Sat. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra play for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Something, and a very good thing, that Felix Ferry thought up not so long ago. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—It's reverted to type, or rather stripe, and looks much the better for it. Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best, and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A shiny face-lifting job by Norman Bel Geddes hasn't changed Larue's essential character, which, as you know, is a superior one. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room now has Paul Haakon at the dinner hour, the De Marcos at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Radio City's aerial nook offers Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed, as usual, by Dorothy Lewis. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske's lilting lectures on the facts of life are the main attraction in the Café Lounge. Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side. The Hartmans and Desi Arnaz will be replaced by John Buckmaster and Jane Frohman on Thurs., Nov. 14. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra is playing in the formal Sert Room, where a South American dance team called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos is making its local début and where Lanny Ross sings at supper.... Kay Kyser's orchestra is in the informal Empire Room, and Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Lawrence, and a new stage arrangement that gives everybody a little more room.... **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): old-fashioned movies and songs by Spivy, on top of an office building. ... **algonquin**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller playing hostess and Cy Walter playing piano.... **brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, the young pianists, are among the entertainers here.

Miscellaneous—At the **copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the latest—and one of the pleasantest—additions to the local tropics, with albino palm trees, Pancho's orchestra, and a small show. ... **montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it, too. Two orchestras play for dancing.... **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Music by Val Ernie's orchestra.... **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers. Val Olman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. ... **club cuba**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. Charlie Wright's orchestra.... **pago pago**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): another tropical one, in the old but much done-over American Music Hall.... **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga.... **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing.... **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall.... **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a new place, with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's band, and the Golden Gate Quartet.... **biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra (to be replaced by Will Bradley's on Mon., Nov. 11).... **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra

DEPARTMENTS
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

and an ice show.... PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge.... BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, Maxine Sullivan, and, except Mon., John Kirby's band.... HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

Mostly for Music—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp.... FAMOUS DOOR, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Teddy Powell's large band is the main attraction.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Ambrose Quartet.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Ryder, Homer, Eakins, Costigan, and Wilson: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

British Benefits—Loan exhibitions of Paris and London scenes from the seventeenth century to the present, arranged, with the help of museums and private collectors, to aid the British War Relief Society. Views of London at the Knoedler Gallery, 14 E. 57; of Paris at Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... An exhibition of prints by British artists now in military service, also for the British War Relief Society: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Cikovsky—Recent portraits, still lifes, and landscapes by one of the more talented younger artists: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Contemporary French—At the ARDEN, 460 Park, at 57: paintings by Derain, De Segonzac, Dufy, Matisse, and other French masters, and sculptures by Degas, Despiau, and Maillol. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... PERLS, 32 E. 58: gouaches by Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, and other members of the modern School of Paris. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Courbet—Twenty-five paintings by this nineteenth-century French master—the most comprehensive showing of his work we've had in twenty years: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

Di Chirico—Seventeen paintings, from 1908 to 1918, representing just about the pick of this artist's best period: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

Drawings—The Durlacher Gallery's annual exhibition. This year it ranges from the Renaissance to 1900 and from Bellini to Renoir: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Europeans and Americans—At the NEW ART CIRCLE, 543 Madison, at 55: oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.... NIERENDORF, 18 E. 57: an exhibition called "Color in Art," with works by Kandinsky, Klee, Hofer, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Grosser—Paintings of Negro cabins in the South by an artist who heretofore has been known mostly for his still lifes: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Groups—At the WALKER, 108 E. 57: fifth anniversary exhibition by Curry, Grosz, Ruellan, and others in this gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: Doris Rosenthal, Frederick Taubes, and others in an annual group show of oils, water colors, and sculptures. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... DOWNTOWN, now at 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition, ranging from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Klee—Paintings and water colors in a memorial showing that's likely to remain the definitive one of this artist's work for some time. Well worth seeing: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Museum for Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A showing of paintings in oil and tempera by I. Rice Pereira, Dwinell Grant, and others. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Cândido Portinari (through Nov. 17); also, selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection (through Dec. 31). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Nineteenth-Century Americans—Fifteen canvases by George Inness, and about as many more by a number of his contemporaries: Findlay, 69 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Post-Impressionists—Eighteen paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec, many of them never before shown in this country: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Prints—A large collection of original woodcuts and engravings by Mantegna, Hieronymous Bosch, and other early European masters: Harlow, Keppel, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Sculptures—Chaim Gross, Warren Wheelock, Robert Cronbach, and others exhibiting pieces based on their observations of city life: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Sixteenth-Century Europeans—Twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Works in several media by members of the National Society of Mural Painters. Sketches, working drawings, and cartoons are shown along with completed murals. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 19.

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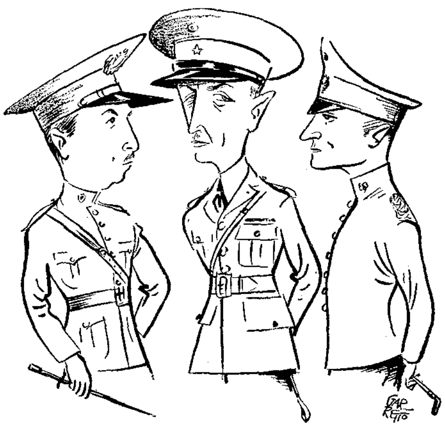


THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

offers this year, by way of international glamour, jumping teams from the Cuban, Mexican, and Chilean Armies. Captain Camilo Gonzalez Chavez, Major Armando Villarreal Maya, and Major Eduardo Yanez (left to right) are the respective captains. The one thing they have in common, aside from their interest in horses, is a love for strong Spanish coffee, which is very difficult to get here.

Here and There—At HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by modern Dutch artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 8.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.... ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: sculptures by Irma Rothstein. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); through Nov. 9.... MILCH, 108 W. 57: water colors by Allen Ingles Palmer. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... UPTOWN, 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Baylinson, Harsanyi, Maurer, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 15.... LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: sculptures by Marianne Gold and Frederic Littman. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... A.C.A., 52 W. 8: paintings by Jacob Kainen. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings of Mexico and France by Valetta Swann. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... 460 PARK AVENUE, at 57: group show of portraits by Marjorie Ryerson, Henriette Wyeth, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.... FINE ARTS, 215 W. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures in the annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 12.... BONESTELL, 106 E. 57: paintings by Ione Robinson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: water colors by Frederic Whitaker and portraits and still lifes by Lois Williams. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.... CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: paintings by Jean François Raffaëlli. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: oils by Quita Brodhead. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 12.... REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: recent paintings and drawings by Morris Kantor. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... PEN AND BRUSH CLUB, 16 E. 10: fall exhibition of oils and sculptures by club members. Tues. and Thurs., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24.... KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings and water colors by Walt Dehner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: prints from the sixteenth century to the present. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:45. (Soloists: Piatigorsky, Nov. 9-10; Kreisler, Nov. 14-15; Rubinstein, Nov. 16.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:45. (Soloist: Webster.)

New York City Symphony—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra in the third of a series of concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8:45. (Soloist: Kilenyi.)

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 11, at 8:45.

New School Chamber Orchestra—Klemperer conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Nov. 13, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Kirsten Flagstad, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:30; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 2:30; Rudolf Serkin, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30.... *Carnegie Chamber Music Hall:* Ralph Kirkpatrick, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 9.

Town Hall—Carroll Glenn, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:30; Celius Dougherty and Vincenz Ruzicka, Fri. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:30; Elisabeth Schumann, Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 3; Ellen Ballon, Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at 3; New Friends of Music (Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin), Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at 5:30; Raoul Nadeau, Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 3; Richard Hale, Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:30.

Hotel Pierre—Virgil Thomson will discuss Mozart operas and Frieda Hempel will sing illustrative selections in another of a series of lecture-recitals sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild; Tues. Aft., Nov. 12, at 3:15. (RE 4-2408.)

BALLET

Original Ballet Russe—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Aurora's Wedding," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs., Sat., Sun., and Wed. Eves., Nov. 7, 9, 10, and 13, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 9.... "The Hundred Kisses," "Paganini," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Fri., Mon., Tues., and Sat.

What else *could* they be but New Gruens?

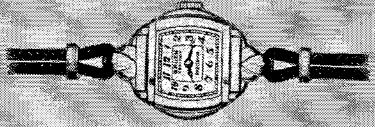
Gruen Curvex . . . A full one-third thinner than ever before, the *new* Gruen Curvex is the thinnest curved wristwatch ever made! Its unique, patented Gruen Curvex movement is one of Gruen's two recent "miracles" in fine watch construction. Curved to fully utilize the smart curved case—the Curvex movement permits thinness without loss of size or ruggedness in working parts. Result: Pocket-watch accuracy and sturdiness. See the new Curvex models—in inspired new designs—at your Gruen jeweler's.

☆ Model illustrated at Left—CURVEX CHEVRON, 17 jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case. $47.50

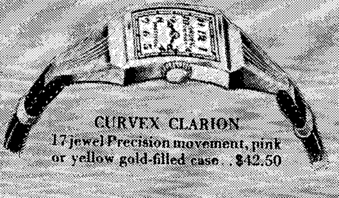
Gruen Veri-Thin . . . Slenderized almost to strap width . . . with exclusive new modern case and dial designs . . . the new Veri-Thin sets a brand-new style trend in a watch already the thinnest ever sold at popular prices. Admittedly the greatest watchmaking advance of all time, the patented Gruen Veri-Thin movement provides large, sturdy, precision parts re-arranged so the watch can be made almost 50% thinner at sides and ends. See the new Gruen Veri-Thin models today.

☆ Model illustrated at Right—VERI-THIN BANNER, 15 jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back. $29.75

Other Gruen models from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. In Canada, Toronto, Ont.

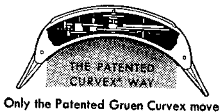


VERI-THIN DAINTY—17 jewel Precision movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case . . $33.75

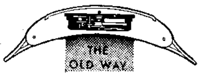


CURVEX CLARION
17 jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case . . $42.50

GRUEN CURVEX*



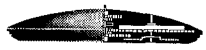
Only the Patented Gruen Curvex movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952, Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1940 by The Gruen Watch Company.

GRUEN VERI-THIN*



This diagram shows how the full-size, rugged working parts of the Veri-Thin* movements are brilliantly arranged to fit completely within the thin, curved case without sacrificing accuracy or dependability. By this ingenious arrangement of the wheel-train, it is possible to slope the case downward on both ends and sides for extreme thinness and streamlined styling.

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
PATENTS PENDING

GRUEN
The Precision Watch

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER
ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

Eves., Nov. 8, 11, 12, and 16, and Sun. Aft., Nov. 10. . . . "Ballet School," "Schéhérazade," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14. . . . "Cotillon," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 16. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at *8:30*; Mats. at *2:30*.)

SPORTS

National Horse Show—This year it's a benefit for the Red Cross: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., *Nov. 7, through* Wed., Nov. 13. Eves. at about 7:45; Afts., except Sun., at about 2.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Fritzie Zivic vs. Al Davis, welterweights, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 9:** Columbia vs. Wisconsin, Baker Field, at *2*; Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds, at *2*; Manhattan vs. Marquette, Yankee Stadium, at *2*; N.Y.U. vs. Franklin and Marshall, Ohio Field, at *2*; Army vs. Brown, West Point, at *2*; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, at *2*; Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, Philadelphia, at *2*; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at *2* (special train from Penn. Station at 11:50 A.M.); Rutgers vs. Lafayette, New Brunswick, at *2*; Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, at *2* (special train from Grand Central at 11:15 A.M.).

SAT. AFT., NOV. 16: Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover, at 1:30; Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, at 1:30; Columbia vs. Navy, Baker Field, at *2*; Amherst vs. Williams, Amherst, at *2*; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, at *2*; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at *2*; Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton, at 2 (special train from Penn. Station at 11:50 A.M.).

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at *2*: Giants vs. Cleveland, Polo Grounds; Dodgers vs. Washington, Ebbets Field.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 14; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 16.

Hunt Races—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat., Nov. 9, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat., *Nov. 16*, at 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Fall Regatta and Roosevelt Dinghy Trophy Races, Essex Y.C., Essex, Conn., Sat. through Mon., Nov. 9-11.

OTHER EVENTS

Public Balls—Bundles for Britain Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 7, at 10. . . . Horse Show Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Nov. 9, at 11. . . . Refugees of England, benefit dinner dance and entertainment: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 9.

Flower Show—Annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 8-9, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Sun., Nov. 10, from 1 to 5 P.M.

Planetarium—"Around the World in Forty Minutes" is the topic of the November lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Photography—The annual New York Salon of Photography: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Early American glass, from the W. T. H. Howe collection: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Nov. 7-8, at 2. . . . Early American silver, prints, and furniture, belonging to the estate of the late Duncan A. Hazard: Sat. Aft., Nov. 9, at 2. . . . The sportsman's library collected by Howard Gould: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2. . . . Early American furniture, china, and rugs, belonging to Mrs. G. Winthrop Brown: Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2. . . . English furniture, tapestries, and Oriental rugs, owned by Mr. Gould: Sat. Aft., Nov. 16, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Oriental porcelains, jades, and ivories, from the S. K. de Forest collection; also English and European furniture, American and European paintings, and Georgian silver: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 7-9, at 2. . . . Drawings and water colors among other works by Turner, owned by John Anderson, Jr.: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2.

ON THE AIR

Football—Sat. Aft., Nov. 9: Yale vs. Cornell, at 1:45, WOR; Michigan vs. Minnesota, at 2:45, WABC. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 16: Princeton vs. Yale, at 1:30, WABC; Pennsylvania vs. Army, at 1:45, WOR.

Red Cross Program—With Katharine Cornell, Leopold Stokowski, Raymond Gram Swing, and Clifton Fadiman, among others: Sun. Aft., Nov. 10, at 1:30, WABC, WJZ, WOR.

Symphony Orchestras—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC (soloist, Piatigorsky, Nov. 10). . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC (soloist, Maynor, *Nov. 10*). . . . *Symphonic* Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:35, WOR.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Eddy Duchin, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at *10*, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. *at 6:05*, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at *9*, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . *Dorothy Thompson*, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon. and Wed. Eves. at 9, and Fri. Eves. at 9:45, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; *Sun. at 7* P.M., WABC, *and at 7:15* P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Baker's Wife—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Boom Town—Big, all-star Western of the old school. Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy are among the celebrities kept busy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 9. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 9-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 9-12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., Nov. 16.)

Escape—The very exciting story of Nazi Germany and a flight from it, with Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. Not up to the book, though, for pure tension. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's new feature-length film. (Broadway, B'way at 53; opening Wed. Eve., *Nov. 13, with a benefit for the British War Relief Society*. For tickets, call RE 7-1700. Performances daily thereafter at *2:30* and 8:30 P.M.)

Foreign Correspondent—Spies and planes and blackouts and assassinations and the war in general as background for true-blue melodrama. Alfred Hitchcock's latest thriller, with Joel McCrea. (Stoddard, B'way at *90; through Mon.*, Nov. 11. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 12-15. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., Nov. 13.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin and the dictators—the film everybody talks and talks about. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. *at midnight, and Sun. at* 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.)

I Love You Again—W. S. Van Dyke directed this top-notch comedy, all about amnesia. With William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., *Nov. 9-10*.)

Pride and Prejudice—Hollywood has not tampered with Miss Austen's story, and there's a fine cast headed by Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 10-12.)

The Ramparts We Watch—A full-length presentation made by the *March of Time to give us the story* of America from 1914 to this day. Ambitious, though not entirely successful. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. *7*. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 9.)

The Return of Frank James—Fritz Lang comes through with a well-directed blood-and-thunder yarn starring Henry Fonda. Recommended. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 10-11.)

They Knew What They Wanted—Nicely worked-out drama of the grape ranches in California, with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. From Sidney Howard's play. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at *23*; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Nov. 11. . . . Palace, B'way at *47*; through Wed., Nov. *13*.)

REVIVALS

The Awful Truth (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at *68; through Fri., Nov. 8*.)

Blockade (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 12-14.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Riviera high life. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 10-11.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a zoologist), and two leopards. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 9. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 10-11. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 14-16.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (*1919*)—The *great* fantastic classic of the early era. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at *12*; through Thurs., Nov. 14.)

Diamond Jim (1935)—Jim Brady, of course. With Edward Arnold. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 9.)

The Ghost Goes West (*1935*)—A Scottish castle moved to America. Robert Donat in a René Clair film. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 9-12.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at *23*; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 10-11. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Nov. *12-13*.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 8-11.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., *Nov. 13-15*.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Nov. 10.)

Man of Aran (1934)—Irish island life. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., *Nov. 10-12*.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., *Nov. 7*.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Yes, Shakespeare. *James* Cagney, *Dick Powell, Joe E.* Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., Nov. 13.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize-winner. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 12-13.)

Power (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Art, *36* E. 8; *Fri.* and Sat., Nov. 8-9.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 8.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old-time films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at *2* and 4 P.M. Comedy series—**THURS., NOV. 7:** "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew. **FRI., NOV. 8:** "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT., NOV. 9:** five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920. **SUN., NOV. 10:** "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny. **MON., NOV. 11:** five 1914 Chaplin films. . . . D. W. Griffith series—**TUES. AND WED., NOV. 12-13:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." **THURS., NOV. 14:** "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." **FRI., NOV. 15:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford, and Mae Marsh. **SAT., NOV. 16:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh.

Americana . . . 1940

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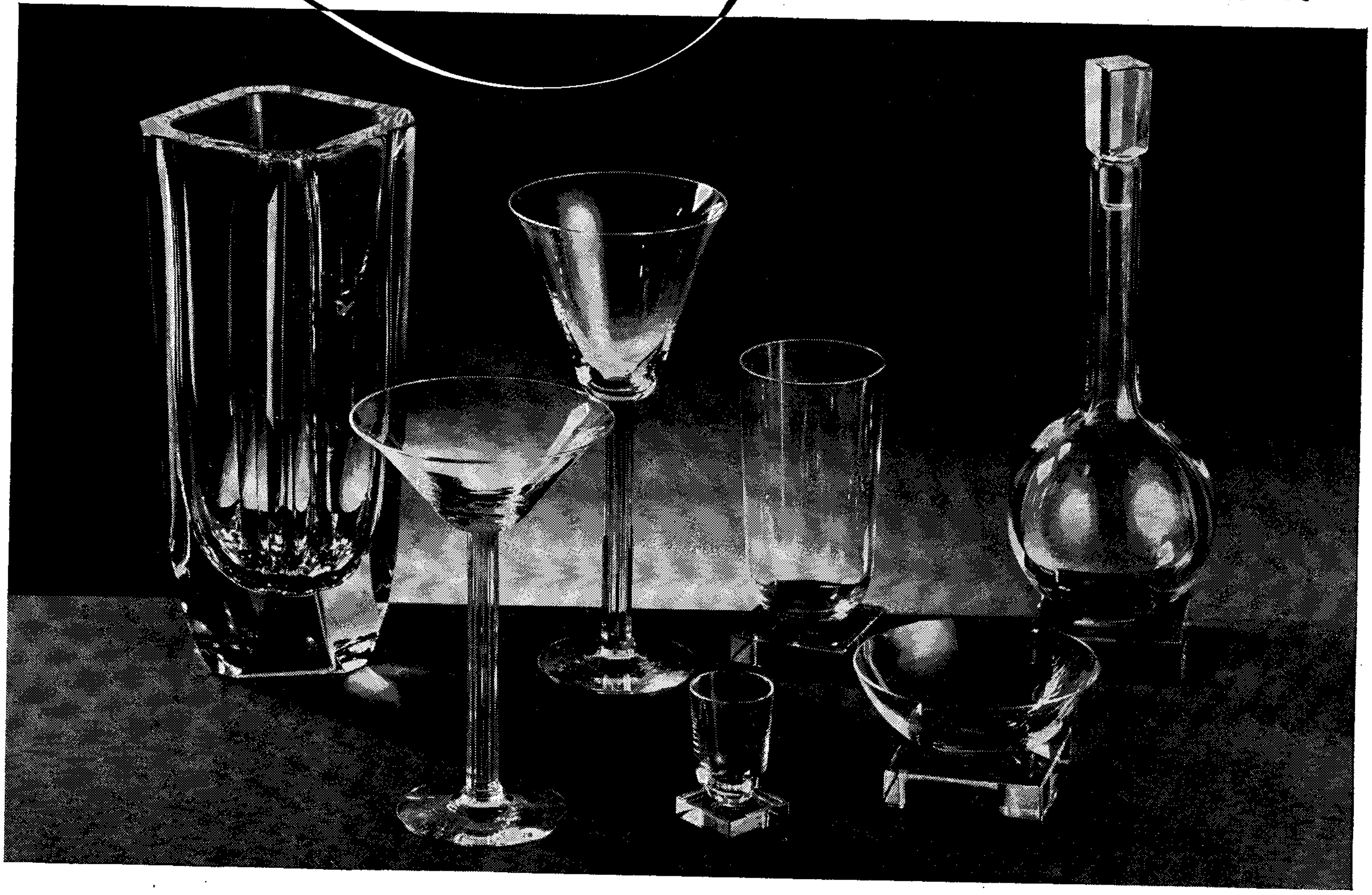
Your gift of Libbey Modern American Crystal will be prized for its inherent beauty now . . . for its authenticity as Americana a century hence. For in their exquisite, chaste designs, these resplendent decorative pieces and table services express our time, our tastes.

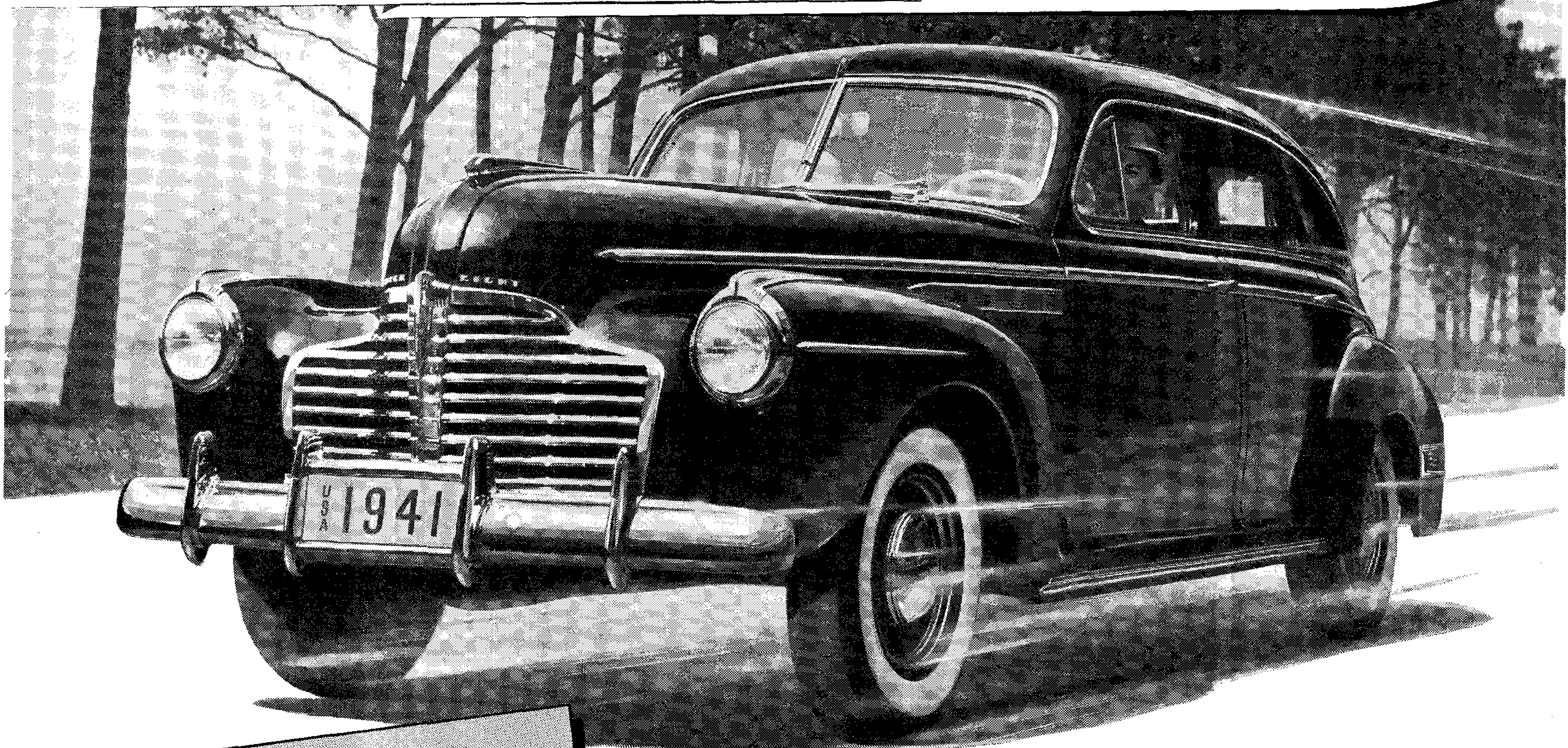
Connoisseurs will recognize the superlative quality of the crystal, the individuality given to each piece by the time-skilled hands of Libbey craftsmen.

Libbey Modern American Crystal is on display in fine stores in the larger cities. Because the quality of Libbey crystal limits the amount that can be made, early selection is advisable. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Libbey MODERN AMERICAN GLASSWARE



What's hotter than a FIREBALL?



Answer: Certainly nothing on the 1941 automotive horizon

Buick SPECIAL *6-passenger 4-door Sedan $1052. White sidewall tires extra.*

THERE'S an impressive lot of high-powered language in the automobile ads these days.

But it takes more than current engineering to transmit that energy to the wheels.

So we're going to try to tell you about the new Buick in low-pressure terms.

It's new in about 75 items, ranging all the way from its styling to the step-up in power and efficiency of its new FIREBALL engine.

It's roomier, broader, sturdier, its weight lower-swung.

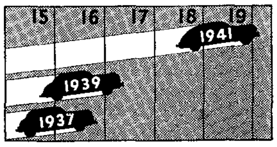
It has a steadier, softer ride, a surer-than-ever hug to the road.

There is new brilliance in its micropoise-balanced power plants—simply amazing thrift from their new refinements on the Buick Dynaflash design principle.

There are new frames and new Flash-Way signals. New convenient one-piece hoods and new Permi-firm steering. New body lines and richer interior fittings.

There are new instrument panels, new oil-bath air cleaners, new concealed running boards, new Compound Carburetion that helps get as much as 10% to 15% *more* mileage from gasoline.

HERE'S MODERN ECONOMY



You can see how Compound Carburetion steps up miles-per-gallon in this chart. It shows the mileage at 50 miles an hour for our 1937 SPECIAL, *our 1939* SPECIAL *and the 1941* SPECIAL *with Compound Carburetion.*

And reenforcing all such, there's that old Buick dependability.

We think our five series of 1941 cars are the best we've ever made; the men who build them think so.

When you see them, when you drive them and feel how they handle and perform, we believe you'll likewise say, "best yet."

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★*delivered at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

$935
for the Business Coupe

"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

GARDENIA
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PHOTO BY MUNKÁCSI

YOUTHFUL GARDENIA

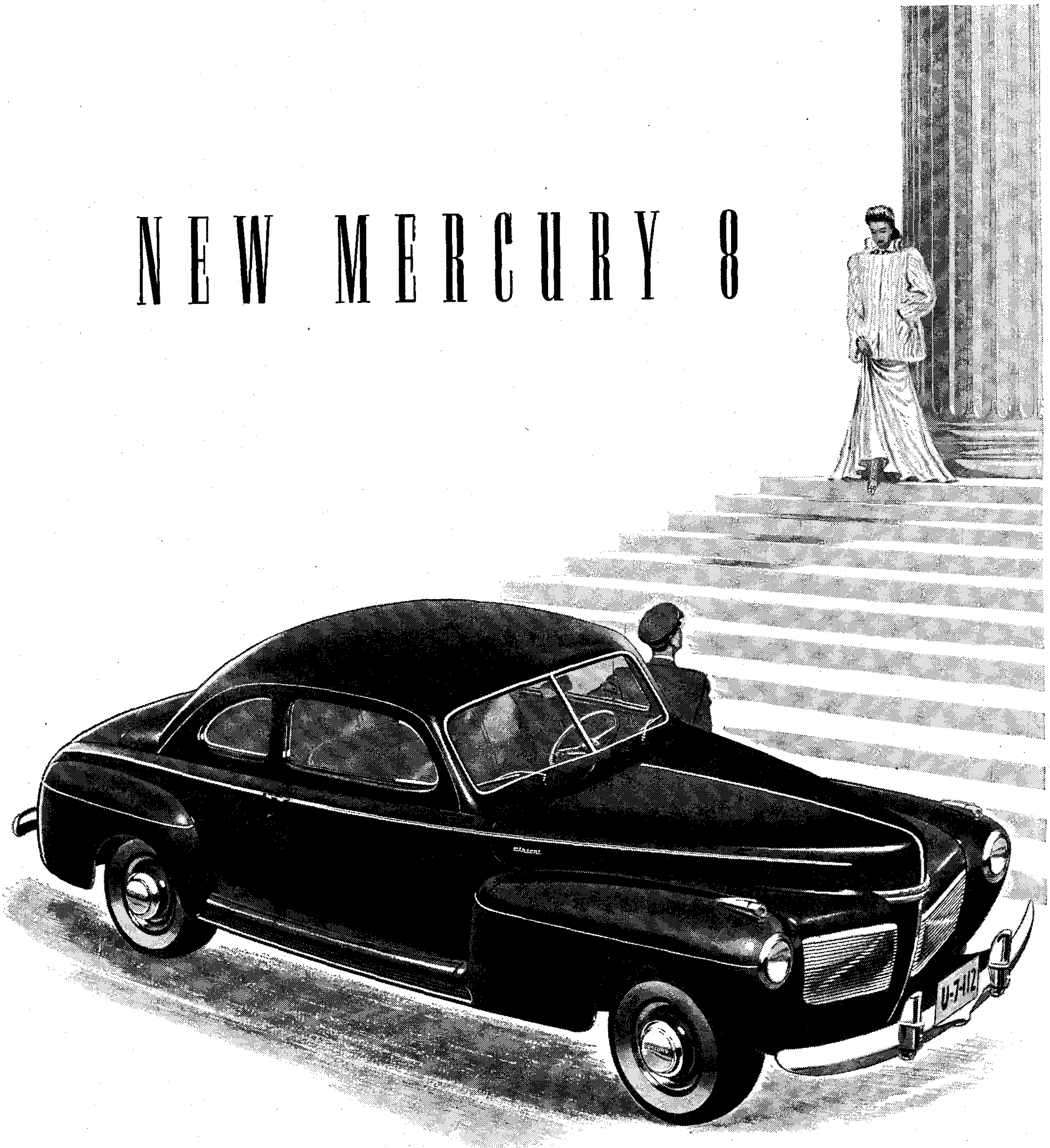
There are luxuriant gardens where grow the most fragile, exquisite and lyrically fragrant of gardenias. To Chanel belongs the secret of recreating their perfume, flower-fresh...a perfume as evocative of romance as moonlight and distant music.

ALSO: GLAMOUR • NO. 5 • RUSSIA LEATHER • NO. 22

CHANEL INC.

Glamour, No. 5, No. 22—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW MERCURY 8



FLEET WINGS FOR A MODERN YOU The magnificent Mercury 8 breathes excitement in the newness of its sleek beauty and masterful size. It travels with a liveliness to match your gayest moments. • In its proud, graceful way on the road—its brave new colors, clean lines and color-matched interiors—the Mercury radiates authentic style. • You'll find it a dream to drive. Slim wheel, gearshift and pedals respond to a touch. In spite of a longer wheelbase, it parks and maneuvers through traffic with an ease that will delight you. And it is *very* thrifty! • In a few moments behind the wheel (any Mercury, Lincoln or Ford dealer will oblige you), you'll learn why the Mercury 8 has become the outstanding big-car success of recent years.

THE NEW YORKER

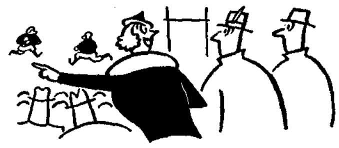
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE printing press and the linotype machine wait for no man and, as this is written, the election is still several hours in the future. Every reader of this paragraph therefore knows the great secret concealed from the man who wrote it. At the moment of composition the voices on the radio tell us only that there are two grim possibilities—war, bankruptcy, and absolutism under Mr. Roosevelt; war, privilege, and black reaction under Mr. Willkie. Now, at the moment of assimilation, the reader knows which of these intolerable destinies he is asked to face. Theoretically, this issue reaches the newsstands of a nation half of which is sunk in terror and despair. We doubt if it is. We can see the reader whose man has lost, and with him the hope of the world, glancing impatiently over this page, his mind already busy with the small mysteries of other tomorrows—the outcome of the Yale-Princeton game, perhaps, or the probable behavior of Tel & Tel. How does it feel up there on Thursday, brother? Much different from Monday?

READING of the latest additions to our local police force, we wonder just how a plain cop feels these days. Among his new fellows in blue, we learn, are twenty-four salesmen, thirteen lawyers, eleven teachers, a couple of advertising men, a writer (species not given), and twenty-three possessors of Masters' degrees. If we were just a plain cop, with nothing in our background but catching robbers and annoying motorists, the accumulation around us of a gang like this would ultimately have a dangerous effect on our morale. We'd begin by watching our sales resistance and grammar in the locker room, and end by feeling embarrassed and out of place everywhere. It was a mistake, we think, to make public the details of this motley infiltration, just as it was a mistake for the Army to announce the chromatic elements of olive drab. A cloth manufacturer, according to Lieutenant Colonel Vere Painter, reached olive drab through "a pinch of orange, a dash of canary yellow, a drop of old rose, the same of Alice blue, a jigger of brown, and a bit of lavender." If we ever get in uniform again, we won't think of ourself as a soldier so much as a pousse-café.

WE went to a football game a couple of Saturdays ago, something we haven't done in years. There is change here, too, as in all around we see. The young woman of today understands the game perfectly, discussing double-wing-back formations and end-around plays with no more anxiety than she would show in boiling an egg. In our youth, the girls sat patiently in the stadia, recognizing it as a penalty they had to pay for masculine attention, but they had little, if any, idea what was going on down on the field, and their boredom and distress were only too often visible on their faces. We are not sure just exactly what the new attitude portends, but nothing good, we'd like to bet. A beautiful woman who knows the advantages of a 6-2-2-1 defence against a passing attack knows too damn much. If she isn't careful, she'll be getting crow's-feet around her eyes.



THERE may be some dim and distant hope for man sociologically, but physiologically he is just running round in circles. We base our thesis on a couple of items we have seen concerning thiamin, a dietary source of Vitamin B. On October 27th, the *Times* told us that the doctors of the Mayo Clinic experimentally deprived four girls of foods bearing thiamin and that they went to pieces—lost weight, tired easily, got fluttery hearts, and lost their tolerance for sugar, a terrible thing in itself. They showed "moodiness, sluggishness, indifference, fear, and physical and mental fatigue." The obvious deduction here is that if you have a little thiamin, you can be as bright as a dollar. On October 29th, we read in the *Post* of experiments carried on at the University of Pennsylvania proving that if you *do* have thiamin, you just encourage streptococcus germs, who love Vitamin B as Lucius Beebe loves caviar. This lets you in for "blood-poisoning, childbed fever, intestinal infections, some forms of diphtheria, one form of pneumonia, meningitis, rheumatism, and a number of other diseases." On October 30th, moody, obsessed by fear, and prey to almost everything but childbed fever, we crawled under a table with a bottle of Rock & Rye, our tolerance for sugar at the zero point.

PLENTY of excitement around these parts last week. Mary Lewis, well known to our readers on account of her dress shoppe, "decided to do something about her health" the other morning, so she goes for a hike over in Central Park. Wasn't long before a fellow with pockmarks jumps out and waves a knife. "Gimme that bag, lady," he says. "Don't make a noise, lady, or I'll cut you to pieces." Grabs the bag and off he goes. Mary walks and walks and finally a couple of strangers on horseback come riding along and Mary tries to tell them what's the matter. They can't make head or tail of it, and off *they* go. Mary gets turned around in the woods, and come nine o'clock or so she's still trying to find her way out. Hadn't been for one of our park attendants the young modiste might have been there as we go to press. Our other item this week is about Ray Burgess and Robert Johns. Ray and Robert were out for the air in Ray's automobile when along about Forty-second Street and Broadway something comes *smack* against the left front fender. Robert jumps out and there's as pretty a pheasant as you ever saw, just taking off. Robert went after him and got him with his bare hands. Nice work, Robert, say we.

Greetings

Ex-Governor Hoffman of New Jersey was invited, a while ago, to a welcome-home party for a honeymoon couple from Perth Amboy. He was unable to attend, but he sent them a nice telegram: "TO THE HISTORIC SCROLL OF LOVE ETERNAL WHEREON ARE THE NAMES OF DARBY AND JOAN TRISTRAM AND ISOLDE ULYSSES AND PENELOPE ADD ED AND GERT SILBERBERG."

Masterpieces

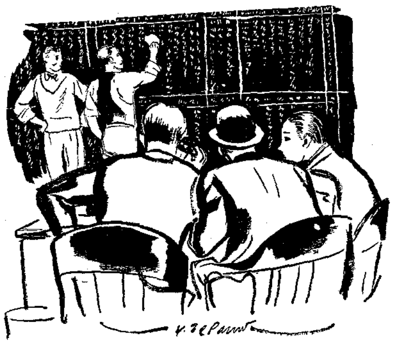
LEARNING that the Radio City Music Hall was going to have living, breathing replicas of Whistler's "Mother," Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," and Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier" in a stage show, we went over to a dress rehearsal last week. By a careful arrangement of stage elevators, framed boxes, black drapes, and costumed actors, these paintings have been made to appear suspended in air above the stage, and from the auditorium they seemed to us as real as art. The rehearsal itself went off smoothly, except when an assistant director suggested loudly that the Laughing Cavalier stand up in his frame. "The Laughing Cavalier is sitting!" shouted his impersonator firmly. "Not as far as the public knows!" shouted back the assistant director. The Cavalier remained seated, and we trust appears that way in the production this week.

After the rehearsal, we went backstage. The Cavalier and the Boy were standing next to Whistler's Mother, who sat in a chair which a stagehand had provided under a misapprehension as to her age. She turned out to be a handsome young actress named Katharine Warren, who was offered the job by a friend on the Music Hall production staff and took it, she told us, because she is trying to break a mother jinx. She has played mothers in "Wednesday's Child," "Thunder on the Left," "Blind Alley," and "Romeo and Juliet," and has been described on the radio as "Broadway's little mother." She thinks appearing as Whistler's mother may break the curse.

The Laughing Cavalier was Tony Kraber, an actor and singer who heretofore has appeared in such mirthless plays as "Waiting for Lefty" and "Men in White." He also got his job through a friend on the Music Hall staff, evidently a very friendly staff, since it engaged Kraber's friend Louis de Milhau, Jr., as the Blue Boy, thus affording him his first opportunity to appear in New York. Kraber was asked if he knew anyone who looked like the Blue Boy, and instantly recalled de Milhau, with whom he had acted at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, this summer, because Alison Skipworth had remarked that he was the living image of the boy in Gainsborough's portrait. It's a small world!

Gift

WE print this story as a warning to hotelkeepers, a race of men much put upon. It concerns a man who stopped at a hotel in Massachusetts. One morning he telephoned the desk and asked to have some brown paper and twine sent up; said he was checking out, and wanted to do up a parcel. The supplies were duly sent up, and the gentleman came downstairs a few minutes later, carrying a big parcel, and paid his bill. He said that he was going to have to hurry to catch a train, so would they oblige him by mailing the parcel to his home address. After he had gone, and after the parcel had been mailed, the management discovered that it must have been a pair of expensive woollen blankets. At least, the blankets were missing from the gentleman's room. They consulted their lawyer about taking legal steps, but he said that nothing could be done. The gentleman hadn't stolen the blankets. He had merely asked the hotel to mail them to him.



Sergievsky

IN line with our promise to tell you about Captain Boris Sergievsky, the Russian aviator who is often confused with Igor Sikorsky and Alexander de Seversky, we called on this member of the triumvirate at a duplex tower apartment he and his wife occupy at Central Park West and Ninetieth Street. He received us in an enormous living room, which contained, among other things, a bust of himself decorated with a cap of the Imperial Russian air force, and, suspended from the ceiling, a small model of his twin-engine Grumman plane, which he and his wife use a good deal for commuting to their Adirondack camp.

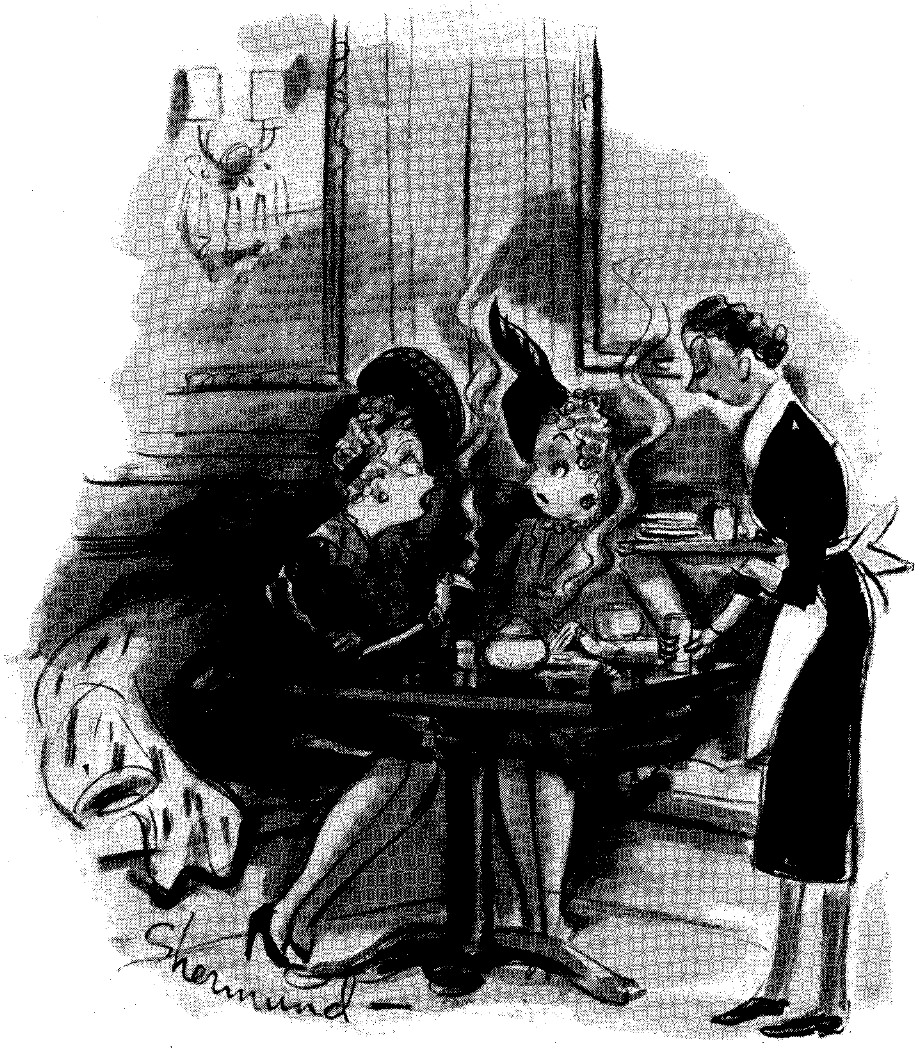
Sergievsky is a broad-shouldered, handsome man with brown hair, blue eyes, and a soft voice. He was born in St. Petersburg fifty-two years ago. He was one class ahead of Sikorsky at the Polytechnical Institute in Kiev. In 1911 he entered the Russian Army as a volunteer. He served as a noncom for a year before being commissioned as a second lieutenant, and ended up a captain. In 1914, he was made a Knight of St. George's Cross, the highest military honor in Czarist Russia and one which carried with it the privilege of being able to gain an audience with the Emperor at any time of day or night. He never took advantage of this. Sergievsky won the cross by being mainly responsible for capturing the fortified top of one of the Carpathian Mountains. By early 1916, he became bored with the trenches and got transferred to the air force. As commander of a pursuit squadron, he engaged in a hundred and fifty fights, brought down eleven German planes and three observation balloons, and was shot down a couple of times himself. After the revolution he went to England and joined the Royal Flying Corps. He later fought in White Russian armies in Estonia and Poland.

Sergievsky came to this country in 1923 and worked with a pick and shovel on the Holland Tunnel. "I felt marvellous," he says. "The physical work was just what I needed." Weekends he went to Roosevelt Field, where owners of Jennies soon allowed him to take people up in their planes. He got in touch with Sikorsky, then building his first American plane on Long Island, and in 1924 resigned from the Holland Tunnel to become chief test pilot for Sikorsky. In this capacity, during the next fourteen years he established eighteen world's records for speed and altitude. In 1931 he flew a Sikorsky amphibian to Chile for the use of the then Prince of Wales, who was making a South American tour. The Chilean government was embarrassed because no Chilean was able to pilot this plane. It dressed Sergievsky up in a Chilean uniform, and he flew Edward around for two weeks, pretending to understand no English and looking as Chilean as possible. A few years later he accompanied the Martin Johnsons to Africa, flying the larger of two Sikorskys they took along and landing in lakes where no plane had ever landed before. He tested the first Pan American Clippers, and at the Chicago Fair flew a Sikorsky for a concession, taking up seven thousand passengers in three months. One morning ten Chicago lady schoolteachers trooped into Sergievsky's plane. "Now, Pilot," one of them said, "be careful. We girls are going up for the first time." "It's all right," said Sergievsky. "I'm going up for the first time myself." The ladies rushed from the plane and reported Sergievsky to the management, which, with some difficulty, persuaded them this was simply Old Russian humor.

Like Sikorsky and Seversky, Sergievsky, who resigned as Sikorsky's test pilot two years ago, is at present chiefly occupied with helicopters. He is one of the owners of the Helicopter Corporation of America and tests this company's experimental machines at Roosevelt Field several days a week. People confuse him with Seversky even more than with Sikorsky. In the twenties, when Seversky was designing planes, he once wrote Sergievsky from Palm Beach that he was delighted with the latter's record-breaking activities. "People keep congratulating me on them," he wrote, "and it helps my promotion. Keep it up." Later, when Seversky began breaking records, a good many people congratulated Sergievsky, and the two men considered this a satisfactory reciprocal arrangement.

Small Detail

THE social life of many women consists of telling other women to be sure to go to such-and-such a hairdressing place they know about and ask for Etienne. Thus it was that a timid woman we know wound up in Etienne's booth, with Etienne experimentally twisting her modest supply of hair into an alarmingly bizarre shape. Feebly she protested, "I'm not sure that this exactly suits my personality." Etienne looked annoyed. "*I* will give Madame her personality," he said.



*"Louise voted for Roosevelt,
and now she's afraid to tell her husband."*

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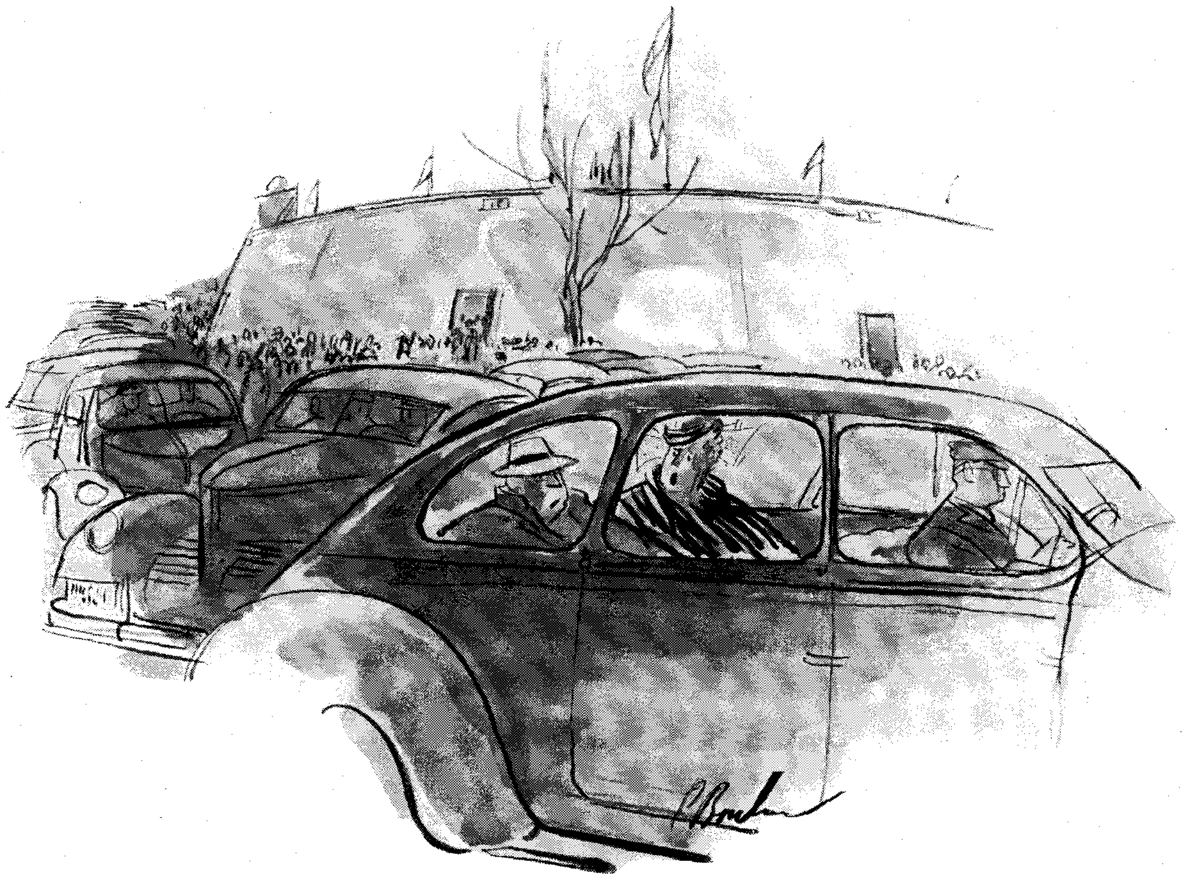
Fixed Up

WELL, last winter's Save the Opera Fund raised a million bucks, more or less, and the Opera was saved. The mechanics of the rescue involved transfer of the title to the Opera House from the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Co. (which was made up of the parterre, or Diamond Horseshoe, boxholders) to the Metropolitan Opera Association (the producing company). As is the way of new owners, the Metropolitan Opera Association has laid out a little money for a general sprucing up. Nothing like the $600,000 redoing that the old place got in 1934, but $100,000 worth, which is a good deal in a Presidential year. Mr. Edward Ziegler, the assistant manager of the Opera, showed us around one day recently, and we were favorably impressed.

Itemized, the alterations and repairs include replacing the twenty-nine Grand Tier boxes with a hundred and forty-four new seats; installation of a new, soundproof broadcasting booth, complete with facilities for television; new carpeting; new curtain; repainting the corridors and lobby; retouching all the ceiling decorations; new fire escapes giving on Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets; new plumbing fixtures in all the backstage dressing rooms; a first-aid station for patrons who get to feeling the strain; and air-conditioning in the box office. In view of all this, the Opera Association got kind of sore when a cer-



"Well, don't snap my head off! I didn't fail to kick the extra point!"

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tain daily newspaper summed the whole project up in one supercilious headline: "Metropolitan's Changes to Add Only 30 Seats." What do they want the Opera Association to do—break a leg?

By the time the Opera opens, with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," all the new plastering made necessary by the alterations will have been "antiqued" to match the rest of the plaster, which has been antiqued by the passage of fifty-seven years. At the moment, the plaster along the front of the Grand Tier is a strip of dazzling and jarring white. The Opera Guild will find itself in an omnibus box symmetrically balancing that of the Opera Club, with the chairs in both facing the stage instead of the opposite side wall. The new carpeting runs to five thousand yards. Altman's is supplying the new curtain and it is being woven by the Orinoka Mills of Philadelphia, which in 1903 made the curtain now being abandoned. The old curtain has been presented to the Opera Guild and will probably be cut up into bits and auctioned off to the members.

Under the operatic New Deal, the thirty-five parterre boxes of the Diamond Horseshoe have been offered for rent to their former owners. In the old days, of course, the boxholders were stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera & Real Estate Co., each box representing three hundred shares of stock. The stock came high, too—Elbert H. Gary paid the record price of $225,000 for his box, back in 1926. Ownership could be shared, and for many years usually was. Box 25, for example, was shared six ways as of last June 28th. Only ten boxes were under single ownership on that date—those of Vincent Astor, J. P. Morgan, Frazier Jelke, Robert Walton Goelet, H. Edward Manville, Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, the estate of James B. Haggin, the estate of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, the estate of Alice G. Vanderbilt, and the estate of Elbert H. Gary. From now on, the new owner, the Metropolitan Opera Association, will foot all the bills, and the boxholders will pay the following annual rentals: $1,200 for Monday night, $800 for Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday night, $960 for any matinée, and $420 for Saturday, or poor-relations, evening. We couldn't find out exactly how many people are signing up on the new basis, but the management assured us that ninety per cent of the old group are back in the fold, one way or another. If any of the boxes aren't entirely booked for a performance, it is likely that the space will be sold at $10 a seat.

Mystery

WEIRD things began happening in one of the town's best tailoring establishments. Every suit put on a patron for a first fitting was too large. Not just too large in one place, either; too large all over—sleeves, trousers, waistband, everywhere. The fitter was spoken to seriously and promised to take extra pains with his measurements. He did, but when the clothes were tried on, they were still too large. It was some time before the firm found out what was wrong. They compared the fitter's tape measure with one in the cutting room and discovered that it was somewhat shorter. Subsequently, they learned that the fitter's wife, unbeknownst, had washed his measure and it had shrunk.

Ground-Breaking

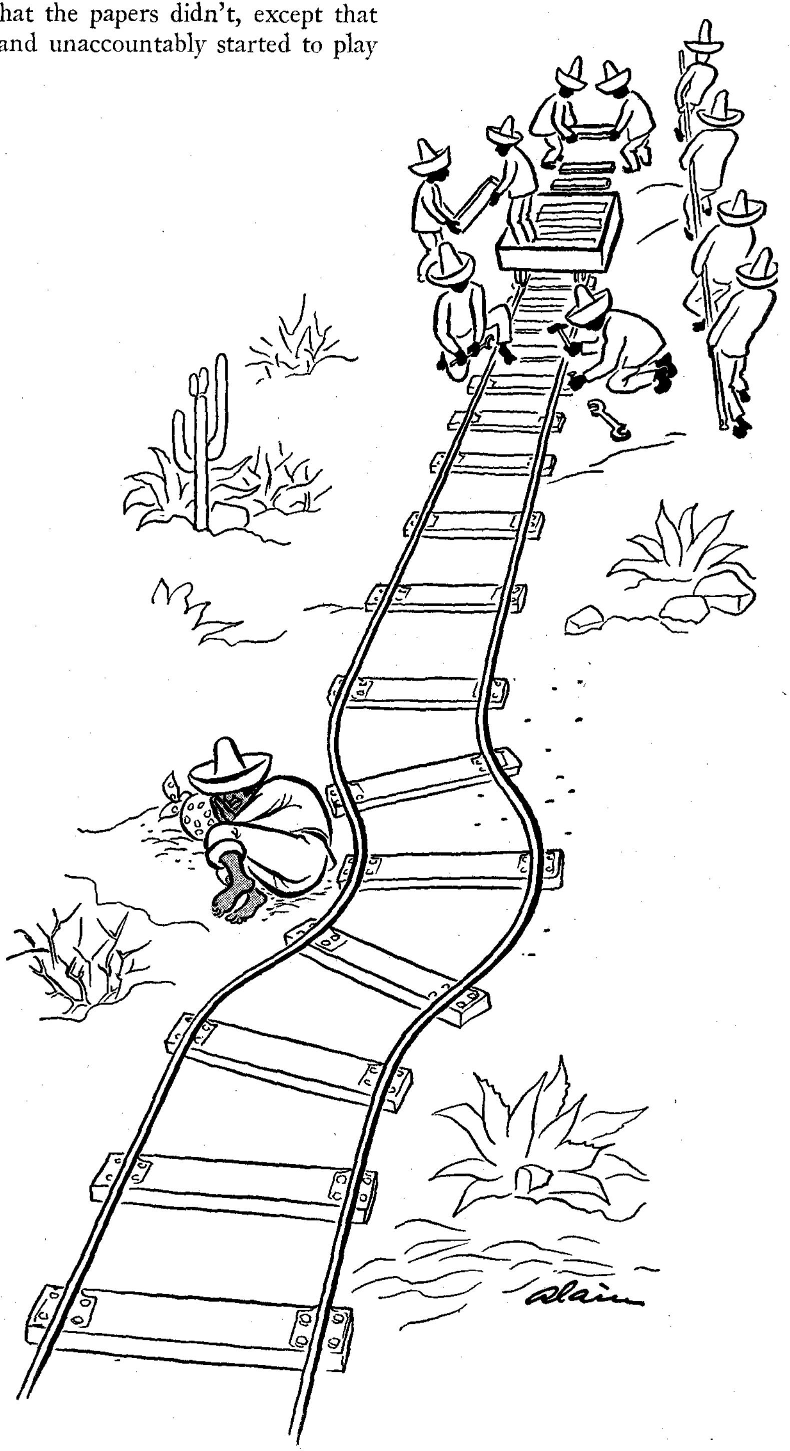
IN our eager, literal-minded way we got out to the corner of Hamilton Avenue and Van Brunt Street, Brooklyn, the other morning a little earlier than the time set for the ground-breaking of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. We consequently were there a good two hours before the ceremony began and can tell you about what went on up to that time, scooping the happy-go-lucky reporters who didn't show up until just before the President did. We were beaten to the spot by only a few Tunnel Authority folk and some broadcasting engineers. And, of course, cops. There were cops all over the streets, and in the windows and on the roofs of buildings for blocks around. Many of them were in plain clothes, but we learned how to pick them out. They wore buttons with green-and-white striped flags on them. "What are those buttons?" one of the radio men asked a burly gentleman. "Indicating that one is a member of the Police Department," said the dick firmly.

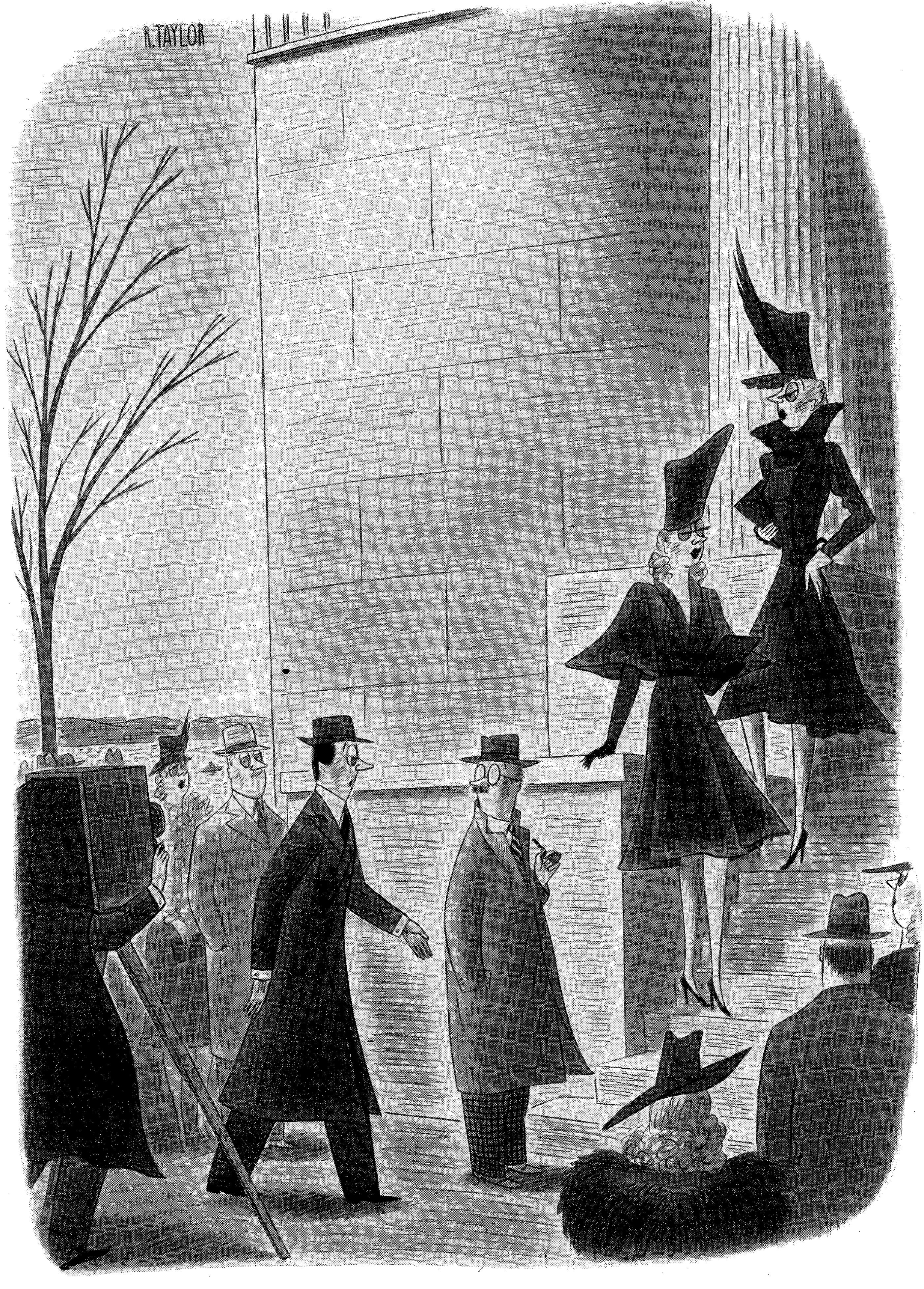
There was a speakers' platform and, facing it, a few hundred chairs for additional dignitaries and their families. According to the scenario worked out by the Tunnel Authority, Mr. Roosevelt was to pull a cord hanging from the roof of the platform, thereby tooting a whistle, which would signal the operator of a Diesel shovel to bite the first chunk of earth out of the Borough of Brooklyn. The shovel was backed up against the wall of the Atlantic Basin Iron Works, and next to it was a shiny new white dump truck, still carrying the dealer's licence plates. A man in overalls was touching up the bucket of the shovel with a paintbrush which he occasionally dipped into the contents of a battered pail. We asked him what the stuff was. "It's a mixture," he told us. He turned to a man in the shovel's cab and shouted, "Hey, Red, no use giving the inside a coat! It's a waste of material." Then, apparently ashamed of this shoddy attitude, he added, "Well, I guess I'll give it one coat. He rates that. When I was in the Navy, and we were getting ready for inspection by the President, we really went to town on that brass." We asked the man how this particular spot had been chosen to take the first dirt out of, and he said he wasn't sure, but everything had been pretty carefully planned and executed. "You see that ramp in back of the platform where his car drives up?" he asked us. "You could run this shovel over it." There was a flight of wooden steps leading from the ground to the cab of the shovel, and we asked what they were for. "For the Mayor," our man in overalls said, "in case he wants to run the controls. I guess he won't with the President here, though." The steps were removed shortly afterward by a couple of men with buttons. "We can't have a bomb in there," one of them said to Red, in the cab. Mayor LaGuardia probably never knew.

It was now about ten-thirty, and according to the latest report Mr. Roosevelt and party would arrive around ten forty-five. Someone on the speakers' stand gave an experimental toot on the whistle and Red put the shovel through its paces without benefit of dirt. It worked fine. A band which had appeared on the scene struck up "Annie Laurie," and we wandered over to where the radio people had got their apparatus set up and found a couple of announcers working out their opening remarks. "Is this uptown or downtown Brooklyn?" one of them asked. "Just Brooklyn," said the other. A little before eleven, one of those mysterious strangers who always seem to have their ears to the ground on such occasions announced, "They're only at Bayonne Bridge." Several hundred school children had lined up on the sidewalk on the other side of Van Brunt Street. It was they who caught the first glimpse of the Presidential procession when it finally appeared, about eleven-thirty, and their greeting was enthusiastically treble. Well, that's about all we can tell you that the papers didn't, except that the band unaccountably started to play "Home on the Range" right in the middle of a speech by Alfred B. Jones, chairman of the Tunnel Authority.

Expense

A LADY who arrived for dinner at the house of the president (male) of one of the biggest women's colleges in these parts noticed, on a shelf in the coat closet, half a dozen identical felt hats, all seemingly in first-class shape but for a small hole in the front of the crown. The president's wife explained this. "There are two thousand girls on the campus," she said, "and a hat will stand just so much tipping."





"Would you mind stepping aside? This is for Vogue."

THE NEW WORLD

"I WANT to tell you folks that it's real football weather out here today," the radio announcer said. "There isn't a cloud in the sky. Yale's asking for time out. Yale just asked for time out. In a minute I'll turn the mike over to Charlie Thompson and let you hear the bands. It's certainly real football weather out here today. There isn't an empty seat in the stadium—"

"Please turn the radio down, Toby," Mrs. Carter asked her son.

"Sorry." Toby leaned out of his chair and switched off the radio.

"This is quite a surprise," Mrs. Carter said, "a very pleasant surprise, having you all with me for a little while."

"We'd like to get out oftener," Edward, her elder son, said, "but with the Saturday-afternoon traffic, it takes a long time."

"Edward never wants to go anywhere," Constance, Edward's wife, said. "We could have gotten tickets for the game this afternoon, but he wouldn't go. If he had his way, he'd come home Friday night and take off his shoes and not put them on again until Monday morning."

"Haven't you changed the furniture around, Mother?" Toby asked.

The question pleased Mrs. Carter and she smiled. "Yes, I had Agnes change it around when she was doing the fall cleaning. I got so tired of the way it looked. Although I almost never use this room now—now that I'm alone."

Mrs. Carter mentioned the fact that she was alone with no idea of suggesting that she was either lonely or neglected. Her sons lived in New York and very rarely came to see her in Montclair, but she liked to think of herself as too industrious and resourceful a woman to be lonely. She was a vigorous, middle-aged widow who occupied herself with club work and charity. Her children, even when younger, had sometimes been secondary to a list of enthusiasms that embraced birth control, genealogy, politics, and the parole system. "I've managed to keep myself quite busy," she added, to emphasize the fact that she was not lonely. "I've organized a group of women to knit socks and we've sent off more than a hundred pair to the English Speaking Union."

"Good old mother," Toby said pleasantly. "You've always fought the war singlehanded. I can remember the last time. I was only about three or four, but you had potatoes planted all over the lawn and the garden full of eggplant and the house filled with women making something, I don't remember what—wristers, I suppose."

"Connie had something to do with a bridge party last week," Edward said. "What was it, honey?"

"We had a bridge party to aid Britain," Constance said. "We made over three hundred dollars. I don't think that's bad, do you?"

"Why, I think that's very good!" Mrs. Carter exclaimed. "By the way, wouldn't you like some tea?" She started to get up.

"I don't think we have time," Edward said. "The Meyers are expecting us in Princeton for dinner."

"I ought to start along pretty soon, too," Toby said. "I'm driving out to Doylestown."

For a family, the Carters showed a great deal of restraint, a restraint separation had heightened. Sitting together in the familiar living room, they were a little like strangers who have been left alone. The homely and substantial furniture and the faint smell of coal gas from the old-fashioned furnace were things they had nearly forgotten.

"The British are certainly putting on a great show over there," Edward said. "I only hope we have as much spunk when the time comes. England is really our front line of defence. If I were a couple of years younger, I think I'd sign up for the Army. I have half a mind to sign up with the Naval Reserve as it is."

"The Naval Reserve," Toby said. "That's a hot one." He spoke with a mouthful of cigarette smoke, and the smoke escaped as he shaped the words with his lips. No stranger would have taken the two men for brothers. Their looks, their mannerisms, and the timbre of their voices were very different. Edward was seven years older than Toby.

"Well, you may be called, Toby," Mrs. Carter said, and she smiled on her younger son. "There's been a man of our family in every war this country has ever been in. There was a Lieutenant Carter in the Revolution. Grandfather was in the Civil War. Uncle Harry was in the Spanish-American War."

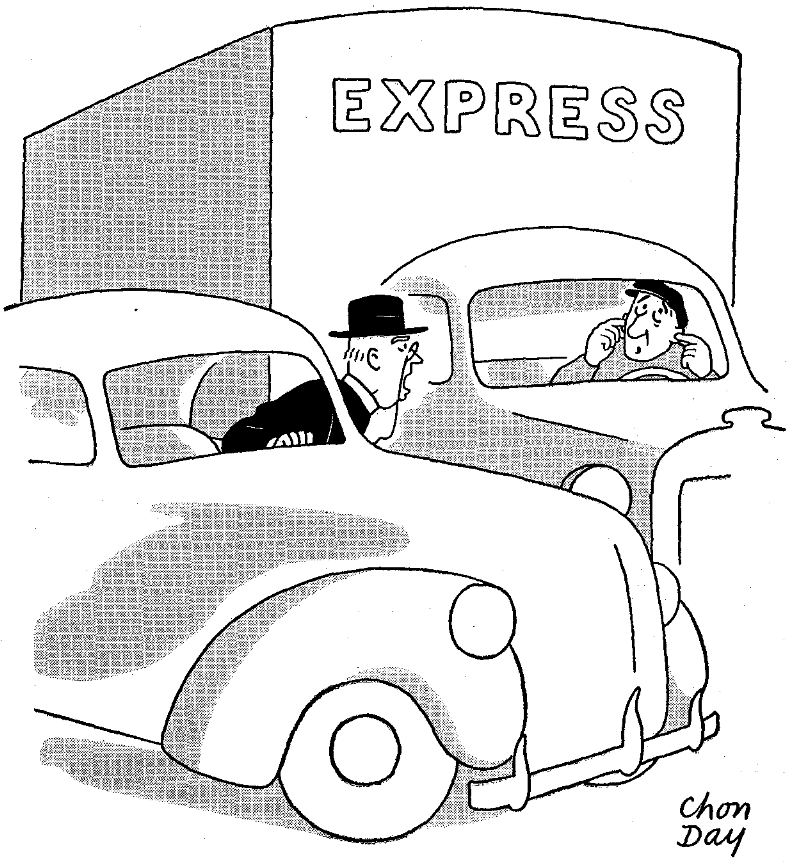
"There isn't going to be any Carter in this war," Toby said.

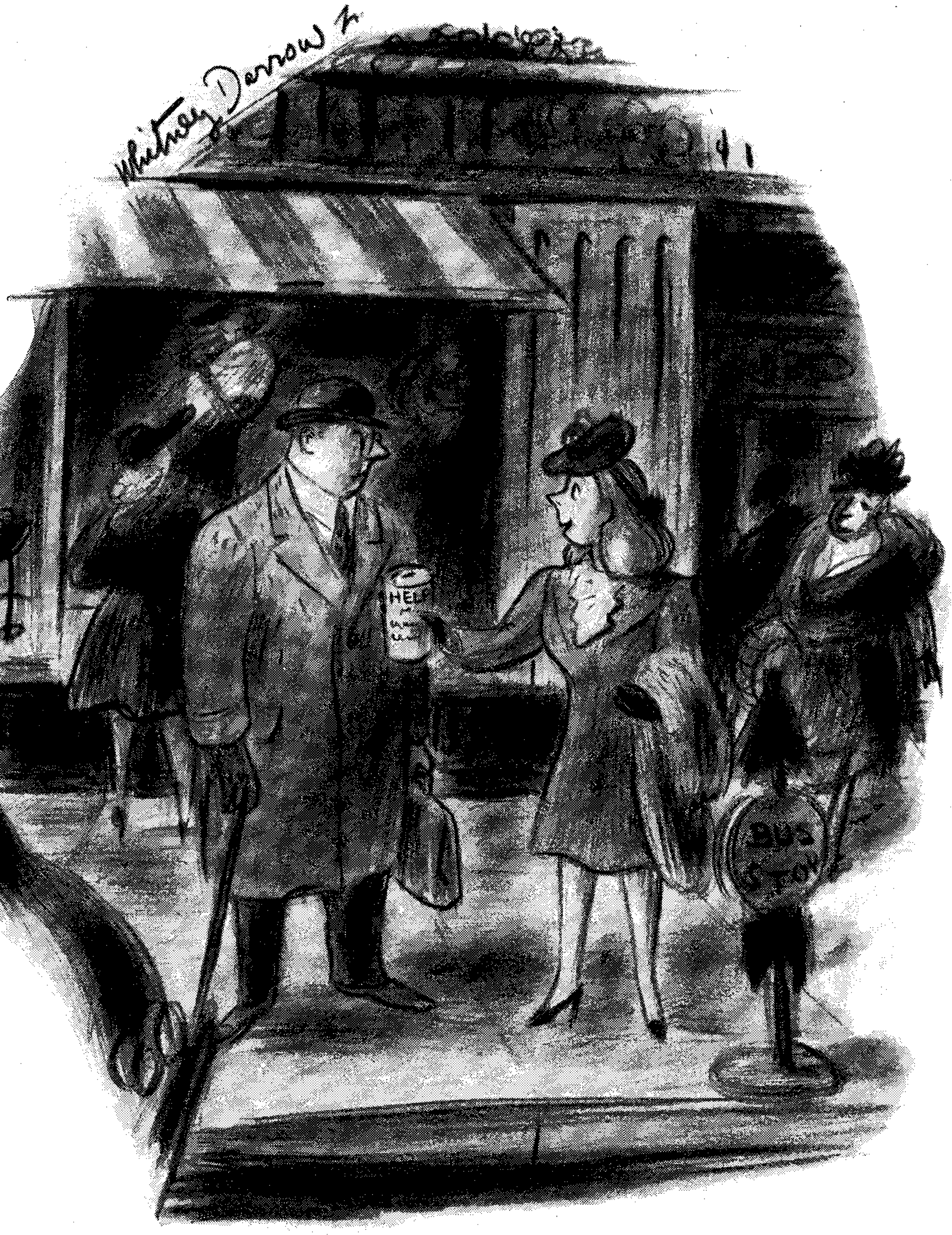
"You'll look wonderful in a uniform," Edward said.

"No uniform for me. I'm not getting into any army." Toby suddenly spoke with emotion.

"What do you mean?" Edward said.

"I mean that even if they call me, I'm not going. I'll tell them I'm a conscientious objector. I'll go to jail. I'll do





"It's not for any special committee. It's just to help me get a new fur coat."

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anything. But they won't get me in the army, not in *this* army."

"Why, Toby, you don't mean that," Mrs. Carter said.

Toby's emotional declaration, breaking in on the casual conversation, left them incredulous. As if to confirm what he said, he stood and went to the window and turned his back on them. "Sure I mean it. If anyone thinks I'm going to get into an army for the defence of the British Empire, they're crazy. Democracy. Free speech. It makes me laugh. A Tory government. A half-starved population. A tyrannical empire. Why, men of my generation—"

"Who've you been talking with?" Edward broke in. "What's the matter with you?"

"It's all right for you, Edward," Toby went on nervously. "You hit the world at the right time. You got in under the wire. You got a foothold in the old world before it fell apart. You see something in it to fight for. But it wasn't that way for me and for the people I know. You're just afraid of change. You're all afraid of change—that's the trouble with you. I want something better. I want a different kind of a world, a new world, and that's what I'm fighting for."

"Toby, stop it!" Mrs. Carter's voice was loud and hard.

"I won't stop it. I'll say what I want."

"Toby, you don't know what you're saying."

"I know what I'm saying." His voice had risen. "I'm saying what I feel, not what I'm expected to feel. There's a better way of living and I'm going to fight for that. You're not going to catch me in this army."

"Well, if that's the way you feel," Edward said, "you better keep it under your hat. Think of the British. Think of what the British are going through for us, and you sound off with a lot of harebrained ideas about a new world. If you haven't the brains to keep your mouth shut, I'll shut it for you."

"You and who else?"

"Boys, boys, *please*," Mrs. Carter said. "We don't see one another very often. You're all I have, you three. We don't have to fight like this. We can talk it over sensibly. We've never had this sort of disagreement in the family and we're not going to start now, are we? Toby isn't a traitor. No son of mine would ever be a traitor. You're just young, Toby. You don't know what you're saying. You—"

"I know what I'm saying, Mother."

"Will you stop contradicting your mother!" Edward shouted.

"I'm not contradicting her. I just want her to know the way I feel."

"For once and for all, will you stop it, Toby! I shan't ask you again." Mrs. Carter sat back in her chair as if it were still in her power to command her family. "I won't have this kind of talk in my house," she said. "I tell you, I won't have this kind of talk in my house."

"All right, all right, all right!" Toby cried. "You won't have to have this kind of talk in your house. I just wanted to tell you so that you wouldn't be surprised when someone else tells you. I'll get out. I don't want to make any trouble for you."

He put on his hat and went out, slamming the door. Mrs. Carter called his name twice, but he paid no attention.

There was time for him to get into his car and drive off before anyone spoke.

"Are you all right, Mother?" Edward asked. He crossed the room and sat on the arm of her chair and put his arm over her shoulder. "Are you all right, Mother dear?"

The shock of Toby's going had taken all the life from her face and her voice. "Yes, yes," she said very slowly, "I'm all right."

"He's always had a terrible temper, hasn't he?" Constance asked. "He doesn't always mean what he says."

"Yes," Edward said, "he's always had a terrible temper all his life."

"It's just a phase," Mrs. Carter said. It was an effort for her to speak. "It's just a phase. We all have to go through things like that. When I was a young girl I thought Socialism would solve everything. I read a lot of books on Socialism."

"I think I could do with a cup of tea now," Constance said. "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea, Mother? We have time. I'll go and tell Agnes to make some tea."

MRS. CARTER was the one who suggested, when it began to get dark, that Constance and Edward should go if they were planning to get to Princeton in time for dinner. They both said they could telephone Princeton and call off the dinner, but Mrs. Carter refused to let them. She saw them to the door and watched them go down the walk and get into their car. After they had gone, she stood there for some time, staring out into the street. The maid came down the hall. "Do you want me to cook the cauliflower with cheese?" she asked. She had to repeat the question. "Do you want me to cook the cauliflower with cheese, Mrs. Carter?"

"Cook it any way you want, Agnes. Don't bother me now."

She got into the living room before she began to cry. She drew herself up as if she were suffocating, and was suddenly aware of hearing her own choking sobs. She turned on the radio to cover her weeping and fell into a chair. "It's getting dark and cold out here now," the announcer said. "Only three minutes left to play. Yale is sending in substitutes. I'll check on these in a minute. It's too dark to see the numerals. It's been hard to spot the ball this last quarter. That noise you hear is the public-address system telling people the best ways of leaving the stadium. Only three minutes left of play in this great game, and yet none of the crowd is going. It's getting dark and cold out here now . . ."

—JOHN CHEEVER

OUR MOON-STRUCK REPORTER

Special to The New Yorker

WINSTED, Conn., Nov. 1—Among recent arrivals at the Gribbling House are Messrs. Irving Stone, Irving Fineman, Irving Caesar, and Irving Berlin. Guests at the Plaza include Messrs. Irwin Shaw, Irwin Edman, Will and Wallace Irwin, Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, Mr. Samuel Merwin, Mr. Mervyn Le Roy, the employees of Erwin Wasey, three ward-heelers from Berwyn, Pa., and a recluse from Erwinna, also in Pa. Visitors enjoying the plentiful fare at the Château Random are Frank and Pearl Buck, John O'Hara, John O'Hara Cosgrave II, and John o' London.

Special to The New Yorker

WINSTED, Conn., Nov. 2—Messrs. Irving Stone, Irving Fineman, Irving Caesar, and Irving Berlin have left the Gribbling House and are now registered at the Plaza, where Mr. Berlin has been joined by Harold Rome, co-author with Mr. Berlin of "God Bless John o' London," who is enjoying the plentiful fare at the Château Random. Messrs. Irwin Shaw, Irwin Edman, Will and Wallace Irwin, Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, Mr. Samuel Merwin, and Mr. Mervyn Le Roy have left the Plaza and are now registered at the Gribbling House. The employees of Erwin Wasey, the Berwyn, Pa., people, and the recluse from Erwinna, also in Pa., who have been enjoying the plentiful fare at the Plaza, have fallen out. Among recent arrivals at the Château Random are Frank and Pearl Buck, John O'Hara, John O'Hara Cosgrave II, John o' London, Van Wyck Brooks, Van Wyck Mason, Lynn Fontanne, Lynn Overman, Lynn Riggs, and Lin Yutang. The Messrs. Garet Garretts' request for a reservation is being pondered.

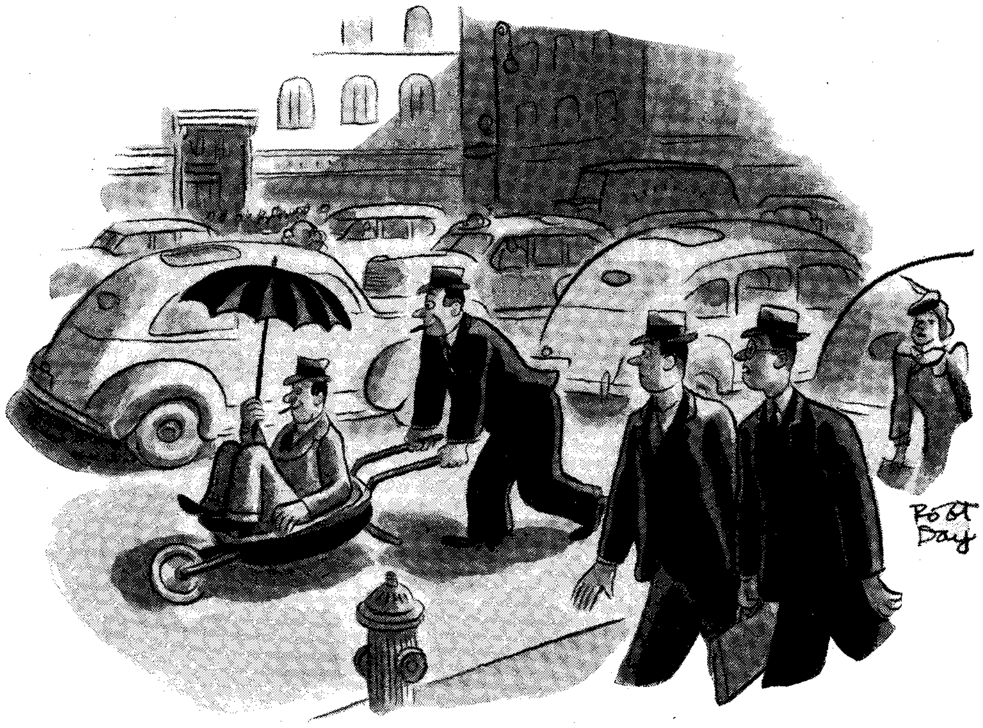
Special to The New Yorker

WINSTED, Conn., Nov. 3—Among those amused when the Messrs. Garet Garrett laughed at a double-yolked egg were the Messrs. Irving Stone, Irving Fineman, Irving Caesar, Irving Berlin, Irwin Shaw, Irwin Edman, Will and Wallace Irwin, Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, Mr. Samuel Merwin, and Mr. Mervyn Le Roy. Visitors enjoying the plentiful fare at the Château Random include Frank and Pearl Buck, John O'Hara, John O'Hara Cosgrave II, John o' London, Van Wyck Brooks, Van Wyck Mason, Lynn Fontanne, Lynn Overman, Lynn Riggs, Lin Yutang, Ben Ames Williams, Ben Lucien Burman, and Ben Ray Redman.

Special to The New Yorker

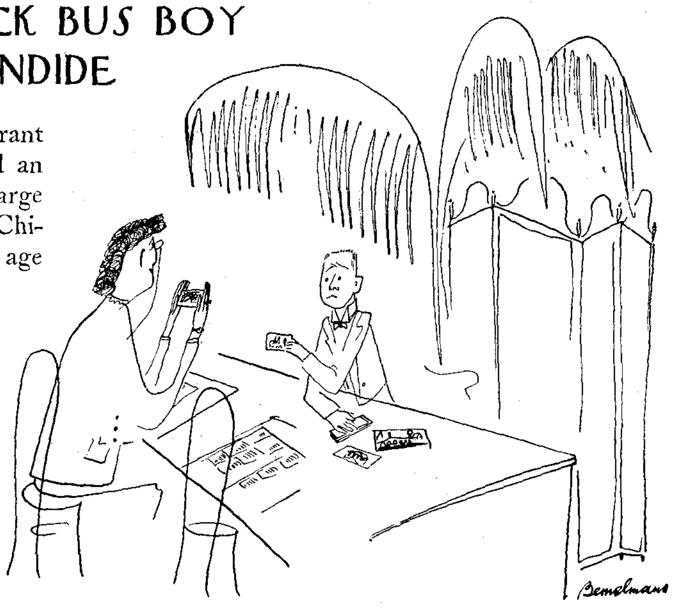
WINSTED, Conn., Nov. 4—Recent arrivals enjoying the plentiful fare at the Château Random include Donald Ogden Stewart, Ogden Reid, Ogden Phipps, and Ogden Goelet. Good night.

—OGDEN NASH



"I know it's an election bet, but what I can't figure out is which one lost."

THE HOMESICK BUS BOY OF THE SPLENDIDE



IN a corner of the great restaurant of the Hotel Splendide, behind an arrangement of screens and large palms that were bedded in antique Chinese vases, six ladies of uncertain age used to sit making out luncheon and dinner checks. When a guest at the Splendide called for *l'addition*, it was brought to him in longhand—contrary to the practice in most other hotels in New York City—in purple ink, on fine paper decorated with the hotel crest. The six ladies, seated at a long desk near the exit to the kitchens, attended to that. And since there were periods when they had little to do, one of them, a Miss Tappin, found time to befriend the bus boy Fritzl.

Fritzl was not much more than a child and he had come to America from the Bavarian city of Regensburg. He wore a white jacket and a long white apron, and he carried in his pocket a comb which he had brought all the way from Regensburg. A scene of the city was etched on the side of it. Fritzl's hair stood up straight, moist, and yellow, and he had the only red cheeks in the dining room. When anyone spoke to him, his ears also turned red.

Miss Tappin was very English. She had seen better days and in her youth had travelled on the Continent. She detested the maître d'hôtel, the waiters, and the captains, but she was drawn to the lonesome bus boy, who seemed to be of nice family, had manners, and was shy. Fritzl did not like the maître d'hôtel, the waiters, or the captains either. Least of all he liked the waiter he worked for, a nervous wreck of a Frenchman who was constantly coming behind the screens and palms, saying "Psst!" and dragging Fritzl out onto the floor of the restaurant to carry away some dirty dishes.

When Fritzl was thus called away, Miss Tappin would sigh and then look into the distance. She called Fritzl "a dear," and said that he was the living image of a nephew of hers who was at Sandhurst—the son, by a previous marriage, of her late sister's husband, a Major Graves. "What a pity!" Miss Tappin would say whenever she thought of Fritzl. "He's such a superior type, that boy. Such a dear. So unlike the bobtail, ragtag, and guttersnipes around him. I do hope he'll come through all right!" Then she would sigh again and go back to her bills. Every time Fritzl passed the long desk, whether with butter, water bottles, or dirty dishes, a quick signal of sympathy passed between them.

The conversations with Fritzl afforded Miss Tappin an exquisite weapon with which to irritate the other five ladies who shared the desk—women who came from places like Perth Amboy, Pittsburgh, and Newark. With Fritzl leaning on her blotter, she could discuss such topics as the quaintness of Munich and its inhabitants and the charm and grandeur of the Bavarian Alps. These beautiful mountains neither Fritzl nor Miss Tappin had ever seen. Regensburg is not far away from the Alps, but Fritzl's parents were much too poor ever to have sent him there. Miss Tappin's stay in Munich had been limited to a half-hour wait between trains at the railroad station while she was on her way to visit her sister in Budapest.

Regensburg, however, she soon came to know thoroughly from Fritzl, who often spread a deck of pocket-worn postcards and calendar pictures on the desk in front of her. These views showed every worth-while street corner and square of his beloved city. He acquainted her with Regensburg's history and described its people and the surrounding country. He read her all the letters he received from home, and gradually Miss Tappin came to know everybody in Regensburg.

"Dear boy," she would say, touching his arm, "I can see it all clearly. I can picture your dear mother sitting in front of her little house on the banks of the Danube—the little radish garden, the dog, the cathedral, and the wonderful stone bridge. What a lovely place it must be!" Then her eyes would cloud, for Miss Tappin had the peculiar British addiction to scenes that are material for postcards. Into the middle of these flights always came the nervous "Psst!" of the old French waiter. Then Fritzl would lift his apron, stow the postcards away in the back pocket of his trousers, and run.

Fritzl's service table stood in another corner of the restaurant, and near it was another palm in another Chinese vase. When he was not at Miss Tappin's desk or in the kitchen or busy with his dirty dishes, Fritzl hid behind this palm. He was afraid of everyone, even the guests. He came out from behind his palm only when his waiter called him, or when the orchestra played Wagner, Weber, or Strauss music, or when I, his other friend in the hotel, passed by.

I was at that time an assistant maître d'hôtel in the banquet department, but Fritzl was not afraid of me. I was his friend because I, too, came from Regensburg. Sometimes when I appeared in the restaurant, Fritzl would lean out from behind his palm and say in a hoarse whisper, "*Du*, Ludwig, have you a minute for me?" Once he put his arm around my neck and started to walk with me through the dining room as if we were boys in Regensburg. When I told him that that was not done, he looked hurt, but later, in the pantry, he forgave me and told me all the latest and most important news of Regensburg.

Another time he showed me a little book he had made out of discarded menus. In this book he had written down what he earned and what he spent. His income was eight dollars a week, and his expenses, including an English lesson at one dollar, were seven. In three years, he calculated, he would have enough money to go back to Regensburg. I told him he could make much more money if he attended to his job and got to be a waiter, and he said he would try. But Fritzl was very bad dining-room material. He was slow, earnest, and awkward. A good waiter jumps, turns fast, and has his eyes everywhere. One can almost tell by watching a new man walk across the room whether he will be a good or an indifferent waiter. One can also tell, as a rule, if he will last.

WE sometimes took a walk together, Fritzl and I, usually up or down Fifth Avenue, in the lull between luncheon and dinner. One day, in the upper window of a store building near Thirty-fourth Street, Fritzl saw an advertisement that showed a round face smoking a cigar. Under the face was written, "E. Regensburg & Sons, Havana Cigars." From that day on, Fritzl always wanted to walk downtown toward Thirty-fourth Street. He would point up at the window as we passed and say, "Look, Ludwig—Regensburg."

He also liked to stop in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, because it reminded him of the Dom in Regensburg. But St. Patrick's was not half as big as the Dom, he said, and its outside looked as if it were made of fresh cement, and its bells were those of a village church. He was very disappointed by the interior as well.

Once I took him on an excursion boat up the Hudson. "Fritzl, look," I said to him, "isn't this river more beautiful than the Danube?"

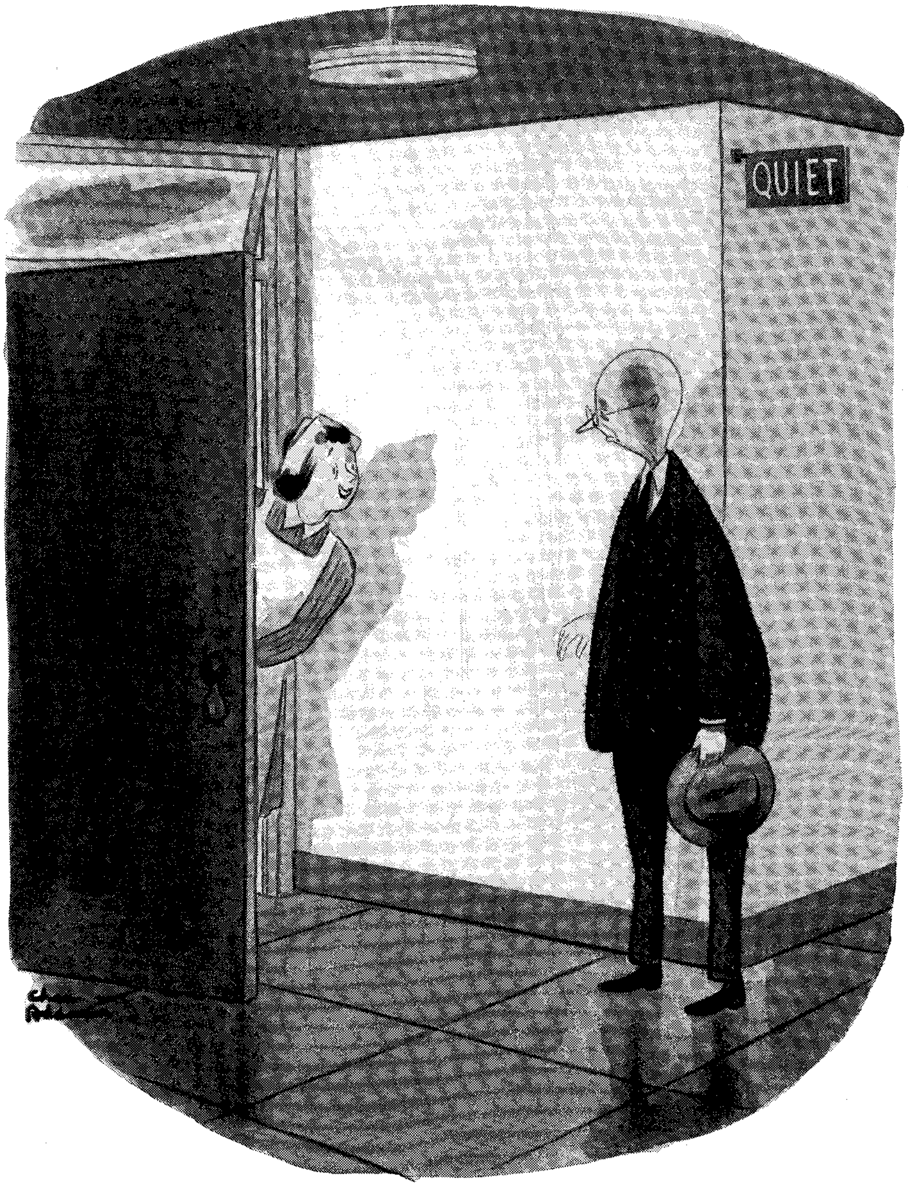
He was quiet for several miles. Opposite Tarrytown, he said, "It's without castles. I have not seen a single castle, only smokestacks." Up at Poughkeepsie, he pointed to the railroad bridge and said, "Look at it, and think of the stone bridge across the Danube at Regensburg. And besides, where is Vienna on this river, or a city like Budapest?" For the rest, he said, it was all right.

I sometimes wondered why Fritzl should love Regensburg, for I knew that he had grown up there in misery. His parents lived on the outskirts of the city and worked as tenants on a few soggy acres planted with radishes and cabbages. The land lay along the river and was submerged whenever the water rose. The Danube rose very often. The place where they lived was called Reinhausen. One came to it by crossing an old stone bridge and walking through another city, which was to Regensburg what Brooklyn is to New York. The people who lived in this small Brooklyn always explained why they were living there—the air was better, the view nicer, it was better for their children, quieter—but they all excused themselves. The place resembled Brooklyn also in that one got lost there very easily and that no cabdriver in Regensburg could find his way there without asking a policeman for directions.

When I asked Fritzl why he loved Regensburg so much, his answer sounded like Heinrich Heine. "Do you remember the seven stone steps," he said, "the worn stones that lead down from the Street of St. Pancraz to the small fish market? The old ivy-covered fountain whose water comes from the mouth of two green dolphins? The row of tall oaks with a bench between every other pair of trees? The sand pit next to the fountain where children play, where young girls walk arm in arm, where the lamplighter arrives at seven, and where, sitting on a bench, I can see, between the leaning walls of two houses, a wide strip of moving water—the Danube—and beyond it my parents' house? There I grew up. There every stone is known to me. I know the sound of every bell, the name of every child, and everyone greets me."

Like a child himself then, he would repeat over and over, "Oh, let me go home. I want to go home to Regensburg. Oh, I don't like it here. What am I here? Nobody. When I told Herr Professor Breu I wanted to come to America, he said to me, '*Ja*, go to America, become a waiter—the formula for every good-for-nothing. But remember, America is the land where the flowers have no perfume, where the birds lack song, and where the women offer no love.' And Herr Professor Breu was right. It is so. Oh, I want to go back to Regensburg!"

WHEN we returned to the hotel from an afternoon walk, Fritzl always disappeared into the Splendide's basement, where the dressing rooms for



"Congratulations! It's a baby."

the bus boys were, and changed his clothes. The other bus boys' lockers were lined with clippings from *La Vie Parisienne* and with pictures of cyclists and boxers. The door of Fritzl's was covered with views of Regensburg.

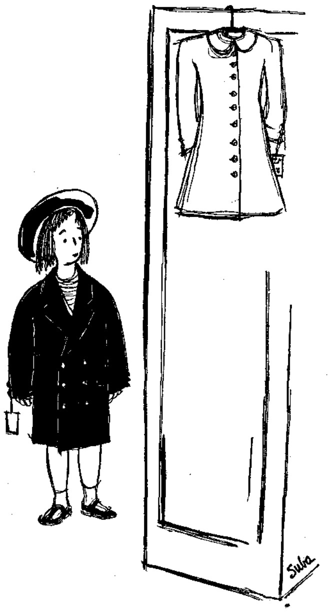
One evening Fritzl came up from his locker to assist at a dinner party given by Lord Rosslare, who had ordered a fairly good dinner, long and difficult to serve. He was a moody client, gay one day, unbearable the next. When he complained, his voice could be heard out on the street. Rosslare's table was in the centre of the room, and next to it was a smaller table on which to ladle out the soup, divide the fish into portions, and carve the rack of lamb. The maître d'hôtel and his assistant supervised all this. Fritzl's waiter was moist with nervousness and fear. Everything went well, however, until the rack of lamb was to be carved.

The lamb had arrived from the kitchen and stood on an electric heater on Fritzl's service table behind the palm. Next to Lord Rosslare stood the maître d'hôtel, who intended to carve. He had the knife in one hand and a large fork in the other. He looked along the edge of the knife and tested its sharpness. The old waiter polished the hot plates in which the lamb was to be served and then carried the stack of them and the sauce to the table. Because the maître d'hôtel was shouting at him to hurry up, he told Fritzl to follow with the *carré d'agneau*. All Fritzl had to do was to take the copper casserole and follow him. To save time, they walked across the dance floor instead of around it. Rosslare leaned back and complained about the slowness of the service. The maître d'hôtel stamped his feet and waved the carving knife. With his mouth stretched, he signalled to the old waiter and Fritzl so they could read his lips: "*Dépêchez-vous, espèces de salauds.*"

All this made Fritzl nervous, and in the middle of the dance floor he tripped and fell. The rack of lamb jumped out of the casserole. Then an even more terrible thing happened. Fritzl, on all fours, crept over to the lamb, picked it up calmly and put it back in the casserole, licked his slippery fingers, got to his feet, and, to everyone's horror, carried it over to the table to be served.

Rosslare laughed. The whole dining room laughed. Only Monsieur Victor, the maître d'hôtel, was not amused. He retired to his office and bit into his fist. Next day the captain at that station got a severe reprimand. The old waiter was to be laid off for two weeks and Fritzl was to be discharged.

In a hotel that employed hundreds of people, there were always changes in personnel. And fortunately an old Greek who had been attendant in the men's washroom in the banquet department left on that day for his homeland. His job was vacant and Fritzl got it.



In the washroom, Fritzl was his own master. There were no maîtres d'hôtel, captains, and waiters to be afraid of. No one said "Psst!" and "Come here!" to him. He began to be more cheerful. One of his uncles, he told me, a veteran of the War of 1870, had, in recognition of his services, been given the washroom concession at the Walhalla, a national shrine built of marble, like the washroom in the banquet department of the Splendide, and situated not far from Regensburg.

Every morning Fritzl went down to the storeroom and got his supply of brushes, soap, ammonia, and disinfectants. Next he went to the linen room and exchanged his dirty towels for clean ones. Then he put his washroom in order. He whistled while he polished the knobs and handles and water faucets, and when everything was shining he conscientiously flushed all the toilets and pressed the golden buttons that released a spray of water into the porcelain basins, to see that they were working. If any of the plumbing was out of order, he telephoned down to the engineers. At noon he reported to the banquet office and was told whether any parties would take place during the afternoon or evening. If the banquet rooms were not

POST-ELECTION RUMINATIONS

The tumult and the shouting dies.
The Captains rally to their mutton,
And from lapel the voter pries
His bright, identifying button.

Manned by a loud-exulting crew,
The Ship of State is safely harbored
(Or else, according to one's view,
Has sunk to leeward and to starboard).

Now lesser voices split the air,
Crying their cosmic pills and nostrums;
Now droop the placards in the square,
Now fades the bunting round the rostrums.

While friend with his dissenting friend
Speaks once again, assured and hearty,
Finding the world has yet to end
With victory for the Other Party—

That heavens stand, the sunset burns,
Cheerful, accustomed, and eternal,
In spite of what the late returns
Foreshadowed in an evening journal.

And on we'll limp till Forty-four,
Skirting somehow the black abyss,
Tough from a hundred years or more
Of crises noisier than this.

—Phyllis McGinley

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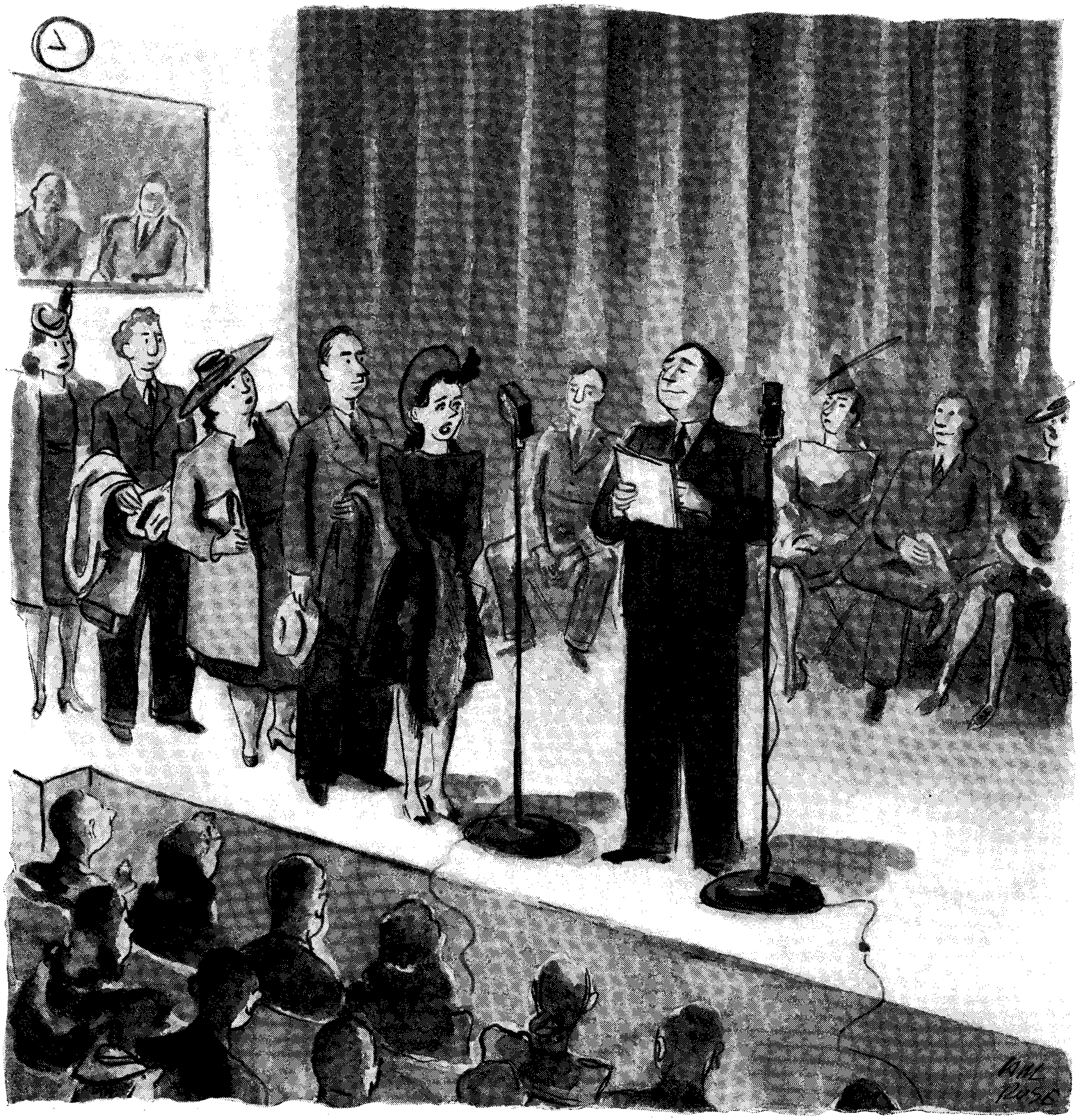

"Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard was in 'Romeo and Juliet.' I don't know who was in the stage version."

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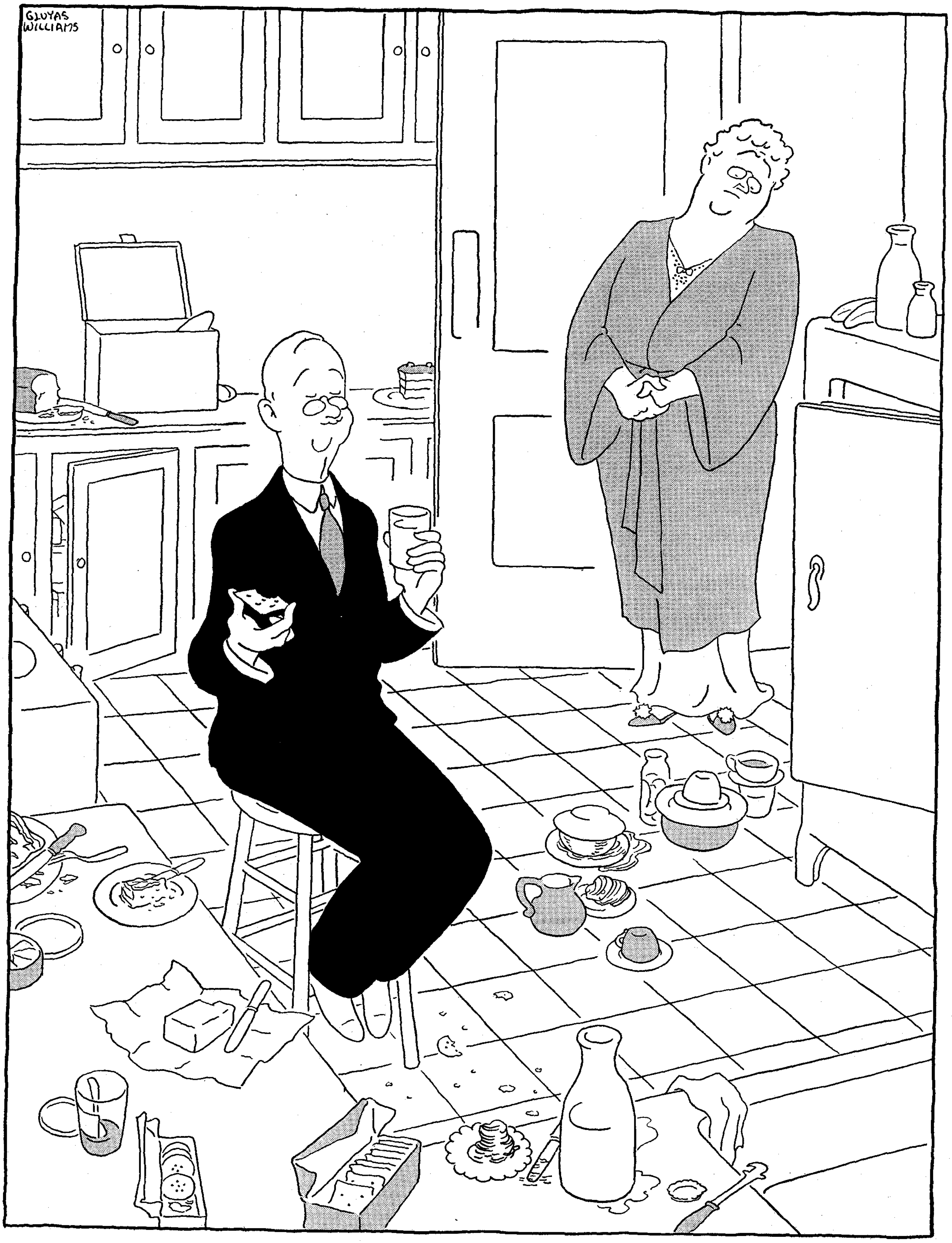
engaged, he was free the rest of the day.

When Fritzl worked, he made good money. He soon learned to brush the guests off and to hold them up at the narrow door so that none escaped without producing a dime or a quarter. In busy seasons he sometimes made as much as thirty dollars a week.

He became more tolerant of America and found that, contrary to the belief of Herr Professor Breu, the birds sing here and the flowers do have a perfume. Late at night, after he had locked up the men's room, Fritzl arranged his coins in neat stacks and entered the total in his book. He often came into the banquet office, when everyone else was gone, and asked to use my typewriter. On this machine, using two fingers, he slowly composed glowing prospectuses of the hotel—letters that his mother would proudly show around. On the hotel's stationery, he wrote that the Splendide was the most luxurious hotel in the world; that it was twenty-two stories high; that it had seven hundred apartments, any one of which was better furnished than the rooms in the castle of the Duke of Thurn and Taxis in Regensburg; that in these apartments lived the richest people in America; that he was employed at a lucrative income in the Department of Sanitation; and that he would probably come home for a short visit in the summer.

—Ludwig Bemelmans


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

Bedtime Snack

MEN ARE ALL ALIKE

EVERYTHING she had read convinced Dorothea Crocker that marriage was a hazardous state. It was like walking a tightrope, she decided, and one misstep might prove fatal. It seemed that God had provided all men with eagle eyes and that they spent most of their time comparing their wives unfavorably with other women. Women in fiction were constantly losing their husbands because they lounged around the house in kimonos until noon, thereby providing a ghastly contrast to their husbands' secretaries, who were always brisk, neat, and efficient-looking in navy blue with white collar-and-cuff sets. Realizing that once she let herself go after she married she would be as good as gone, she doggedly set about keeping up with things and seeing to it that she was what she called "well groomed."

It was a painstaking process and required all her attention. Fortunately, on her honeymoon, her clothes were so new and carefully selected that she didn't have to do much about them and could spend at least two-thirds of her time being alert and interested in the things Charles wanted to talk about. She got off on the right foot and the morning after the wedding crept quietly out of bed to spend a conscientious forty minutes in the bathroom, making up her face, doing her hair, and even kneeling on the floor to press the wrinkles out of her tailored dressing gown with the small portable iron she had brought with her. Then, going into the bedroom, she pulled up the shades and let the sunlight stream in. "Time to get up!" she called merrily.

Charles, seeing her standing at the foot of his bed looking so clean and fresh, had a moment of embarrassment. Except for the tailored dressing gown, she looked as she had before they were married, and he felt rumpled and slightly bawdy lying in bed in the bright sunlight. He gathered his things together and went rather furtively to the bathroom, where he made a great point of bathing, shaving, and brushing his teeth. Coming back into their room, he saw that she had dressed. "I didn't think you'd want to have breakfast *here*," she said, glancing at the unmade beds with an expression of distaste. And he hurriedly assured her that of course he didn't.

He looked around the room and decided that it was an unusually dull and unimaginative hotel room, and he was shocked to realize that he had thought it romantic last night in the soft light from the lamps. Yet that night and for many nights he was caught by the same illusion. In the daytime, walking with Dorothea, or watching her across a dinner table as she cut a small slice from a chop, laying down her knife, transferring her fork from her left hand to her right, eating slowly and without relish, he wondered how he could have dared disturb her complete niceness. And one night he switched on the bedside light so that he could see her as she slept, curious to know if she lay curled and dishevelled in the bed. She lay on her back, her arms under the covers, her hair held in place by numerous small pins, and she wakened almost immediately. "Did you want something, dear?" she asked, as brightly as though it were noon.

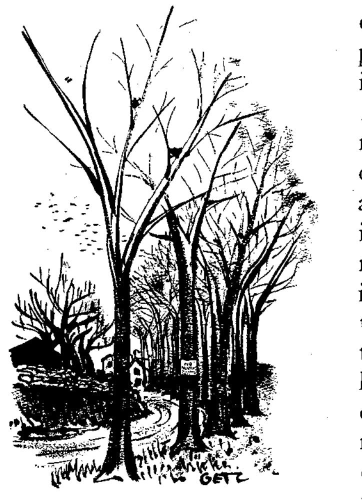
AT first she was almost secretive about getting dressed for the day, emerging from the bathroom a complete job without allowing him a glimpse of the mechanics of the thing, but as time went on and she became expert, she sat at her dressing table and permitted him to watch her. It fascinated him for a while. Her movements were direct and capable, and she made hundreds of them. Brushing the powder from her eyelashes, she would ask, "Is there *anything* worse than seeing powder sticking to a woman's lashes? It always makes me think of Peggy Crosby. You must have noticed."

"I thought women put that black stuff on their eyes," he had told her.

She smiled. "Women may, but *ladies* don't," she said.

If she could have felt horror, the suggestion that she might not be taken for a lady would have given it to her. She had a passion for detail and she never tired of checking up on the innumerable small things that gave her assurance. Were the seams of her stockings straight? Did her bag match her shoes or her hat? Accessories were so important. Were her gloves *right*, because she had read that one can always tell a lady by her gloves. Above all, was she inconspicuous? This was her principal concern, and she achieved her desire so completely that bus conductors could never remember taking her fare and came back time after time to stand beside her, clicking their machines and saying, "Fare, please."

"There is no reason why a home should not be run as efficiently as an office," she quoted. She filled the house with labor-saving devices: electric egg beaters, an electric percolator, electric orange squeezers, patent vegetable slicers and parers. She bought a card index for her menus, which she planned by the month, and another for recipes that she clipped from magazines and newspapers. But while her meals were charming to look at, they didn't taste very good. Her dinners were balanced and they had the flavor of a hospital tray.



EVERY morning, after Charles left for the office, she washed the breakfast dishes, straightened the apartment, and then sat down to read the paper. She read it without interest, but she read it. She formed no opinions, preferring, she said, to keep an open mind. "I suppose they know what they're doing," she would comment sagely. "After all, they are experienced men and we elected them. Those things take time. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

If a new book was praised, she got it from the lending library, and she had learned to reserve her judgment of writing she didn't quite understand or approve. "It's different, isn't it?" she would ask. Modern art and new methods of interior decoration were "odd," and she avoided exposing herself to them as much as possible. Her ideas of what was good taste and what was bad taste were definite. She had a mental catalogue of things that were permissible and safe: Duncan Phyfe, Early American, broadloom carpets, white picture frames, flower prints, wine tasters to be used as ashtrays, chenille, hooked rugs, wild rice, Lloyd Douglas, foreign films, James Hilton, dropped living rooms, dining foyers, colored ice cubes, Westchester County, really good suits, and black lace dinner dresses. She was an admirable mixture of culture and caution.

From the beginning she had concen-

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trated on being a companion to Charles, and if there were times when he didn't want a companion, she was not aware of them. She did not play golf, but on their vacations she walked miles around golf courses with him, calling out "Good shot" or "Oh, too bad" at every stroke he made. She divided all talk into two classes: the conversations you had with men and the conversations you had with women. With men, she discussed foreign affairs, Wall Street, or sports, reserving the more delicate choice of literature, art, the theatre, and clothes for the ladies, who, she felt, were more intelligent.

IN the five years of their marriage, the Crockers had never been separated until, after she had had a severe attack of bronchitis, Charles insisted on sending her to the country for two weeks, to recuperate. She stood it for ten days and then took the train back to New York. It was almost six when she arrived at the apartment. The Venetian blinds in the living room were drawn as she had left them, but in the bedroom Charles' bed was unmade, his clothes were scattered over the chairs, and from the bathroom she heard the sound of the shower running. She tapped lightly on the door and, getting no answer, she opened it and called "Charles!"

He turned off the shower. "For the love of Pete, Dorothea!" he said. "What are you doing home?"

"Surprise! Surprise!" Her voice sounded merry, but her face was expressionless and her eyes moved quickly from the pool of water on the bathroom floor to the heap of soggy bath towels and the half-finished Scotch-and-soda on the glass shelf over the washbasin. "My," she exclaimed, "don't we look gay!"

Then, seeing he was about to step out of the tub, she closed the door discreetly and began unpacking her bag. In a few minutes he appeared, glass in hand. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Do you feel sick or something?"

She folded a nightgown and laid it on top of a neat pile before she answered. "Never felt better. I just decided to come home, that's all."

"You might have wired or something," he said. "I mean I could have met you."

"Silly! As though I couldn't get home all the way from Grand Central by my lonesome!"

He took a sip of his drink and stood looking at her uneasily. "The fact is," he said, "I have sort of a date for dinner with this guy. A guy from the office. And I don't know how to get in touch with him to call it off."

"Why call it off on my account?" she asked brightly. "I'd love to meet this *guy* from your office. What's his name?"

"Conk Harris," he told her. "You might not like him, though—he's kind of crude."

"Oh," she said.

"Kind of crazy, too," he added hopefully.

She straightened her shoulders and lifted her head as though she were expecting a blow on the chin. "Well," she said, "he must have something fine in him or you wouldn't care to spend an evening with him, I'm sure. I'm always glad to meet your friends."

He finished his drink. "Don't say I didn't warn you," he told her. "And you'd better step on it, because I'm late now."

"Where are you meeting him?" she asked.

"At this Spanish place. A place called El Toro. Down in the Village."

"Oh, a Spanish place," she repeated, and there was a note of relief in her voice. "What sort of Spanish place? I mean where were their sympathies?"

He laughed shortly. "You have me there," he said.

She took off her dress and began to fix her face hurriedly. She knew that one must never keep a husband waiting. "Some Spanish places are charming," she told him. "Lovely patios and pottery."

"This place hasn't got a patio," he said.

THEY took a taxi to El Toro. It was a dreary-looking place from the outside, with a false front painted orange and yellow, a picture of a bull in electric lights, and a shabby doorman in a toreador costume. It was in a basement, and the stairs were covered with dusty black carpet. The place smelled of a rather sickly deodorizer, cheap perfume, and cooking, and the captain, after a sharp glance at Dorothea, bowed politely. "Good evening, Mr. Cooper," he said. Charles glanced sharply at his wife in embarrassment.

"How is Mr. Cooper this evening?" the captain said. "Conchita, take Mr. Cooper's hat."

He took the hat check from the girl himself and handed it to Charles. "Your friend's waiting for you," he went on. "I gave you the best table in the house. Right on the dance floor."

The room was only partly filled. A few couples sat in dimly lighted booths around the walls, and the tables near the dance floor were taken. The orchestra was playing a tango. The captain led them to a table where a large, red-faced man sat alone, and pulled out a chair for Dorothea with a flourish.

Conk Harris rose. "Well, well," he

called loudly and amiably. "What have we here?"

Charles Crocker's eyes seemed to hold a warning. "Conk," he said, "I'd like you to meet Mrs. Crocker. Dorothea, this is Conk Harris."

Dorothea held out a hand in an immaculate white glove and spoke in such a low, cultured voice that she could scarcely be heard above the orchestra. "It's so nice meeting one of Charles' friends."

The smile on Conk Harris's face became fixed. "Say, this is great!" he exclaimed. "A pleasant surprise."

Dorothea sat down, smoothing her dress carefully under her. "Charles," she said, "the maître d'hôtel called you Mr. *Cooper*."

"Oh, he's just one of these foreigners," Charles explained, and flushed.

Conk Harris hitched his chair closer to the table. "Well, what'll it be?" he asked.

"Oh, really, I don't think I care for anything," Dorothea told him. "A little Cointreau later with my coffee, perhaps."

"Here, now," Conk Harris said, "have a little something. Good for what ails you."

"Pardon?" she asked.

"I said it's good for what ails you," he repeated. "What'll it be? A Martini? A Cuba Libre?"

"I'll tell you what," she said gaily, "I'll have whatever you boys are having." She smiled at them bravely.

They ordered their drinks and the waiter brought the menu. It was spotted and dirty, and the printing was so dim that it was almost impossible to read. Dorothea took off her gloves. "Now then," she said.

"Better take the regular dinner," Charles cautioned her. "It's not bad. I can't vouch for anything else."

She held the menu close to her eyes, studying the strange names. "I'm not very hungry," she said finally. Remembering that one must give her order to her escort, she stared fixedly at Charles. "I'll have a clear soup—consommé, if they have it—and a lamb chop with a piece of grilled pineapple, and a plain salad."

The waiter bent down. "I didn't get it, lady," he said. "You'll have to come again."

She kept on looking at Charles and raised her eyebrows slightly. He cleared his throat. "I don't know as they have any of those things, Dorothea," he told her. "I think you'd just better have the regular dinner."

For a moment her lips set, and then she smiled again. "When in Rome," she said. "You order for me." She turned to Conk Harris. "It's not that I'm fussy, it's just that foreign cooking seems—well, rather fantastic in this day and age. All those proteins and starches."

Conk Harris laughed. "It hasn't killed Charlie here."

She sat back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap. There were a few couples dancing awkwardly, intent on their steps, the men holding tightly to their partners, so that the women's dresses hiked up in back. The walls were decorated with scenes of bullfights and there was a balcony in the centre of each wall, covered with artificial flowers.

"It does look very *Spanish,* doesn't it?" she asked. "Wasn't it a pity, Mr. Harris? About Spain, I mean. Just what did *you* think of it all?"

"Sure was a shame," he agreed. He looked at his watch. "Almost eight. Time for the floor show."

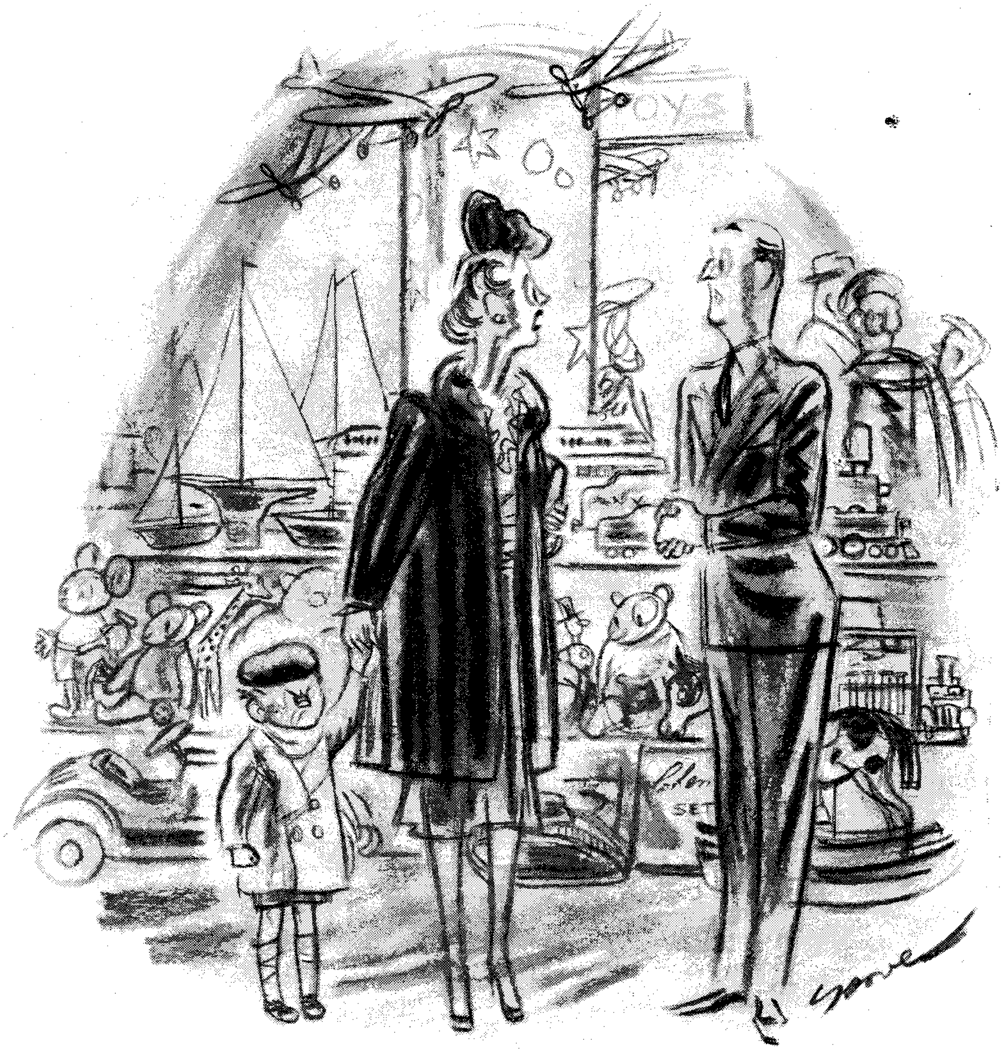
"Oh, that will be nice," Dorothea said. "I wonder if you happened to see La Argentinita when she was in New York. You remember her, Charles. She danced at Town Hall with just a piano. But she was fascinating. We enjoyed her so much."

"This show isn't exactly like that," Charles explained. "It's more Cuban than Spanish, wouldn't you say, Conk?"

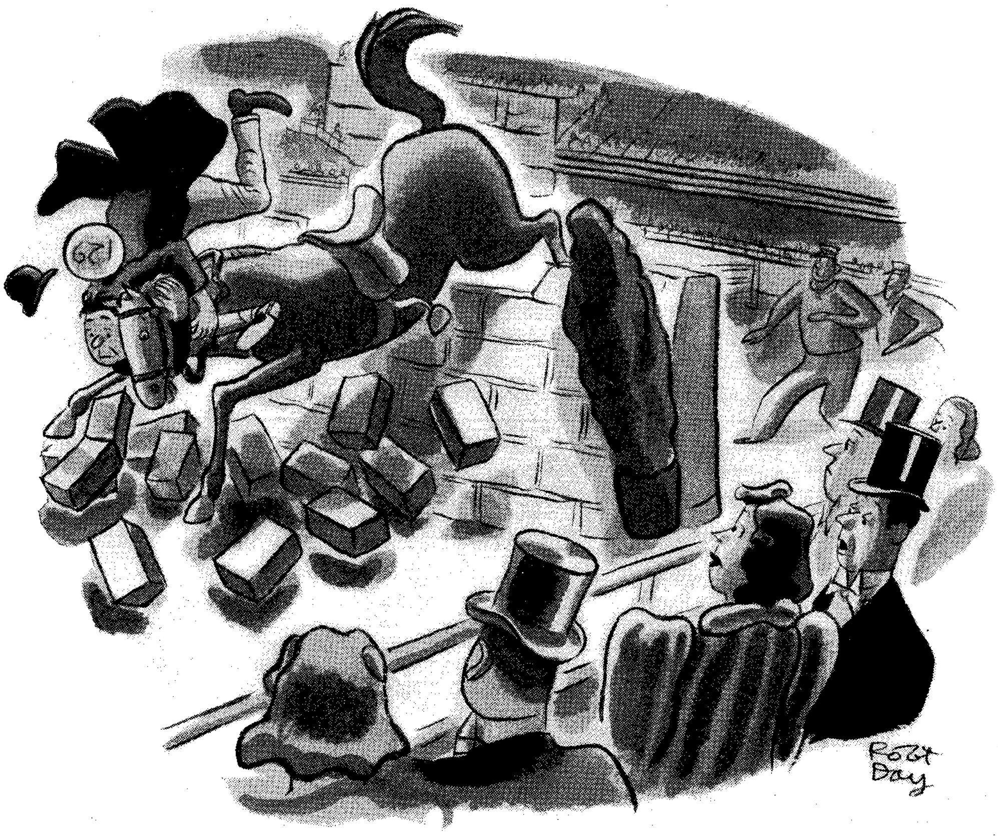
"Of course," Dorothea put in quickly and with understanding. "How stupid of me. It's due to the mess over there, no doubt."

The lights grew dim and the music stopped.

"Here she is," Conk Harris said. "On the dot." He turned his chair so that he sat facing the dance floor. The orchestra started a rumba and a spotlight was focussed on black velvet curtains to the right of the platform. Doro-



"What have you got that can take awfully rough handling?"



"Anyway, it was a gallant gesture."

• •

thea, glancing at Charles' face, stiffened. He held his drink in his hand and his eyes were filled with anticipation.

Through the curtains, Dorothea first saw a swirl of ruffles and then a girl danced out onto the floor. She was small and round. Her skirt, which was short in front, trailed in back, and the underside, where it swept the ground, was gray with dirt. Her breasts were covered, but her stomach and back were bare, and the skin of her body had the color and consistency of coffee ice cream. Her face was powdered a dead white, the powder ending abruptly at her chin, which made her look as though she were wearing an impudent mask. She lifted her skirts and Dorothea saw that the pits of her knees were a sooty black. Although the tempo of the music was fast and her feet moved quickly, her body seemed to follow a slower beat. She danced around the floor close to the tables, and she smiled as her eyes separated the two men from Dorothea, ignoring her. Dorothea noticed that her neck looked dirty and that her hair was thick and shiny with brilliantine. The whole room smelled of her—a strong, heavy scent of mingled perfumes.

Dorothea looked down at her plate, but from the corner of her eye she could still see a whirl of strident pink ruffles. She began to eat her soup, which was lukewarm and greasy, holding the heavy spoon daintily. She noticed that the waiter had brought Charles a fresh drink and she took a sip of her own. It seemed as though the girl had been dancing for hours.

Suddenly there was a burst of applause, and the girl was standing by the black velvet curtains, bowing. Conk Harris was clapping vigorously, but Charles sat staring at her without moving until the curtains closed behind her.

The rest of the show didn't amount to much. They watched it dully while they ate. When the lights went on again, the men were silent. "Did you like her?" Conk Harris asked finally.

"Who? Oh, the little girl," Dorothea said. "She was very dark for a Spaniard, wasn't she? She looked—well, she looked almost as though she might have some Negro blood, didn't you think?"

She sat straighter. "Tell me, Mr. Harris," she went on, "just what do you do at the office? It's Charles' second home, really, and naturally I'm interested."

IT was almost an hour later when Charles suggested that they ought to be going. "Can we drop you somewhere?" he asked Conk Harris. But Conk said he thought he'd sit around a while and wait for the second show.

"You must have dinner with us some night," Dorothea said. "Tonight was rather an upset with my coming home and not having time to organize. You should see the place!" She patted Charles possessively and reprovingly on the arm. "Men are all alike. They need a woman to look out after them."

In the taxi she discovered she had lost one of her gloves, and when Charles suggested they go back for it, she lied. "I am almost positive I had it when we left," she said. "I must have dropped it when we walked to Sixth Avenue to find a cab."

Even with the dust and Charles' clothes all over the place, the apartment looked lovely. She took off her hat and began to make his bed. "That was an odd sort of place, wasn't it?" she asked. "Quite foreign. I think such places are so interesting to visit once in a while, although I don't think I'd care to make a habit of it."

When she had straightened the room, she began to get ready for bed. She could hear Charles moving restlessly about the living room, and for an instant she thought of calling to him. But habit was strong in her, and she sat down at her dressing table and went through the familiar motions of fixing herself for the night. Going to the closet, she started to take out her tailored house coat, but some instinct made her reach for a negligee that she had once bought and never worn because the frills on the sleeves annoyed her. She put it on and loosened the pins a little in the front of her hair. They still held her hair in place, but it looked softer and not so stiff.

In the living room, Charles had stopped wandering about and was reading the paper. She sat down on the arm of his chair and pulled her negligee up slightly, so that it wouldn't touch the dusty rug. "You haven't told me you are glad to see me," she said.

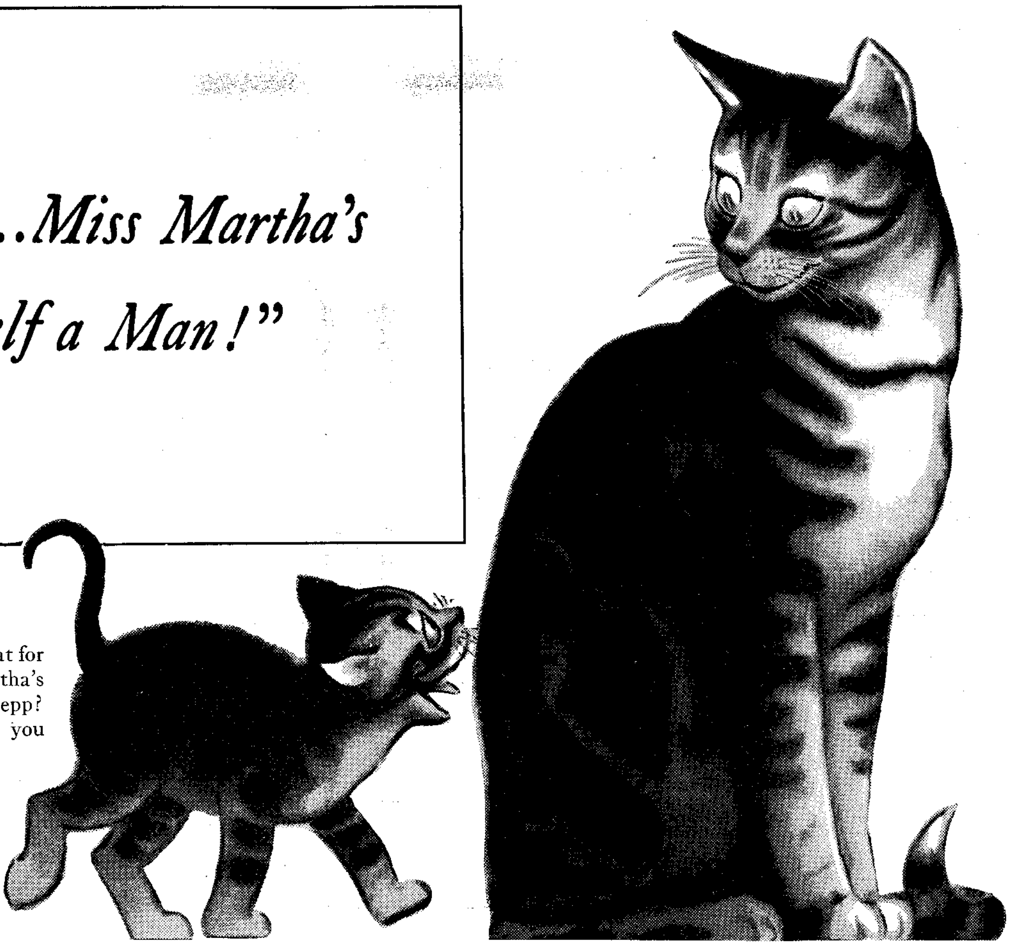
—SALLY BENSON

•

Uncle Sam's need of the scrap metal is the reason for the sudden haste in razing the last section of the Sixth Ave. "L" (on 53rd St.).... Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, Norman Corwin and John La Touche, with other topnotchers, are contributing their services free.
—*George Ross in the World-Telegram.*

The amazing Roosevelts!

"Say, Ma...Miss Martha's got herself a Man!"



1. Remember, Ma, you told me that for nine generations of cats Miss Martha's been setting her cap for old Harry Zepp? Well, guess what happened while you were off catching field mice!

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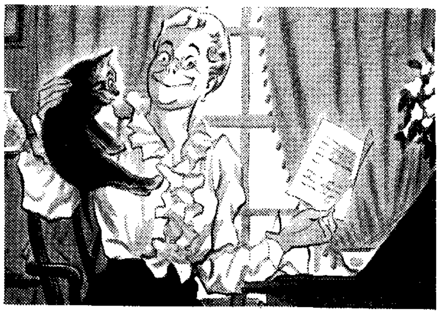
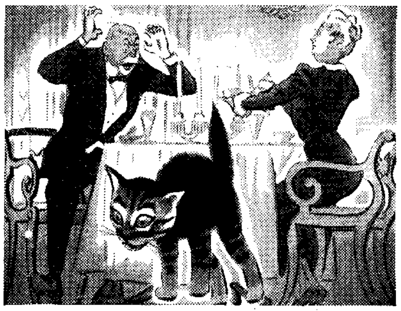
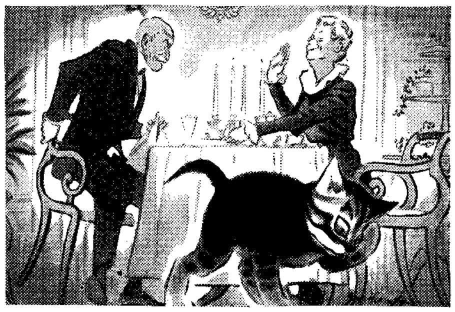


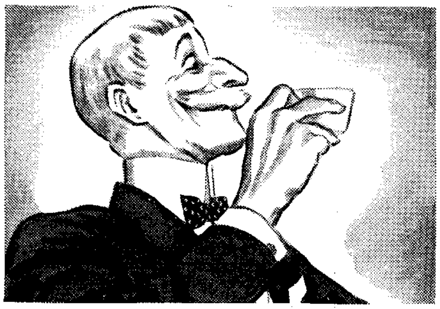
2. Yesterday, Miss Martha picked me up and said: "Cuddles, Mr. Zepp is coming to dinner at last!" I meowed like she'd given me a catnip mouse. Home cooking will soften up the old bachelor, I think to myself!



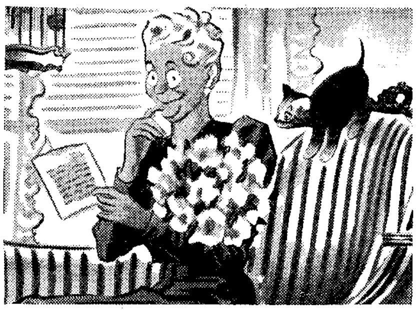
3. The dinner started off fine. But then Mr. Zepp just about hit the ceiling when she offered him coffee. "Can't drink the dad-blamed stuff!" says he. "I love it... but it keeps me as wide-awake as an owl!"



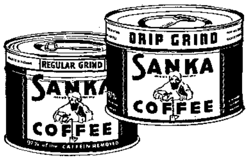
4. "La, Mr. Zepp!" says Miss Martha, all girlish. "*This* is Sanka Coffee. 97% of the caffein's been taken out... so it *can't* keep you awake! All the flavor's left *in*," she says as he hesitates. "It's REAL coffee. Just try it."



5. "Why, it's delicious!" says he, taking another cup. "Yes," says she. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."



6. The pay-off comes this morning when she gets flowers and a note from Mr. Zepp, saying that even after *three* cups of Sanka Coffee he slept like an old 'possum, and would she please go to the band concert with him next Saturday night!



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THE THEATRE

WITH A CAPITAL "K"

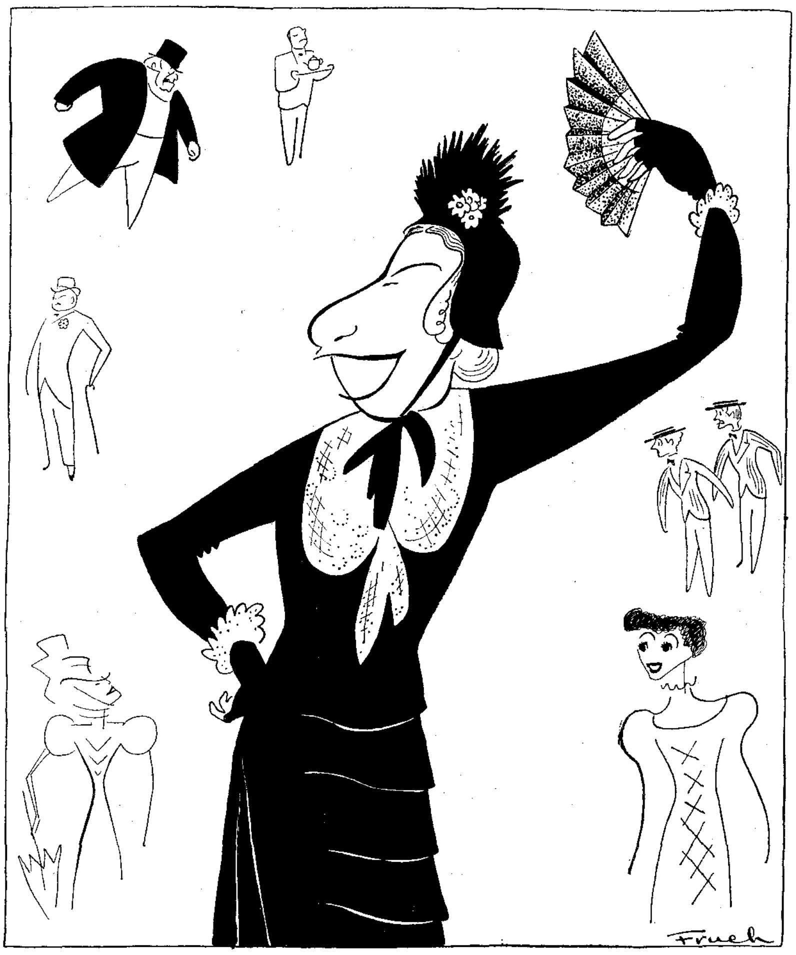
HAVING said a few weeks ago that it is useless for a reviewer to try to define the qualities that make a star on the musical-comedy stage, I will now go to work on Miss Ethel Merman. Miss Merman, then, is not beautiful, being out of drawing in several important particulars, and her voice has something of the same brass in it as the trumpets that brought down Jericho. What she has are the kind of high spirits which suggest that she personally is having the time of her life; a sound, knockabout comedy technique; the ability to stay on pitch while shouting at the top of her lungs; and, above all, the air of being a hell of a nice girl, though possibly a bit on the violent side.

Her current vehicle, "Panama Hattie," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is ideally suited to these talents. In so far as it deals with anything, this work is the story of a virtuous Sadie Thompson who wins a good man's love against embarrassing obstacles, while also thwarting designs against the fortifications in the Canal Zone. In all my long memory of musical-comedy plots, it may well be that the one contrived by Herbert Fields and B. G. De Sylva makes as little sense as any, but Miss Merman is wonderful, whether singing a song called "You Said It" with a bunch of reformed night-club and burlesque comedians or playing tender scenes with a singularly inoffensive eight-year-old named Joan Carroll. She no longer needs the help of Jimmy Durante or any other celebrated partner. Given good music (Cole Porter has probably written much better songs, but these will do) and reasonably funny lines, she can manage very nicely by herself, and does.

While not abetted by any household name, Miss Merman nevertheless has handsome support. Arthur Treacher, always as relentlessly type-cast as Rin-Tin-Tin, plays a supercilious butler with offhand dexterity; Phyllis Brooks is an ornamental and competent menace; James Dunn is a pleasant enough hero; there is a great deal of remarkable dancing, including especially the work of two girls called Nadine Gae and Carmen D'Antonio; and Rags Ragland, out of burlesque, and Frank Hyers and Pat Harrington, up from the abysm of Fifty-second Street night life, are funnier than you would believe, considering their unpromising backgrounds. The girls in the chorus made it seem sad to be neither very handsome nor very rich. In fact, with the sole exception of Betty Hutton, who has been called America's No. 1 Jitterbug and defends her honors just a little too vigorously, I admired everybody, and recommend "Panama Hattie" to you with no misgivings whatever.

THE two other productions which turned up in that pre-election week had a frail and lugubrious aspect, and may well have joined Little Eva by the time these lines reach print. "Suzanna and the Elders," a composition by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, appearing at the Morosco, dealt vivaciously with a social experiment of the nineteenth century, a sort of low-comedy Brook Farm. At one point in it, a reformer denounced the sexual depravity of the inmates, and his son replied, "But, Father, you said the same thing about Yale." Aside from this brief moment of pleasure, however, I had an uncomfortable evening, the authors being inclined to speak more freely about sex than is customary even in my circle. The performers, disarming in period costume, included Morris Carnovsky, Haila Stoddard, Howard Freeman, and Lois Hall.

"Return Engagement," at the Golden, is (or was) a play about summer theatres, which for some reason most of my thoughtful friends seem to feel ought to be a fine subject for satire. Aside from presenting an excellent cast—Bert Lytell, Mady Chris-



"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

The lady with the fan is José Ferrer, the young man largely responsible for the success of the revival at the Cort. Some of the little people around the edges are in on the joke; some aren't.

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tians, Audrey Christie, and Evelyn Varden—and practically every cliché in the language, there was nothing to it. When you know that the heroine keeps the man she loves from running away with another woman by stealing his teeth, you know all you need to, and might just as well stay home and annoy the children. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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By water, car, and plane
Old friends come home again

With tales of neighbor nations,
Adventures, explorations,

To make Columbus stare,
Cortez come up for air.

No use to flee. They'll track us
With snapshots of Caracas,

Wear down our wooden smiles
Describing feathery isles,

The quaintness, dirt, and splendor
They looked on from the tender,

The flowers they saw, the vultures,
Successive Aztec cultures,

The turquoises and weaving,
The things they snatched at leaving,

And last, the little gift
We'd best not try to lift,

Since it may be wood or copper,
Or a stone jar and its stopper—

Dear Mr. Hull, we've tried,
We hope you're satisfied;

It takes a lot of labor
To be a friend's good neighbor

And hear, without a comma,
The history of the llama.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

A story is told about a lady traveling to a point in northern New Hampshire, and was told to take her medicine at noon, and fearing that she might forget to do so, her daughter looked up and found that the train would pass Danbury at that time, and she told her mother to take her medicine as soon as the train passed Danbury. The lady would ask the conductor at each station if it was Danbury and becoming worried about her told her that he would notify her on arrival at Danbury and upon arrival he told her that the train had just passed Danbury. She thanked him very kindly and said it was time to take her medicine.—*Boston Globe.*

Sa-a-ay! Do you mind if we tell that at the next Elks' smoker?

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AMERICA'S GREATEST VIOLINIST
ANDRE BENOIST at the Steinway
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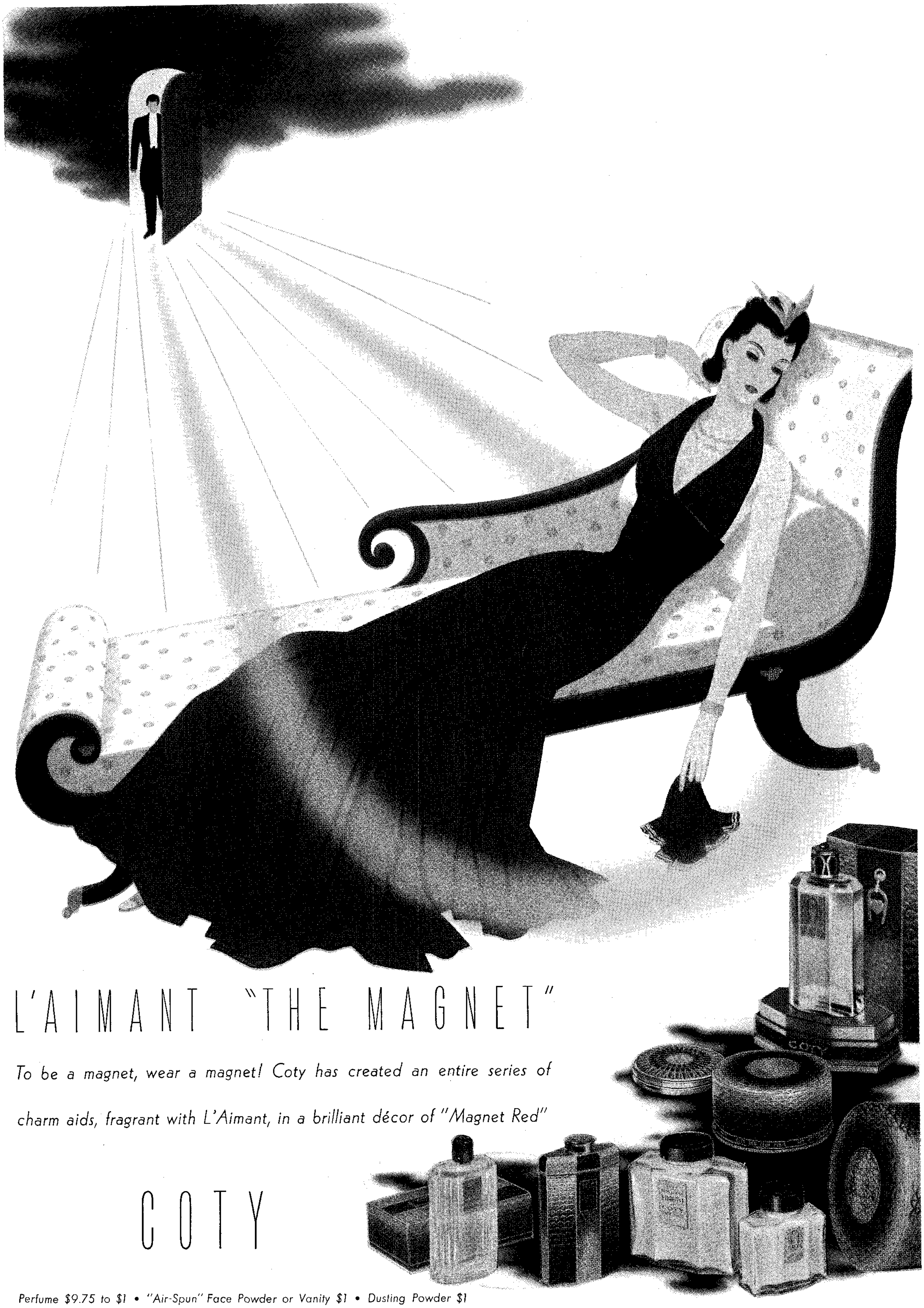
(*Additional Theatre Advertising on page 49*)



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America's largest selling Ale

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALIENS ALL

ALIEN registration in New York, which a good many people thought was going to be a moody sort of business, has turned out to have a rather compelling carnival charm. The average alien, in the minds of the Post Office people who are in charge of this work, is a person of spirit and rare cheer. There has been, it seems, remarkably little pouting or sulking. The aliens are showing up in the twenty-three registration centres established by the New York Post Office (Manhattan and the Bronx) at the rate of about 5,700 a day. They contribute a brief, informative biography and a set of fingerprints. This material is forwarded to Washington and placed on file in the Department of Justice, whose agents, spurred on by Congress, are beating the underbrush for Fifth Columnists.

The other day I went down to the General Post Office, at Thirty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, to inquire about the registration. The General Office is doing more alien business than any of the other New York centres, I learned from Postmaster Albert Goldman. An average of 1,100 are reporting there every day. The Postmaster is pleased at the way the work has been progressing since it started on August 27th. "It looks awfully good," he said, seated in his office on the third floor of the building. "The aliens are a real nice bunch."

Mr. Goldman explained to me that everybody in the country over fourteen years old who is not a citizen of the United States, except foreign-government officials and their families, must register. Alien children under fourteen must be registered by their parents. Eighteen of the registration centres in New York are schools; the others are postal stations. Registration ends on December 26th, by which time the Postmaster and his aides expect to have placed better than 400,000 New York aliens on the Department of Justice records.

On September 8th, Mr. Goldman delivered an address at the Chinese public school on Mott Street. He told the Chinese, among other things, that they would have to fix the date of their birth by our calendar and not by the Chinese calendar, which is based on a system of calculation mysterious even to a large number of Chinese. This point about the calendars is not one of the Postmaster's major problems, but it is illustrative of the sort of thing he and his men are up against in working with the aliens. The Chinese, incidentally, had not come in to register in any great numbers when I was down at the Post Office. Mr. Goldman said he had a grapevine report that they were planning a mass advance on the Mott Street school, which is one of the registration centres, at an early date, and everybody is looking forward to a lively time. "I understand a lot of them are getting interpreters lined up to bring in," he said, and added that he didn't think even the Chinese Consul had any idea how many of his nationals were living in New York.

The first thing an alien is supposed to do when he gets ready to register is to obtain a green preliminary, or practice, questionnaire from any post office or from one of several foreign-group societies and fill it out. This is done to save time; when the alien goes to register later, the information on the practice sheet is simply set down, with perhaps a few amendments, in the records. "It works out pretty well," Mr. Goldman said. "There's no sitting around waiting all day while an alien figures out the answers." The questionnaire wants to know, among other things, the alien's age and address, where he came from, and what he has been doing over here lately. It's also curious about why he came and how long he's figuring on staying. "It gets a pretty nice little history with fifteen questions," said Mr. Goldman, "and our clerks have got so they can do the whole job on one person in less than twenty minutes."

Mr. Goldman had some figures for the first two weeks of registration, which he showed me. During this period (only ten working days, because of two Sundays and two holidays), a total of 55,286 aliens came in to register at all twenty-three centres in New York. The General Office, with about 10,000, had the largest number. Some other centres with heavy registrations are in lower East Side and Bronx neighborhoods and in Italian districts. Yorkville, I learned, is also busy. Mr. Goldman said he had no statistics on the nationalities of the people who were coming in to register, as no running count is being kept.

Before the registration began, the officials at the General Office tried to prepare for anything, Mr. Goldman said, and were not unduly disturbed to discover on the second day that a man had set himself up on the Eighth Avenue sidewalk as an information centre at a nominal fee. He was noisily hawking some homemade pamphlets entitled "How to Register." Mr. Goldman dispatched one of his fleetest men to chase the fellow out of the neighborhood. "We don't encourage racketeers," the Postmaster said. "We give them the old heave-ho."

The Department bogged down briefly on a deaf-and-dumb man who had worked out what appeared to be his own sign language, which was unfamiliar to a deaf-and-dumb interpreter who had been called in. By diligent inquiry, the

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workers located a boy who had developed a nodding acquaintance with the registrant and was able, after a series of cryptic semaphores, to make him understand what was wanted. The happiest alien to turn up to date was a Chinaman who was delighted to learn that the registration was free. "I pay two and a half buck in Cuba and Mexico," he said, grinning pleasantly.

THE Postmaster arranged to have a guide take me upstairs to the registration room. The guide and I went to the fourth floor and walked down a long hallway. Presently we came to a fork in the hall and fell in with a stream of people who had come up from the Thirty-third Street entrance to the building. "Aliens all," whispered the guide dramatically. The crowd was varied, and seemed composed and lighthearted. A fat woman and a girl of about fifteen who had a brace on her upper teeth hurried past us. The girl was saying, "Mamma, I *told* you I should have worn my yellow dress." Every few feet along the hall were signs like "Aliens, Forward to Room 4560" and "Aliens, Have You Got Your Green Form?" At short intervals, also, were young uniformed guides whose function, I was told, was to answer questions and keep the aliens from straying.

The registration room, large and L-shaped, was at the end of the corridor and was well filled with people and conversation. Along one wall were rows of benches, nearly all entirely occupied by aliens waiting their turn, and most of the other floor space was covered by small, square tables and office chairs. The tables had been arranged in groups of four. At each of these units were three clerks, most of them women, and a man with a fingerprinting outfit. The persons being registered sat facing the clerks, who were typing out answers on long forms. Altogether there were about a hundred clerks at work. A good many of the aliens facing them were swarthy, black-haired men, holding their hats in their hands and doing considerable grinning. All appeared to have dressed carefully for the occasion. "We can wander among them," whispered my guide, "but we must be careful not to unnerve anybody." At one of the tables of the first group we approached sat a round-faced young man happily ogling a blonde girl clerk who was asking him questions. I heard her say "You have your first papers, do you?" and saw him reach down into a deep pocket and come up with an ancient pocketbook. Undoing a clasp, he withdrew a piece of paper, smiled triumphantly, and said, "Yuss."

"I don't want it," she said. "You can keep it."

"Please?"

"It's yours," she said. "Put it away. Keep it. You may want to use it again sometime."

"So." He folded the paper and restored it to the pocketbook.

The girl started typing out the answers he had written on the questionnaire he had brought with him. "Is this Albania you were born in?" she asked, pausing for a moment.

"Please?"

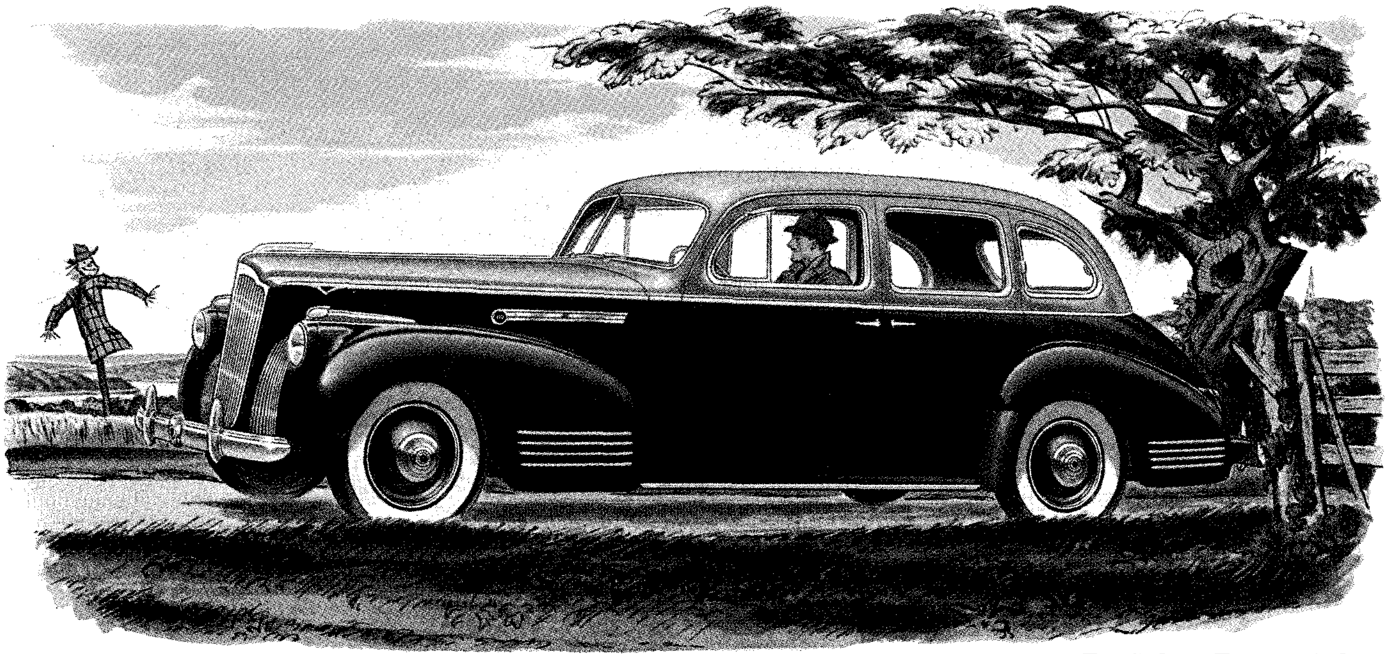
"Albania? Born in Albania?"

"Oh, yuss," he said enthusiastically. "Albania."

Taking care not to unnerve anybody, I glanced at the young man's questionnaire and saw that he had been in this country for five years, was employed as a grocery clerk, and lived on Canal Street. His mother and father were dead, and he had no police record. His answer to the final question, which asks if the alien has been engaged in any activity for a foreign government, was printed in large black characters: "HAVE NOT."

Several women, I noticed, had brought their children in to register. The children looked solemn and cautious. I heard one boy announce, however, that he could take better fingerprints than that with his Junior G-Man outfit. His mother looked apologetic and said, "For pity sakes, Lester!" At another table a woman was unable to understand why she wasn't a citizen. She was a Bulgarian and spoke broken English. The basis of her claim to citizenship was that she had married a man who, after she had divorced him, had taken out his first papers.

Nearby, two men who looked like Italians were being registered, and a tall, spare woman whom I took to be Swedish or Norwegian was being fingerprinted. She was embarrassed; her face was pink and she was looking down at the floor. The young Negro employee who was taking her prints was a little embarrassed, too; he was very courteous and kept saying, "All right, fine. We're just about finished." He had her press each fingertip of both hands on a pad of ink and then press it in one of the squares marked off on a piece of cardboard. He also took prints of the four fingers of each hand simultaneously and separate ones of the thumbs. "A complete job," said my guide. "Nothing slipshod about the government." The



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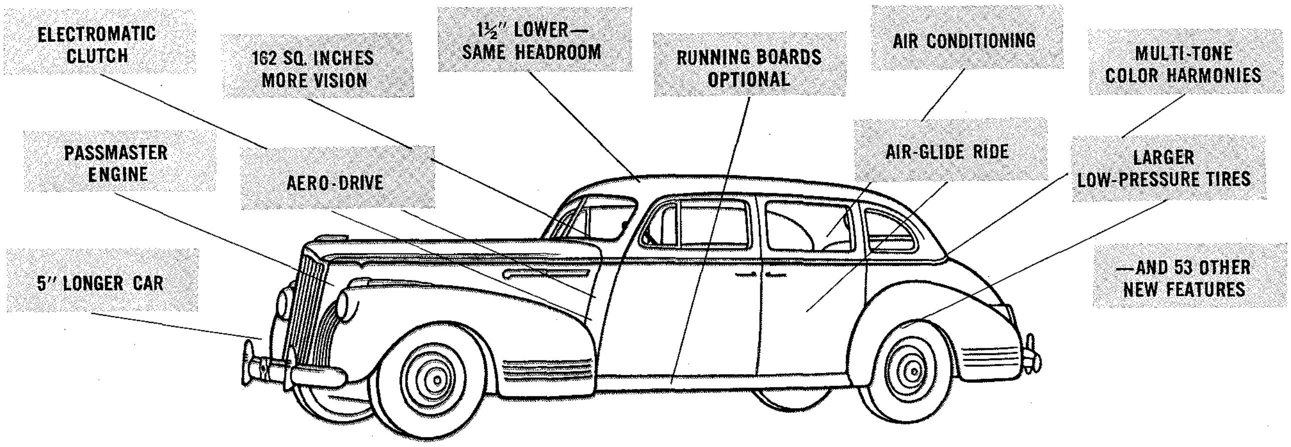
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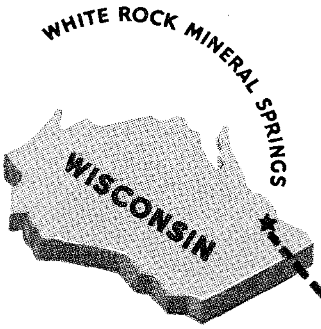

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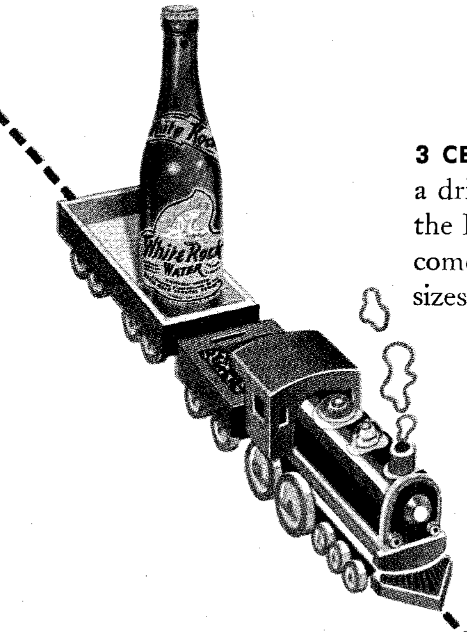

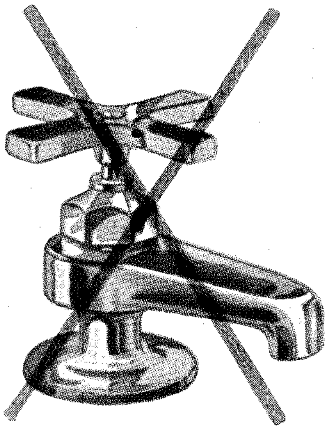

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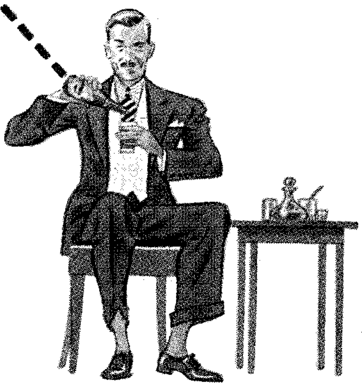

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ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Negro gave the woman a bottle of benzine and some squares of cheesecloth, with which she was able to clean most of the ink off her hands. "Fine," said the Negro. "And now you have to take an oath. All set?" He had her hold up her right hand and swear that all the statements she had made to the stenographer were true, and she finished by signing her name to the fingerprint card. She then picked up an object that looked like a cross between a reticule and a carpet bag and made for the door, opening and shutting her free hand as if it were covered with glue.

I noticed a bottle of olive oil near the fingerprinting equipment and asked the Negro what it was for. "Tough hands," he said. "Once in a while we get a man in here, he's done so much work his hands are calluses all over. Calluses don't print so good." I asked if any aliens balked at being fingerprinted, and he replied, "Not yet. Seem like they all enjoy it." My guide added that the attitude of the woman who had just left was unusual. "Why, most of them go at this like it was a sort of picnic," he said.

We penetrated deeper into alien territory. Before long the guide clutched me by the sleeve and whispered, "See what I mean?" At a table in the centre of the room were two old gentlemen who looked, indeed, as if they were having a wonderful time. One of them was sitting down and the other was standing, apparently helping out. The clerk, a pretty brunette, was having some trouble. Every time she asked a question the men went into a spasm of laughter and slapped each other on the back. The one standing up was wiping his eyes with a handkerchief as we approached.

"It's Greece. Is that right?" the girl was saying.

The man sitting down nodded yes, then looked up at his friend, and they both exploded.

"All right. Now, try to understand again. What province?"

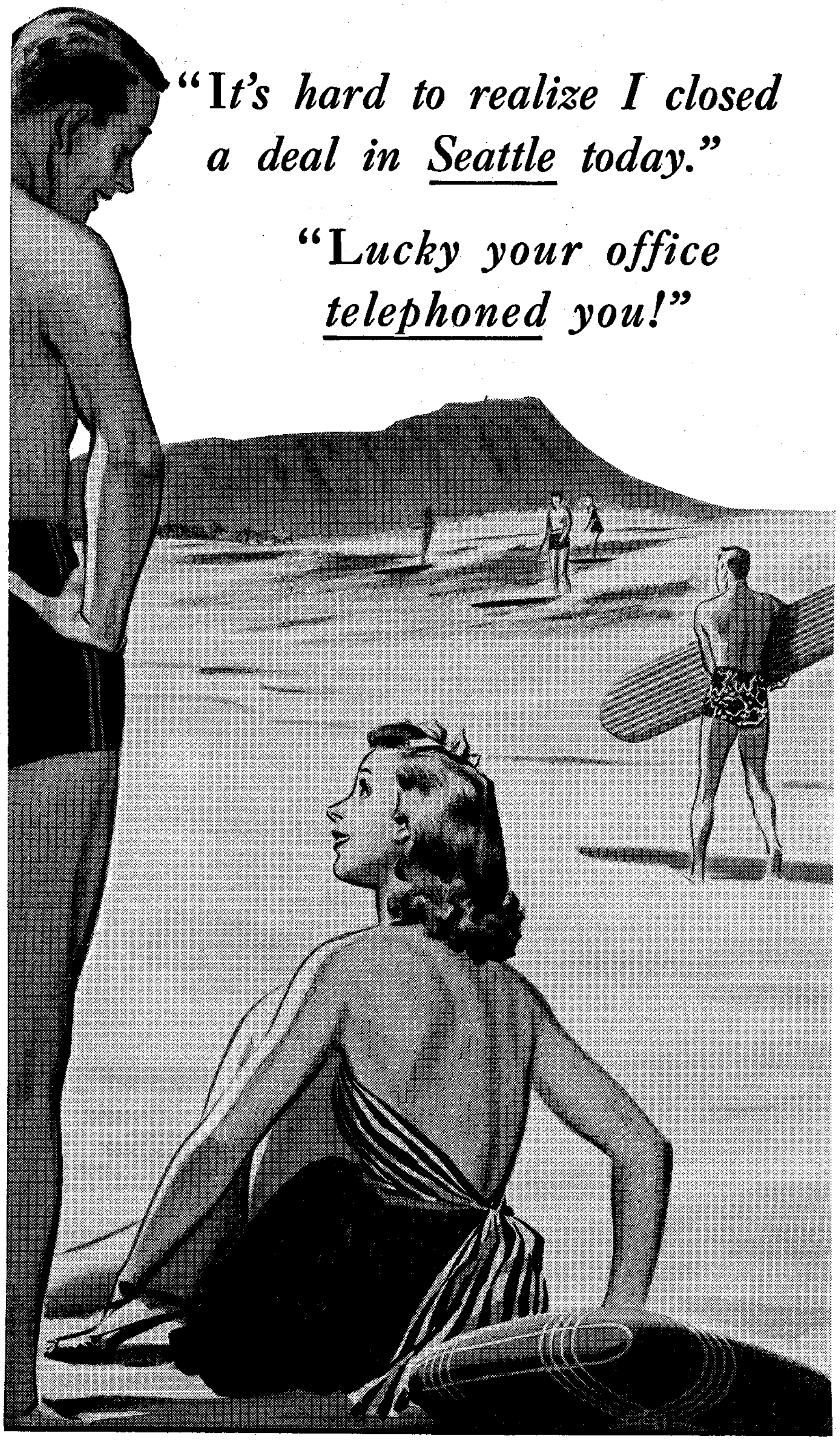
They both cried out at the same time, "Rhode Island!"

The girl looked up with an expression of resignation and said, "He can't speak English, so he brought his friend in to interpret for him. The friend speaks English worse. Isn't that ducky?"

"Once more, boys," she said. "What province?"

"Rhode Island," they cried, and swatted each other hard.

My guide said to hold on and he would fetch an interpreter to substitute for the alien's friend. He came back shortly with a postal employee who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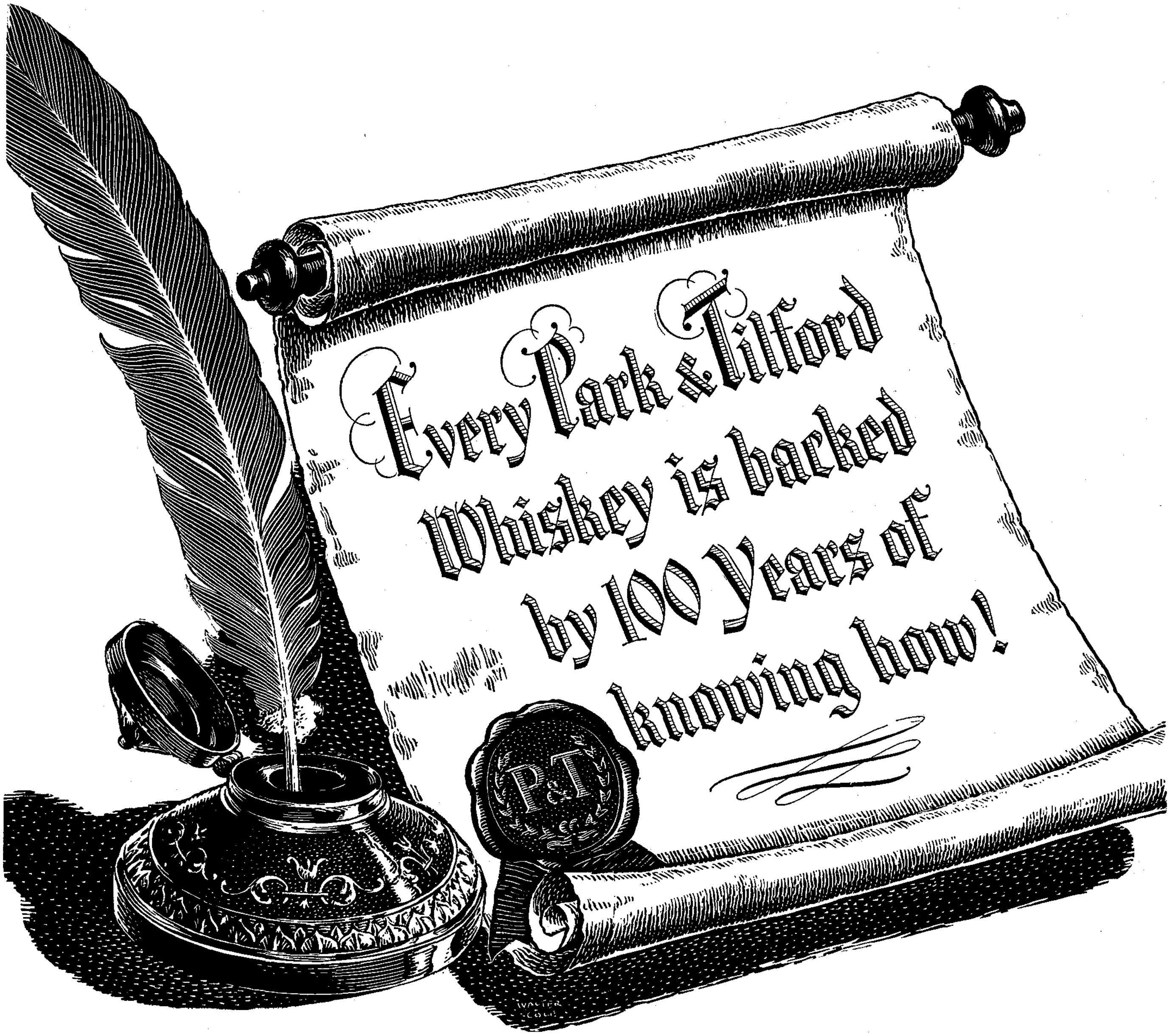
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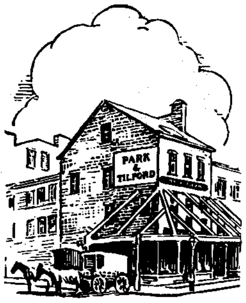
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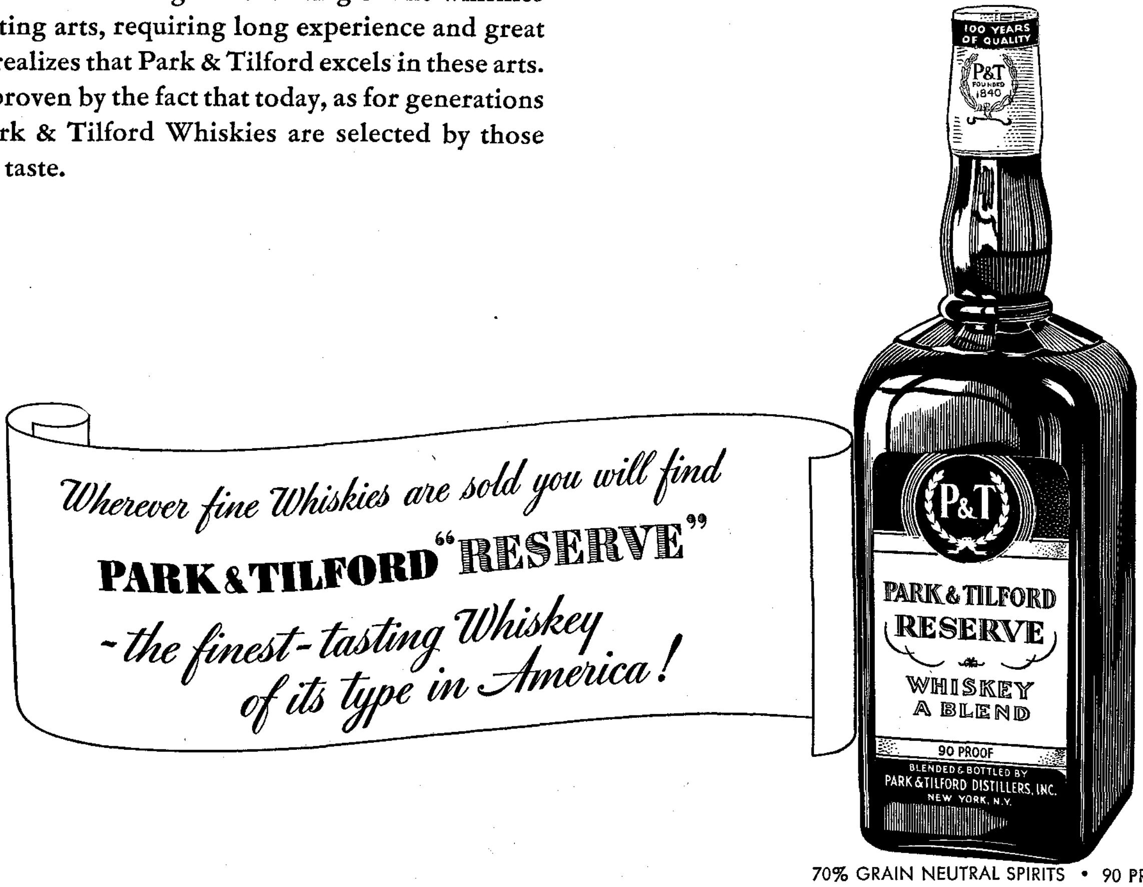
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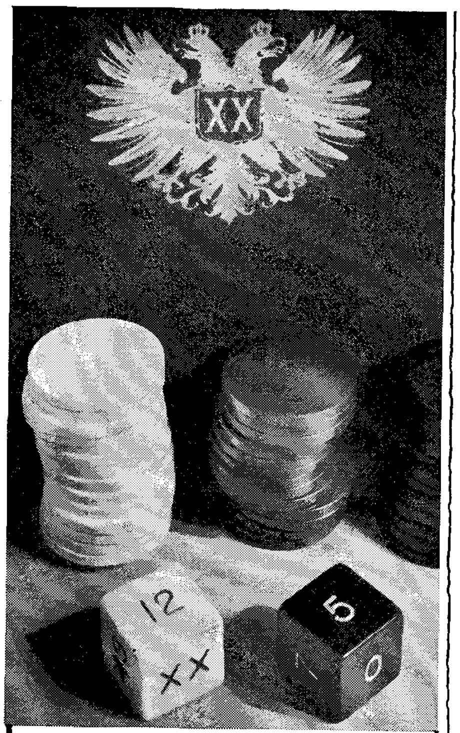

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straightened everything out. The employee, after a brief conversation in Greek, explained the trouble. "The man thought you wanted to know what state Providence is in. He thought it was some kind of quiz, he said." After they had gone, I asked the girl to tell me something about the people she had been interviewing. "I've been getting nearly all Italians and Greeks," she said, "and they usually speak a nice grade of English." She went on to say that most of them were truck-drivers, electricians, bartenders, waiters, and hotel workers, and that generally they seemed overjoyed to register. Nobody she had talked to had admitted doing any Fifth Column work. "To be perfectly frank," she said, "I can hardly tell them from citizens."

At one end of the room was a long counter where four men were sorting registration forms sent in by two hundred and fifty-four other offices in the state, which are checked here for errors. Near them was a group of clerks sitting at tables and checking the questionnaires filled out at the General Office. Half a dozen men were wandering around giving directions to incoming aliens and collecting the completed forms for the checkers. "When an error is located," my guide informed me, "the paper is hustled to the Administration Office, down the hall, and they write the party to come back in and fix it up." He said all of the registration workers were temporary, taken from a Civil Service list of eligibles and paid sixty-five cents an hour. Seven hundred of them were hired for the twenty-three centres in the city. They work in shifts, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., getting ten cents an hour extra for work done after six o'clock. "Gloom of night, you know," the guide explained. A staunch Post Office man, he went on to say that Mr. Goldman had done a neat bit of work in connection with the wooden typing tables. The Postmaster had started to rent tables, he said, but became annoyed at the rental asked and dug up some versatile Department men who built six hundred tables in no time. They also made the fingerprinting outfits and some other devices, and there's no telling what they might be creating now, the guide hinted, if the Postmaster hadn't sent them back to sorting mail. "We're a little city all our own down here," he said.

A handsome blonde woman and two men, all expensively dressed and perfumed, sailed into the room. Gaily they asked instructions of a guide and descended on a group of tables. Their method of registration was rather odd: they used their location at the tables as a base of operations and skirmished back and forth, as if conducting a series of hilarious inter-party visits at a café. The woman had on a silver-fox neckpiece which seemed to bother her; she finally snatched it off and held it in her left hand. Whenever she dashed over to the other two tables she talked vehemently, addressing one of the men as Chickie and the other as Nick, and punctuated her remarks by waving the furpiece. It finally wrapped around the neck of a short, ruddy man who looked up peevishly and cried, "*Gottverdummer!*" While the trio was being fingerprinted—an activity that threatened to throw them into convulsions—I decided to find out who they were. The woman, I learned, was an Austrian and the men were Russians. "Titled," whispered one of the clerks, pointing to a questionnaire which had Baron Something-or-Other written on it. "Do you have many celebrities?" I asked her. "Mister," she said, without answering my question, "if the King of Siam walked in here, as he probably will before we're through, he wouldn't get any more play than a Bowery bum." I wanted to know who she thought was the most interesting person she had registered. She put her pencil in her mouth and reflected a minute, then said, "The one I liked best was a native girl from the South Sea islands. She looked just like a little doll. I sure wish I could have got her to do the hula-hula."

A huge Negro man who was registering at an adjacent table turned unexpectedly and asked, "Sir, do you represent the press?" When I nodded, he said, "Fascinating field of endeavor, sir. Always been interested in it myself, in a non-professional capacity." I asked him his nationality. "British West Indies," he said. "Here since 1903." He had on a pair of morning trousers and a frayed linen jacket and was carrying a Panama hat and a cane; he also was wearing a gold-rimmed pince-nez that was attached to a black ribbon. "Yes, here since nineteen-and-three," he said again. "Cheatham by name, H. E. Cheatham." Mr. Cheatham and I shook hands and then my guide said he thought we ought to take a look at the Administration Room.

About twenty employees in this room were talking to registrants who had been called back on account of errors registration clerks had made in their questionnaires; the errors were failure to in-

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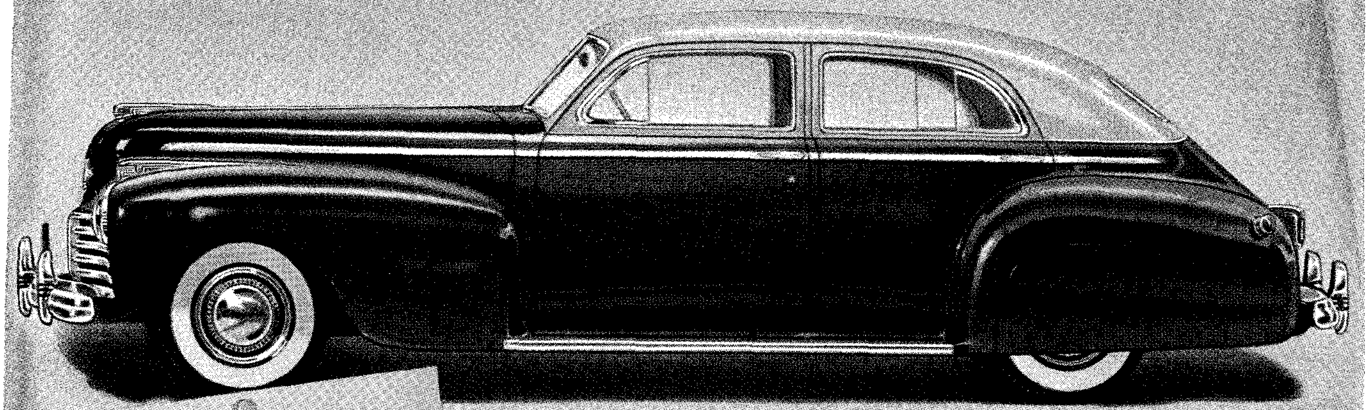

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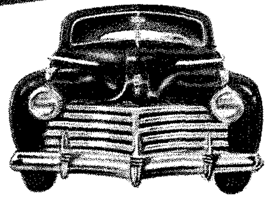

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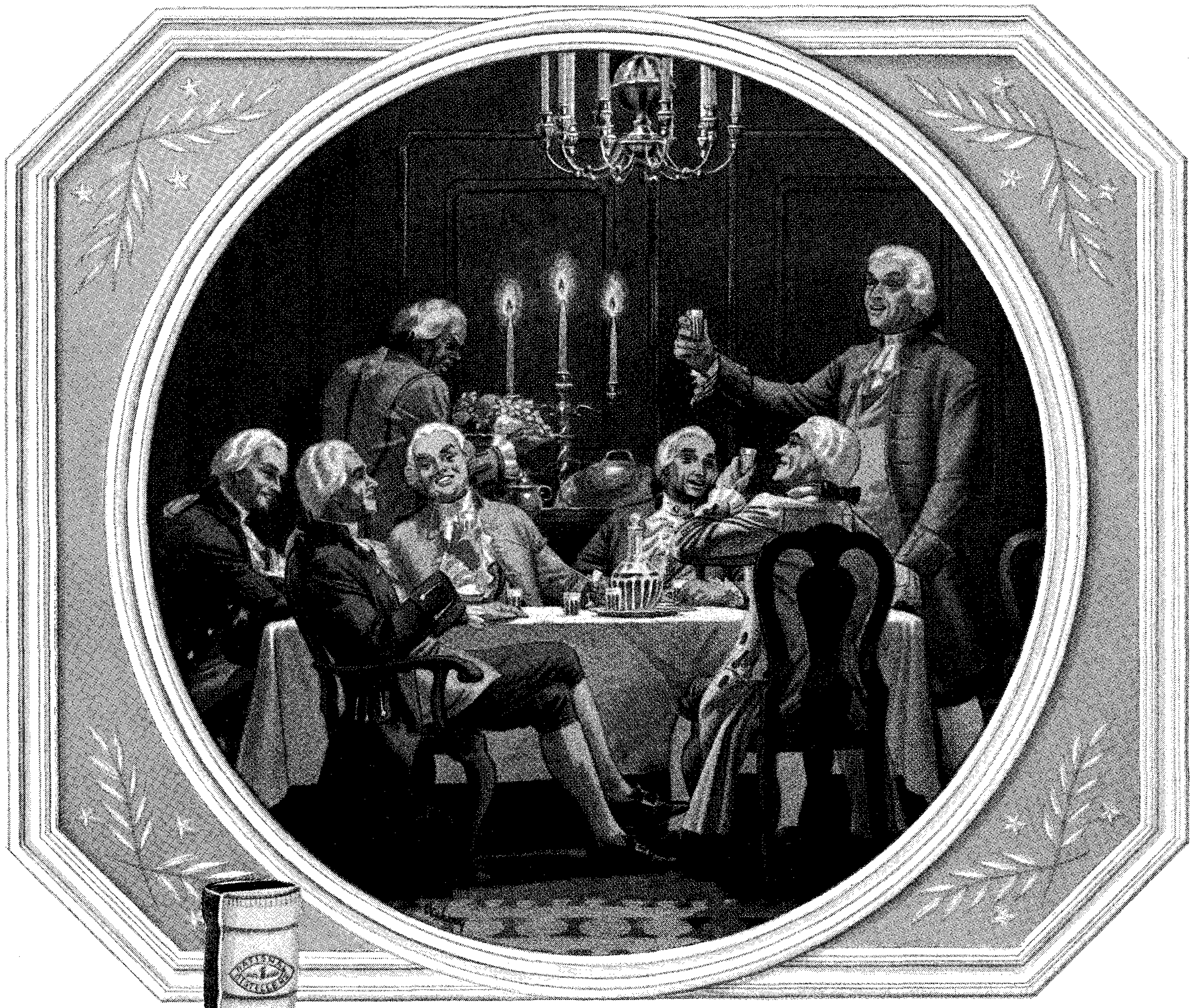

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Straight Rye Whiskey

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clude the town where they were born and similar small omissions. At one desk were two girls opening mail from aged or infirm persons who were requesting the Post Office to send a registration worker to their homes. A woman living in Washington Heights had written directly to Mayor LaGuardia saying she hadn't been out of the house in some time and didn't intend to go out now. The Mayor sent the letter along to the Post Office. "We have a man call on these people," one of the girls said. "They carry cute little kits that have fingerprint outfits and everything." My guide said that later the workers were going to make excursions into penitentiaries, asylums, and sanitariums. "We don't plan to leave an alien untouched," he said.

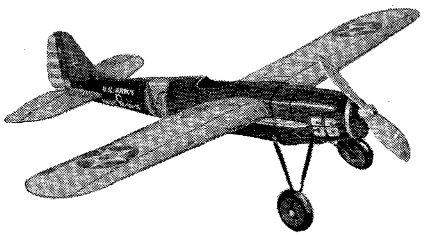
I LEFT the post office by the Thirty-third Street door, which the aliens were using. A desk had been set up just inside and a couple of young men were answering questions and steering people to the elevators. Bending over the desk was a figure that looked familiar. It was Mr. Cheatham. He straightened up when he saw me and said, "Practically finished." He explained that he was not sure about the name of the ship that had brought him to this country and was going over to the Public Library's genealogy department to try and check it. "I am reliably informed that they have some books of shipping information that go back to 1890," he said, removing his pince-nez. We walked out to the street together.

"Mr. Cheatham," I said, "I would be very much interested to know how it is that you have been over here since 1903 and have not become a citizen. Also, what you have been doing in that time."

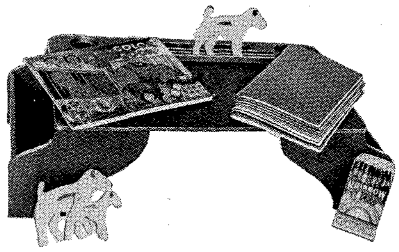
"Well, sir," he replied, "I am not averse to giving you that information, especially since you represent the press and I am interested, as I said, in journalism as a hobby, having written some trifling things of my own. Used to write letters to the papers, in fact, beefing about conditions. Once sent in a letter a day for two months—not a one printed, not a solitary one. Well, to plunge *in medias res*, as they have it, I was born on the island of Jamaica in the year of 1881. My father was a mixture and my mother was as black as the ace of spades. I was walking along the quay one afternoon and I fell in with a lime-juicer who was in the business of hauling lumber and rum, and doing well. I shipped with him to America, sick all the way, never ate a meal, like to died forty times. Once

THE A&F CO. GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

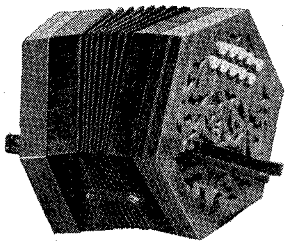
The Christmas Corral of Toys Opens Saturday



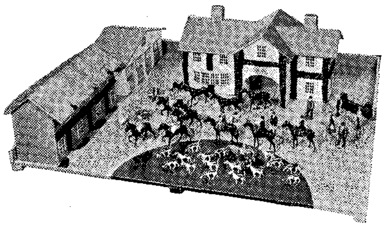
U. S. FIGHTER PLANE—This Army model really flies. Authentic markings and patented winding gear. Easily assembled. $3.



MUSICAL PLAY TRAY—A rainy day life saver. The tray has an actual music box, crayons, and books to color. $7.50.



CONCERTINA—It's easy to play this 20-key musical instrument. 7 bellows folds and steel reeds. $10. Carrying case, $1.50.



THE MEET—A "horsy" toy for the future M.F.H. 10 riders, horses, and pack of 16 dogs. Set complete, $17.50.

MINIATURE THEATER—To encourage the budding director. Characters moved by unseen manager. 3 plays, lights, curtain. $12.50.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

CHICAGO: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 33 SO. WABASH AVENUE

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

New

—no other home recording set has the "Step Up" device which gives the Zenith owner control of a broad tone range with full trebles—a decided aid to lifelike reproduction.

The ZENITH Universal Recorder
—a Home Recorder Radio with Phonograph

In addition to its use as a fine radio and unusual phonograph, this new Zenith offering embodies a home recorder.

You can record your voice—or music—or a radio program—or anything—right in your own home—and play it back instantly. Just talk—and when you're through, the record is ready to play.

Send "Talking Letters" . . . the ZENITHGRAM

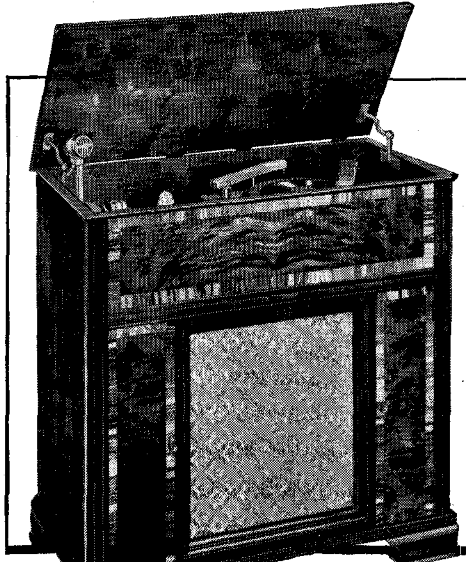
Instead of "writing letters"—talk your message into the Zenith—mail your living voice—send a "talking letter" — a Zenithgram. Don't write it—*say* it.

Make Your Own Records in Your Own Home

Listen to yourself

Simple as A-B-C—records voices—speeches—music—radio programs—anything. Play them back any time—today or years from today.

See the Zenith Universal Recorder at the store of your Zenith dealer today.



Model 8-S-593

. . . regular ship, police, aviation and foreign short wave reception, *plays* records, *makes* records, simultaneously "mixes" microphone and radio recording—can be used as a public address system . . . . . $129.95* LIST PRICE

*Pacific Coast Prices Slightly Higher

ZENITH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. •LONG DISTANCE• REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RADIO

For over five years only Zenith has guaranteed "Europe, South America or the Orient every day or your money back." (*on short wave sets*)

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

I got to New Orleans I said to myself, 'I'll never get on a boat again. Cheatham's through with the sea.' So I did a little work grubbing sprouts on a farm in upper Arkansas and then I came to New York. The reason I quit the farm was I suffered a painful accident. I was driving a team up to water, and when I jumped down to unloosen the singletree the off horse wheeled around and belted me one in the kidney. That finished me up on farming.

"Well, sir, when I got to New York I obtained a shoeshine box and I did fine. I practiced that profession for upward of three years, but I had to quit, as I was taken with a seizure of rheumatism in my lower limbs. That wound up my shoe shining, as I couldn't any longer stoop. I went into the laundry business with a Chinese gentleman named Sing. It was a collaboration—I washed and he ironed. Trade was brisk for a while, but one day some men came down to the laundry and took Mr. Sing away. I never did find out what happened to him. Well, I was a poor hand at the ironing, so I sold out. I then worked on a coal truck, as an apprentice steam fitter, a florist, an assistant embalmer, a barge helper, and one or two other professions that I am unable to call to mind just now. At present I am engaged in the fruit business on Hester Street. Things are so-so. Days when I don't take in anything, I eat the fruit. I obtained my first naturalization papers in the early nineteen-twenties, but I neglected to go back and finish the job. I have always looked forward to becoming a citizen."

"Yes," I said, "it's too bad you didn't get your second papers, because if you had, you wouldn't have to be classified as an alien now."

"Sir," said Mr. Cheatham, "I am a *registered* alien."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

They are books . . . printed on paper with a high rag content, carrying a chemist's assurance that they will remain in fine condition for at least two centuries. . . . The trial membership gives you an opportunity to put this statement to the test.
—*From an adv. in The New Yorker.*

Not us. We're not awfully well.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

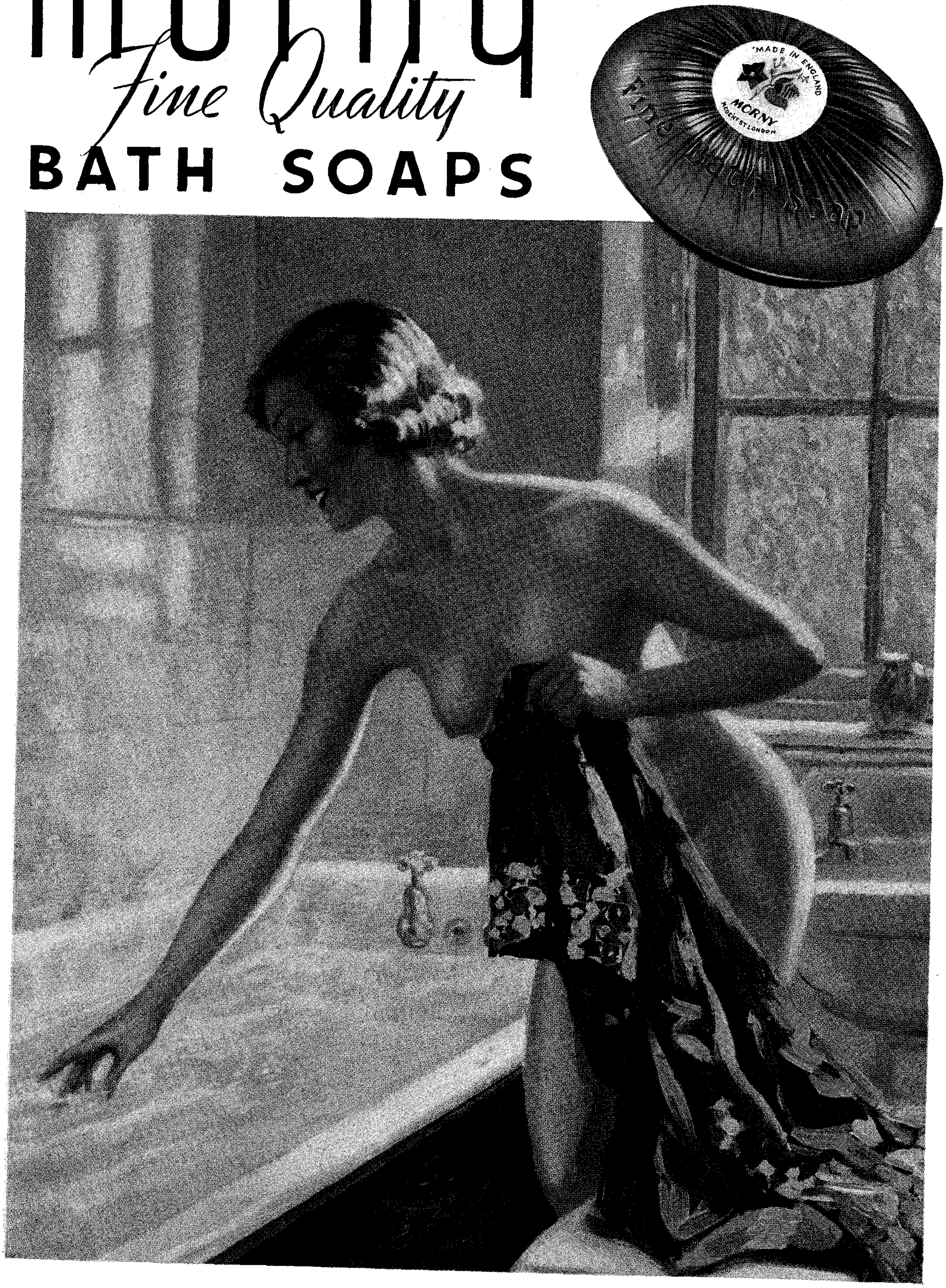
[*From "And So to Murder," by Carter Dickson*]

"Good God!" he whispered in an awed voice. Then he risked one eye, and finally turned round and faced it.

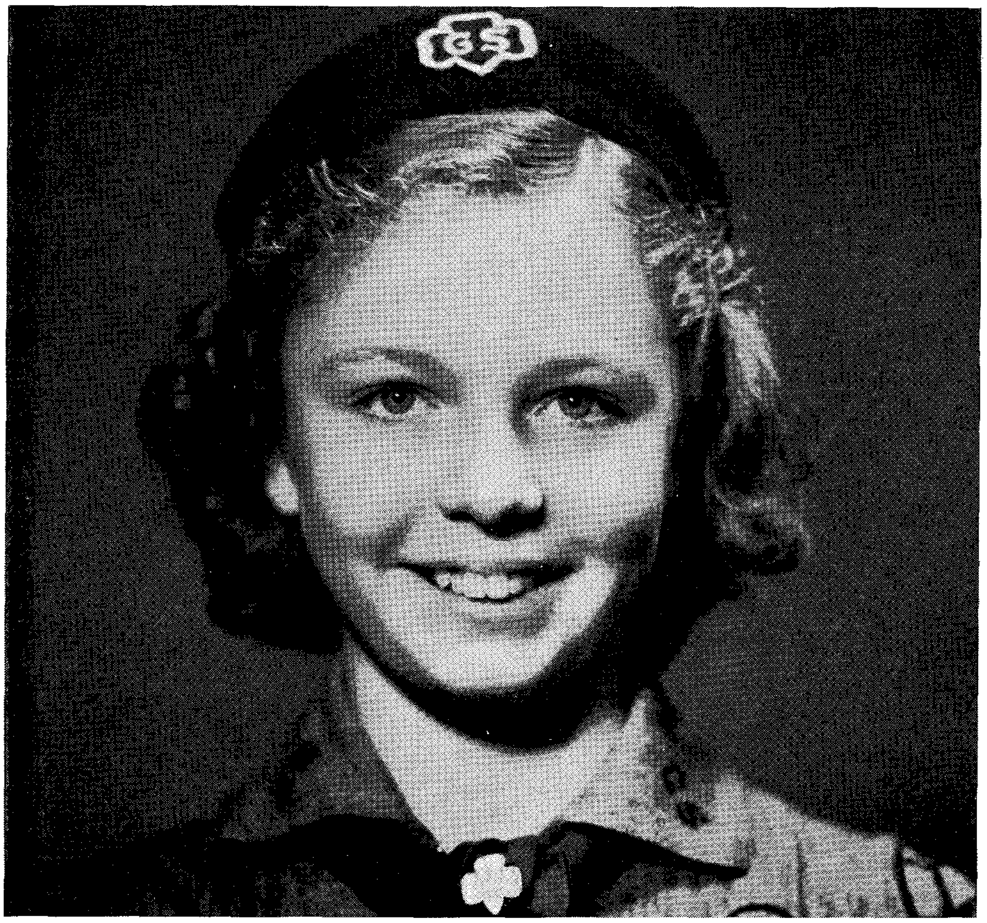
morny

Fine Quality

BATH SOAPS


MADE IN ENGLAND
MORNY
REGENT ST LONDON
Fine Bath Soap

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SAYS OF GIRL SCOUTING TODAY:
"It is of great importance that this sort of education in citizenship be developed. . . . The girls and women have as much to contribute to our national effort as the men and boys."



Girl Scouts—Prepared For Service

On my honor I will try
to do my duty to God and my country,
to help other people at all times,
to obey the Girl Scout Laws.

Half a million girl citizens are already pledged to this code.

Millions more are on the waiting list of Scouting. Of all races and creeds, they ask an opportunity to work together for the common good in this organization of their own choosing.

In Girl Scout Service Bureaus throughout the country they are registering for volunteer work in clinics, hospitals, playgrounds, schools, and welfare organizations.

They are Young America, building democracy at home in practical ways.

Support Girl Scouting

Girl Scouting Builds Character—Character Builds a Nation

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. • 14 WEST 49th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

NATIONAL
HORSE SHOW
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Nov. 7 to 13 incl. (Thurs. thru Wed.)
Twice Daily Except Sunday, 2 & 7:45 P.M.
International Military Jumping Contests
every night, including Sunday, Nov. 10.

Detachment of Armored Force, U. S. Army
Exhibition of Mechanized Units Nightly.

Spectacular Jumping Competitions
and Special Events at every performance.

Week Day Prices—Evgs. 55c to $3.85
Afternoons (Except Sat., Nov. 9)—$1.10 to $2.20
Sat. Mat.—$1.10 to $2.75

• GALA NIGHT, Sun., Nov. 10
8 P. M. POPULAR PRICES
$1000 International Military Jumping Sweepstake.
N. Y. Mounted Police, etc.
55c to $3.30—3500 Seats $1.10

MOTION PICTURES

The World is laughing!

Charlie Chaplin
in his new comedy
The Great
DICTATOR
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

CAPITOL B'way & 51 St.
Continuous performances. Doors open 10 A. M. (exc. Sun.) Orch. & Balc. 75c before 5 P. M. (Saturday, Sunday and Holidays Before 3 P. M.) $1.10 afterwards. Midnight show every night. *Tax included*

ASTOR B'way & 45th St.
All seats Reserved. Mat. at 2:45. 75c to $1.10. Eves. at 8:45. $1.10 to $2.20. Extra Mid. show Sat. & 6 P. M. Sun. (also Sat., Sun. & Hol. Mats.) 75c to $1.65. *Tax Included*

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
HELD OVER—Second Week!
"ESCAPE"
Norma SHEARER Robert TAYLOR
From Ethel Vance's best-selling novel
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE ● SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

OF ALL THINGS

THESE lines have to be written before the election. Nevertheless, this department goes on record as predicting a decisive defeat for Mrs. Anna Milburn of Seattle, Presidential candidate of the Greenback Party.

•

The campaign closed with these precious items in our memory book: Willkie's hair-do, Elliott Roosevelt's captaincy, Joe Louis's venture into politics, Steve Early's knee, Martin, Barton, and Fish.

•

There is a strong odor of politics in that $350,000 suit against LaGuardia for assault and slander. We suspect that the aggrieved Detroiter would settle for a new necktie.

•

One good thing about the termination of the campaign is that the newspapers will now fill their pages with news instead of views. Another is that business can improve without hurting anybody's feelings.

•

The order deporting Mrs. Browder to Russia seems to lack chivalry. The lady is told she can go back where she came from, even if she does like it here.

•

The Italians are beginning to wonder whatever induced them to take this trip to Greece. The weather is atrocious, the roads are terrible, and the people are practically surly.

•

Laval declares that democracy is dead. If so, nobody can deny that he is entitled to a good seat at the funeral.

•

Now that we are again a united people, defence preparations must go ahead with vigor. Let us make our campaign banners into tents and beat our buttons into bullets.

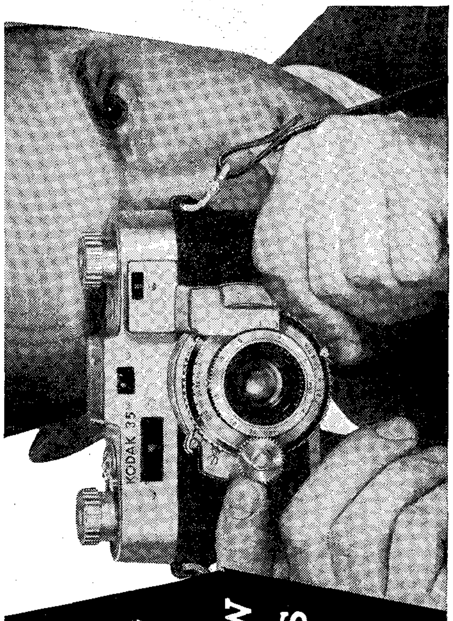
•

The younger half of our population was more interested in the draft lottery than in politics, or even football. To many, this was the most absorbing serial story ever written.

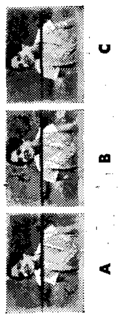
•

Nazi fliers have dropped bombs on the Wimbledon tennis courts. They would be wiser to concentrate on military objectives like the playing fields of Eton. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

LOOK THROUGH
THE LITTLE WINDOW,
TURN THE KNOB—
AND YOU KNOW
YOUR PICTURE'S
IN FOCUS



KODAK 35
(*f*/3.5) WITH
COUPLED
RANGE FINDER
only
$47.50



With this new Kodak 35, you focus simply, swiftly, surely. Looking through the range-finder window, you see your subject split in two, horizontally . . . the lower half pushed to the right (see *A* above)—or to the left (*B*). A turn of the focusing knob brings both halves of your picture together (*C*)—and you're in exact focus for a beautifully sharp picture.

Lens, Kodak Anastigmat Special *f*/3.5. Shutter, 1/200-second Kodamatic. Double-exposure prevention, automatic shutter setting, Eastman precision construction. Price, with neck strap, $47.50. At your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

"Information Please"

Will not be broadcast next Tuesday night, November 12th. Instead, starting next Friday—November 15th—"Information Please" will be broadcast

Every Friday Night at 8:30

Eastern Standard Time on the

NBC Red Network

under the sponsorship of

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

FOOTBALL

How Did They Do It?

Notre Dame beat Army, 7–0, at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday in what will certainly rank as one of the oddest games of the season. Either the Notre Dame players are at last wearied by sleeper jumps or they are as talented a group of actors as I have ever seen on a football field. Perhaps their screen tests—the motion pictures taken for the two teams during the game—will provide the answer, but not many people are going to see those pictures, and those who do aren't likely to tell. This much, at least, is common knowledge: An Army team which hasn't won a major game in almost two years went up against a Notre Dame team which had been having such an easy time with its schedule that the first-stringers hadn't seen as much action as substitutes do on most squads. Lutryzkowski and the other Army ballcarriers swept through holes their compatriots opened in the Notre Dame line, and were time and again prevented from scoring only by the alertness of Juzwik and his backfield partners in backing up that line and in intercepting threatening Army passes. Army outrushed, outpassed, and outgained Notre Dame, and kept its opponent's offence bottled up the whole afternoon. Whatever the explanation of this performance, it was a gallant and exciting exhibition by a team which actually never had a chance to win the game.

On the face of it, Notre Dame, a 1–6 favorite in the betting, was lucky to escape a scoreless tie, and luckier still to win as it did. Perhaps it was, as everyone said afterward, Army's incredible vigor and the sloppiness of the field which stalled Notre Dame's powerful ground game—the same sloppiness which seemed miraculously to improve Army's ground game. Or perhaps it was, as everyone said beforehand, a feeling that Notre Dame shouldn't beat a friendly rival of long standing in too forthright a fashion. Like everyone else, I think, I prefer the first version of this astounding scenario. If that is to be the accepted version, I would suggest only that one sequence be cut from it: the scene in which Juzwik intercepts an Army pass and, without any blocking to help him, runs eighty-five yards for the one touchdown of the game, evading in easygoing fashion a player who should have trapped him at the sidelines and two other tacklers, all of whom momentarily laid earnest but ineffective hands on him.

Interceptions of passes helped decide two other games hereabouts. Anderson of Yale threw a pass which eventually landed in the hands of High of Brown early in the game in the Bowl up in New Haven, and at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, Busik and Clark of Navy took turns at throwing passes into the hands of Pennsylvania players. In both affairs, the results were fatal.

High ran two yards farther than Juzwik ran, but he was running through a Yale team which already appears to be exhausted by what it has been through this fall. What it will be like by the time it plays its traditional games with Princeton and Harvard, the coaching staff hates to think; as it happens, Yale has to face Cornell on Saturday.

Navy's situation is something else again. The Navy team is young, scrappy, aggressive, and just a touch scatterbrained. After last Saturday, no one can say that the Navy quarterbacks are getting any coaching from the sidelines. Just for the fun of it, I'd like to be able to postpone the match with Notre Dame, to be played Saturday, a fortnight, so Coach Swede Larson, who used to give Marine Corps quarterbacks straight-from-the-shoulder talks, and his backfield assistant, Keith Molesworth, who used to call signals himself for the Chicago Bears, would have a little more time in which to drill the Navy backs. As it is, I think the Notre Dame-Navy game will be good enough. I'd just like it to be perfect, that's all. —J. W. L.

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

I am a man, aged thirty-nine, single, always highly strung, over-anxious, and at times morbid. At seventeen I had a nervous breakdown, but was much better after some months of farm life. My memory is poor regarding details of business, which is of the "one-man" kind. I have never been sufficiently keen on any woman to "pop the question." I suffer from acidity, flatulence, and acute nasal catarrh. What relationship has sex to my condition?

—*Health for All Magazine.*

Sex is the father of catarrh, the mother of acidity, and flatulence's best friend.

"Gad, where have YOU *been*
all my life?"

STETSON "HUSKY"

• • •

HAT OF SUBSTANCE

DO you like to feel there is a hat on your head without reaching up to touch it?

Lots of men are like that! And for them Stetson makes the "Husky"...a sturdy, can-take-it hat if you ever saw one! It's smart on your head; soft as old velvet under your fingers; and long after you've grown tired of it, your gardener will hand it on down to his grandson.

A Lot of Hat for $7.50
Other Stetsons,
from $5 *to* $20

STETSON
HATS

COPYRIGHT 1940, JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

"FRANKLY, Snider's Cocktail Sauce BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN ME"
Snider's COCKTAIL SAUCE

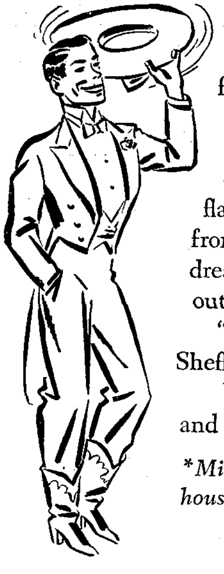
OYSTERS AHOY!

Picks up the flavor in your favorite seafood

• • •

Tasty addition to French Dressing...Delicious over croquettes

OYSTERS AHOY!



"Yippee!" yelled this guy from Oklahoma "I feel right at home in this here place," drawled he, at the Nightcap Club.* "'Course, it's kinda fancy . . . but, gosh, this milk is so good it puts me in mind of home. Such fine flavor could come only from fine cattle!"—and, dreamy-like, he reached out his paw for another "cow cocktail." "You Sheffield folk are mighty hospitable," he said, and we glowed happily.

*Milk and snacks "on the house" any night (except Sunday) up until 12

NIGHTCAP CLUB
524 W. 57th ST.

Sheffield Farms

THE CHERRY ORCHARD ON PARK AVENUE

ON the back covers of almost all the current magazines, with the exception of *Iron Age*, the *New Republic*, and the *Southern Mortician*, appears a four-color advertisement in which the Beadleston sisters, of Park Avenue and Southampton, prattle away about how fond they are of milder, cooler, slower-burning Camel cigarettes. I found it (to adopt the Dangling Comparative favored by writers of advertising copy) more interesting. Allow me to quote part of the text: "Peggy and Nancy are the daughters of Mrs. C. Perry Beadleston of New York and Long Island. Among their family forbears are a Territorial Governor, a Secretary of the Treasury, a World War general . . . Good companions, the lovely Beadleston sisters are usually seen together at débutante parties, the theatre, polo matches. Serious-eyed Peggy reads a great deal, would like to be a writer . . . Nancy is fun-loving, figure-skates beautifully, composes swing music." And there is a color photograph of the two girls, wearing white evening gowns and looking as mild and cool as the Camels they are smoking. As for me, ever since I stumbled upon this advertisement, while looking for a place to set down a cocktail glass, I've been doing a slow burn that would make the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company faint with envy.

My beef is this: Isn't there enough futility and frustration in real life without reading about it in tobacco advertisements? Or, to put the thing another way, should people upon whom has devolved the serious responsibility of molding public opinion confess to such quirks and foibles as have the Beadleston sisters? Serious-eyed Peggy Beadleston, the advertisement says, "would like to be a writer." To me, the fact that Peggy Beadleston wants to be a writer, and yet is not a writer, indicates that, to put it as kindly as possible, she is not very up-and-coming. Doctors, housemaids, veterinarians, prison wardens, athletes, dress designers, airplane pilots, actors, owners of hotels, bushelmen, short-order cooks, diplomats, taxi-drivers, archery coaches, department-store Santa Clauses, night-club hostesses, children, ministers of the gospel, lawyers—I could go on and on—all have written books; why not Peggy Beadleston? It is as absurd, in this day and age, for a smart young woman of New York to say that she "would like to be a writer" as for her to say she would

NO LEASE
ON ARISTOCRATIC
Park Avenue

Although you can enjoy the convenience of this smart Park Avenue address and the comfort of a permanent home in this famous hotel —no lease is required—and you'll find the new monthly rates surprisingly moderate.

•

1-2-3 ROOMS

•

OSCAR F. BANSE, MANAGER
Telephone ASHland 4-4000

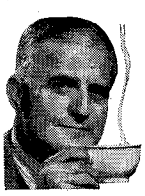
The VANDERBILT HOTEL
PARK AVENUE AT 34th STREET • NEW YORK

HAND WOVEN
by the mountain people of New Mexico

If you want real distinction in your ties here it is for only $1. Ever since the 17th century the Spanish people here have been raising sheep and weaving wool. And our colorful landscape makes them natural artists. The result in their hand-woven ties is unbeatable! Lovely patterns and colors. All wool texture (marvelous with tweeds), made up to tie right and hang right. Can be cleaned again and again. Sold direct from weavers, only $1 postpaid anywhere.

WRITE *for my Rainbow Folder of 62 choices, with fabric sample. See why my customers are constantly asked: "Where did you get that tie?" Write now.*

WEBB YOUNG, Trader
402 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico



THE SECRET OF MY COFFEE IS VACUUM-ROASTING

I've been in the coffee business 25 years and people say my new coffee is the best they ever drank. Expert coffee-tasters tell me that's because my new patented electric vacuum-roasting process takes out 95% of the bitter-tasting elements. Nothing is left but the natural coffee flavor. I just can't tell you in this ad how delicious and different my coffee tastes, so I'll do the next best thing . . .

Try it at my risk—I'm game. I'll send you PREPAID 3 one-lb. cans of my vacuum-roasted and vacuum packed coffee. Use one, and if it's not all I say, return 2 lbs., and I'll refund full price.

Send your name, address and one dollar today to George Griffin, The Coffee Roaster, 1420 Madison Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Specify drip, glass maker, pot or percolator grind.
THIS OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

like to get her name in the Manhattan telephone directory. Every hour of the working day, somebody receives a fat check from some publisher, merely on his promise to submit a manuscript if he ever writes one. So I say, Up, up, Peggy Beadleston! Who's stopping you from being a writer?

Fun-loving Nancy Beadleston, we're told, composes swing music—a unique avocation, certainly, but one which I doubt is looked upon favorably in the world of music. Swing music commonly results when a small group of musicians with complete mastery of their instruments, no inhibitions, good instinctive rhythm, and utter trust in one another get together and play wildly, as their fancy dictates. It hardly matters what tune they play. At the Hickory House, for example, Joe Marsala and his colleagues used to play "Little Sir Echo"—a demure tune which Mrs. Marsala learned at a Girl Scout summer camp—with a strange, unrecognizable violence sufficient to blow a platoon of Girl Scouts clean across Fifty-second Street. When Nancy Beadleston takes to *composing* swing music—i.e., setting down on ruled paper every break and hot lick—we have obviously come to the Twilight of Swing, or at least of Nancy Beadleston.

It may well be that the Beadleston girls are not such characters as the advertisement makes them out to be. But, on the face of it, is it fair to ask us to smoke Camels on the recommendation of a girl who sits around wishing she were a writer, and a girl with the tortuously useless hobby of composing swing music? Grim plays like Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" and "Uncle Vanya" are full of such characters, but at least they never step out of their parts and tell us to smoke Camels.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

I'LL STILL TAKE VANILLA

I see by dispatches from Rome
  A "pluto-autocracy" we're.
Well, this is what sticks in my dome:
I'd rather be here than in Rome.
I'm glad that New York is my home.
  I say I would rather be here
Despite who discovers—in Rome—
  A pluto-autocracy we're.

—AL GRAHAM

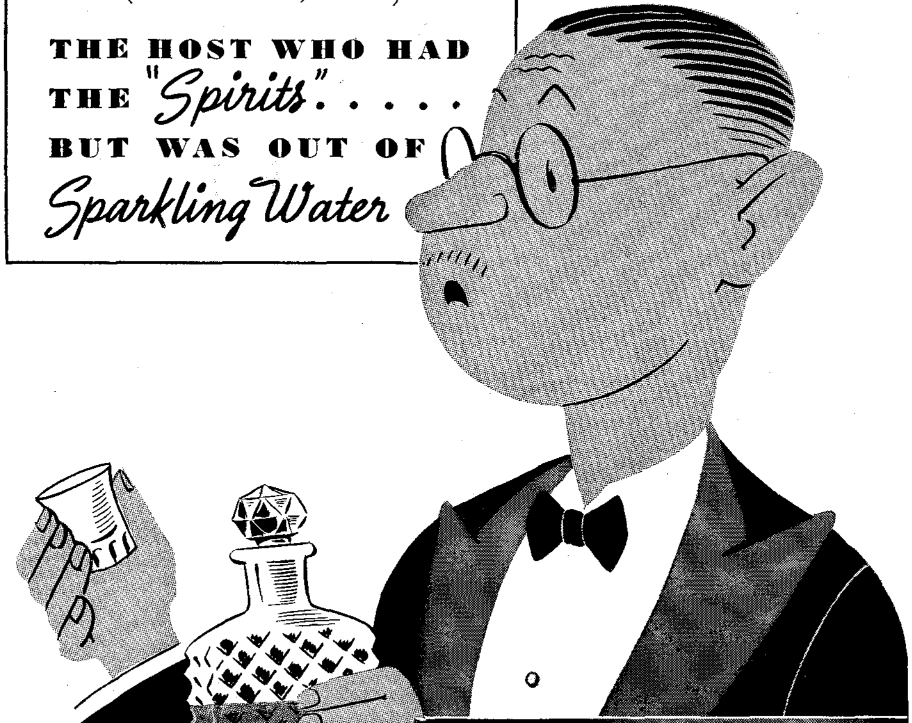
•

Dear Miss Blake: What do you think of a boy who smokes a cigar and kisses me at the same time? I do not like cigars. WONDERING.—*The News.*

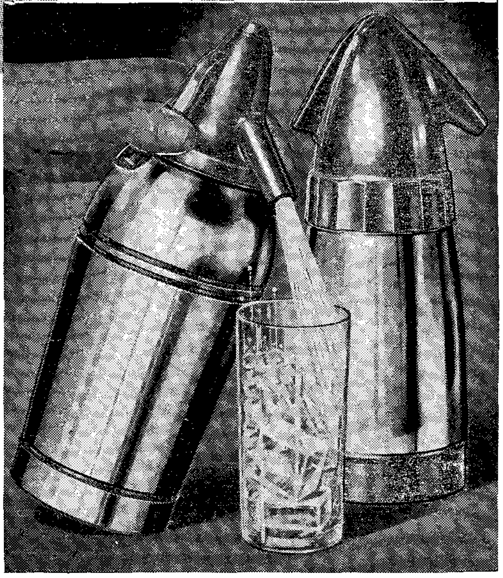
We think he's adroit.

FAUX PAS
(*Social Blunder, to You*)

THE HOST WHO HAD THE "Spirits" . . . . BUT WAS OUT OF Sparkling Water



This embarrassed chap means well. He simply hasn't bought a Sparklet Syphon, that makes sparkling club soda at home—whenever you want it. But he will, because his friends have been using theirs and bragging. Sparklet mixes better drinks, and does it economically. It saves space, saves trouble, saves money...eliminates bottle deposits. You can carry ten Sparklet Bulbs, enough to make *10 full quarts* of zestful "fizz-water"...home in your pocket! All in all, Egbert's reputation as a host will be considerably enhanced when he joins the ranks of Sparklet users.



NEW STYLING, NEW FEATURES, NEW CONVENIENCE mark the new Sparklet bottles for 1941. Easier to clean, to charge, and to use—they add distinction to any room or table. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.

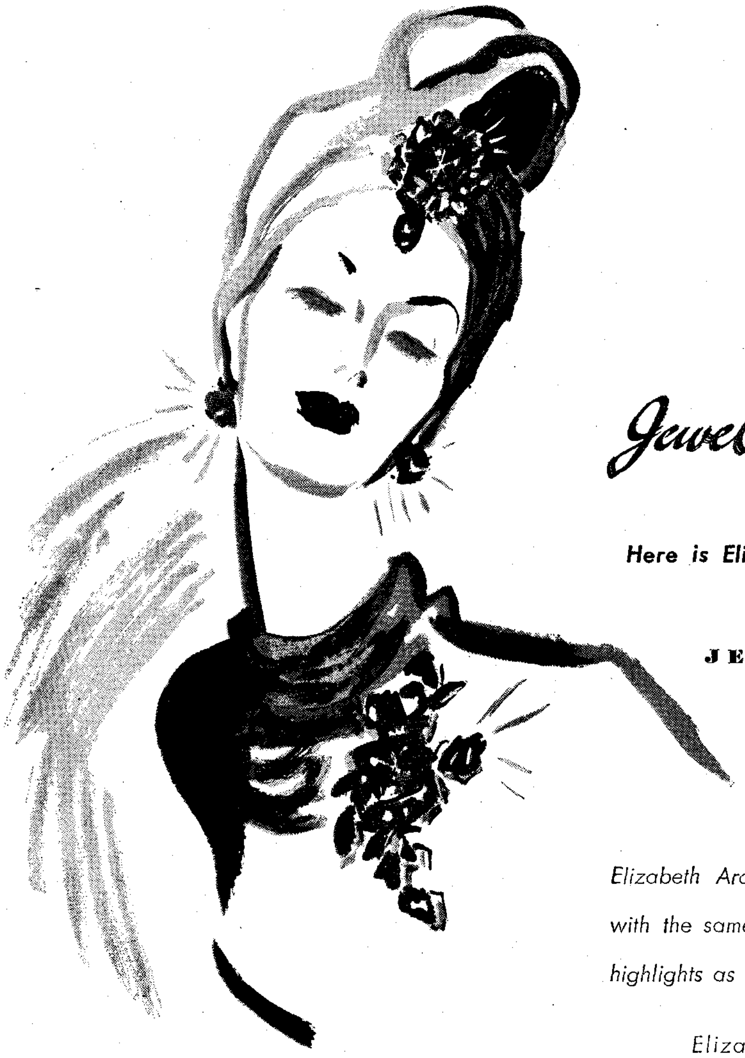
New Sparklet, Standard (polished chrome) $5.00
New Sparklet, De Luxe (stainless steel) $5.95

SPARKLET BULBS
the Bulb with the RED Band
SPARKLETS

Sparklet Bulbs are convenient — economical.
Carton of 5......40c *Carton of 10......75c*
Economy Package of 25......$1.75

SPARKLET

SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
A DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS



SCINTILLATING

Jewel Harmony Make-ups

Here is Elizabeth Arden's most brilliant contribution to a brilliant year of fashion!

JEWEL HARMONY MAKE-UPS

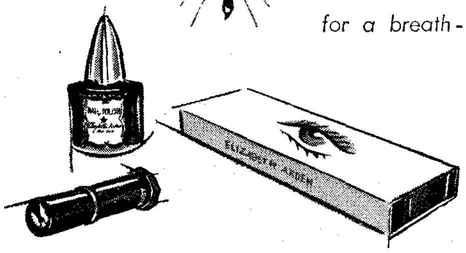
scintillating Color Harmonies inspired by

RUBIES · EMERALDS · AQUAMARINES
AMETHYSTS • TOPAZ · SAPPHIRES

Elizabeth Arden Lipstick, Nail Polish and Rouge colors with the same sparkle, the same fire, the same wonderful highlights as the precious jewels they match!

Elizabeth Arden's incomparable Face Powders to give your skin a pearl-like lustre.

Elizabeth Arden Eye Sha-Dos in jewel colors to dramatize the make-up of your lips and fingertips. Point up all your jewels—genuine or simulated—with Elizabeth Arden's Jewel Harmony Make-Ups for a breath-taking effect.



Enamel Lipsticks in Jewel-iridescent Cases, $1.50 . . Nail Polish, 75c . . . Rouge, $1.25, $1.75 . . . Illusion Powder, $1.75 & $3.00 . . . Cameo Powder, $2.00 & $3.00 . . . Eye Sha-Do, $1.25 . . . Cosmetique, $1.50
Jewel Harmony Make-Up Box (Lipstick, Rouge, Eye Sha-Do) $4.00

Elizabeth Arden

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691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-5846

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

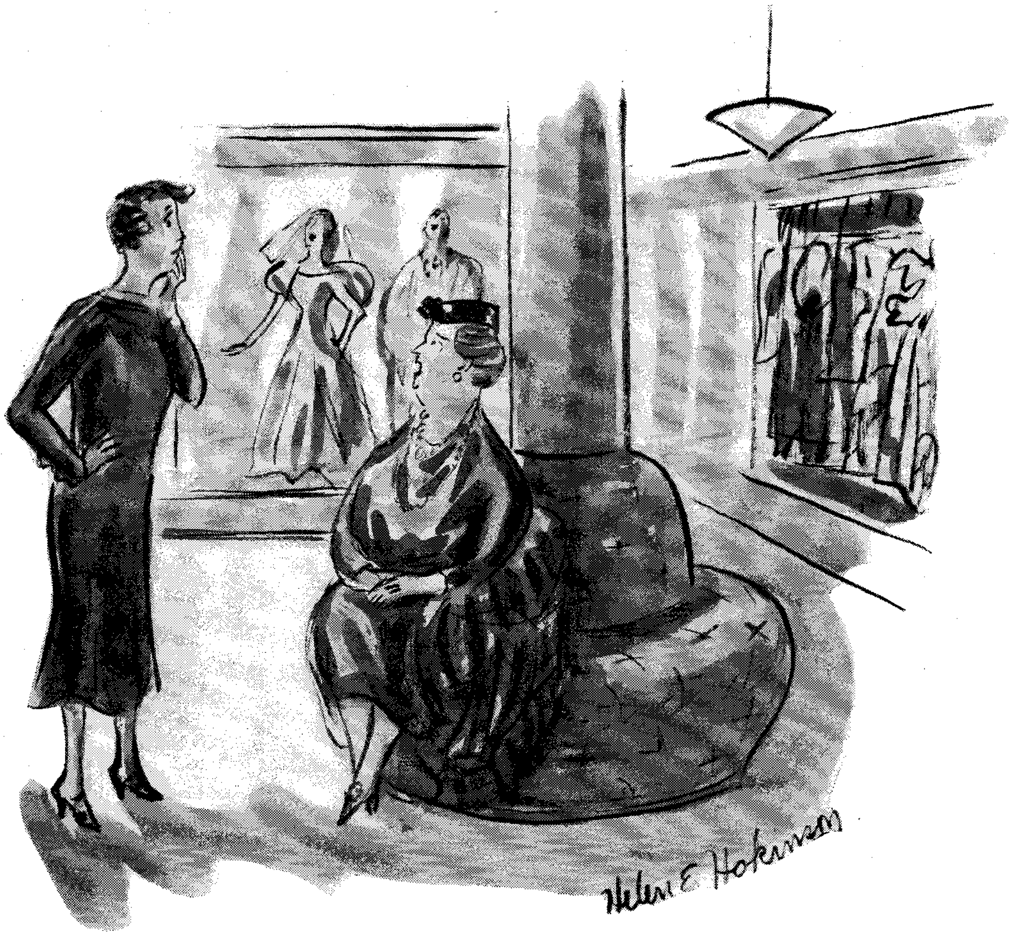
NEVER, as long as I live, will I forget my first visit to Deauville, back in the incredible twenties. That much-advertised resort spelled romance to my Amurrican soul; I was seeing the richest, the gayest, the smartest set I had yet encountered. International folk, that's what they were—women at home in all the capitals of Europe. Absolutely at home, and acting with titled foreigners in exactly the careless way they used to act with other people's husbands back in the Greenwich Country Club. But for all the high romance, bewilderment and terror were my lot when first I glimpsed the women drinking champagne on the beach, attired in diamonds, pearls, and rubies. At the thought of trying to dress for the gala at the Casino that night, I feverishly contemplated acquiring a bad headache.

Women know how it is. I felt very humble at the gala, but I learned a lot when I saw a Russian refugee woman steal the show in a black fringe dress with a reckless décolletage, black pumps, and no jewels at all. Her face was pale, and the glossiness of her hair and the red of her lips were its only adornment. She made the glitter everywhere around her look completely synthetic. So I rushed back to Paris and put every nickel I had into the most daring simple black evening dress Paquin possessed. I have found such a performance a good investment ever since.

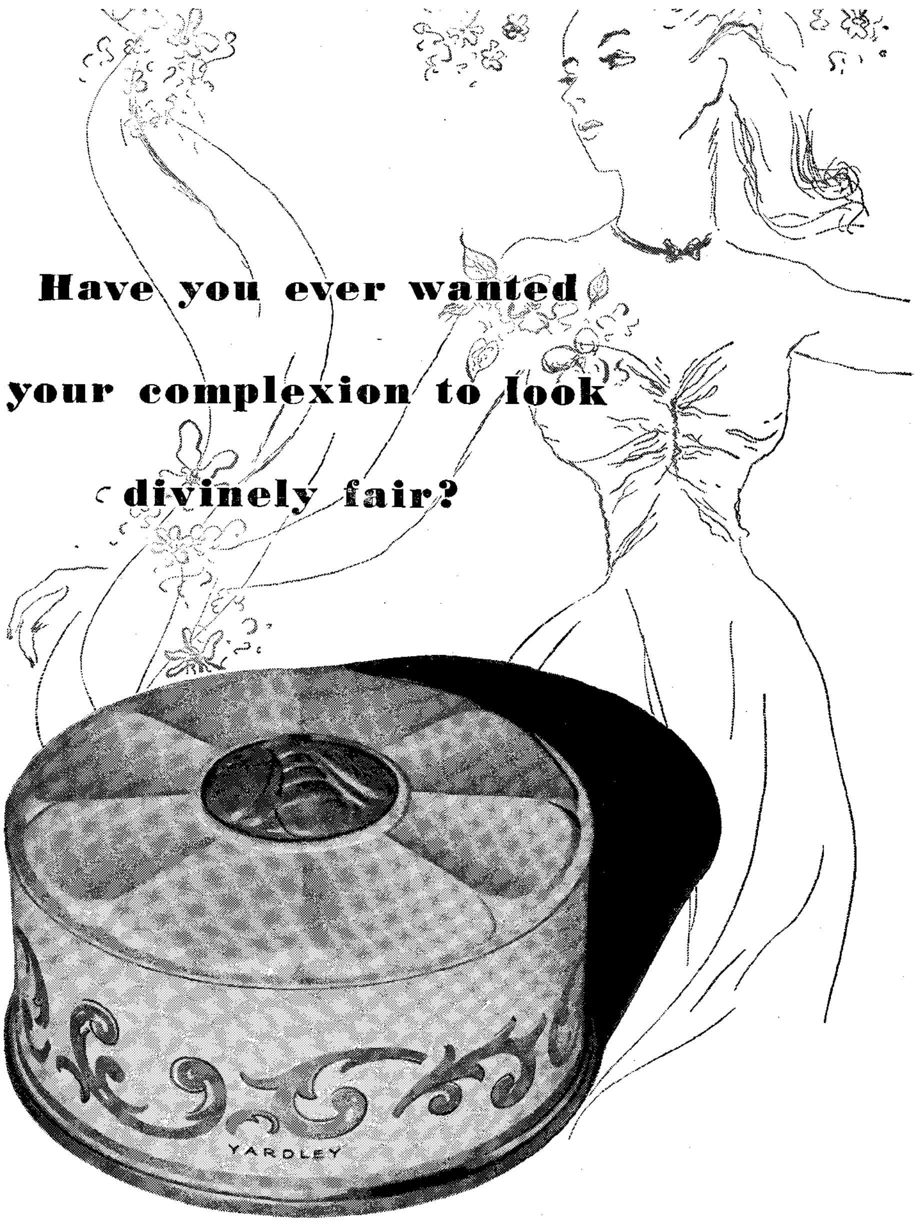
With another bejewelled era upon us (and you should see the stones some people are buying), a visit to the House of Tappé, at 25 West 57th Street, would not be amiss. Here is a man who understands romance. His famous ingénue picture dresses are just a bit more fragile and languishing than you'd think possible, but they never simper; his stark-simple efforts take your breath away. Among the picture dresses are great, white, net, hoopskirted affairs, one trimmed with ermine tails in demure bands, and another with pink roses on old-fashioned moiré ribbon which makes little bows through the skirt and around the bodice. Priscilla and Evangeline are deliberately prim velvet models that suggest those historic women. Tappé has not one but several dresses of fringe, the most startling being called Penguin. Except through the waistline, this is nothing but three-inch tiers of fringe that shimmer as you walk; a fringed cape which slips over the head and completely covers the shoulders and décolletage goes with it. Both dress and cape are all white down the front and all black down the back, and marvellous. (It's also lovely just in one color.) Tappé's long-sleeved black dinner dress has as its only decoration bands of heavy black fishnet running down the arms. Some of his dresses rely for effect solely on an unusual color combination; one, a royal-blue crêpe dinner dress, has aqua beading down the outside of its sleeves.

For daytime, look at a slim black wool dress that breaks into a descending ruffle of caracul at a point just above the knees; its jacket is buttoned straight down to this point. See also a swagger coat of a thick, dull-finish stuff printed to look exactly like leopard but costing only $85—swell for either sports or town, and just about the most effective imitation-fur fabric I have seen. These are but a few of the many things in this collection, ranging from the young and flippant to the suave and gracious and all intended to make you feel smug, no matter what the competition.

HERE AND THERE: The Barbara Bates manicure products are wondrous. There's her cuticle cream, for one thing. For another, there's her newest manicure kit, a marvel of compactness. It's flat and oblong and has sides that open out, and in it are polish, remover, oil, scissors, tweezers, etc.; $7.50 at Saks-Fifth Avenue. . . . Speaking of manicure products, the great Revlon has permitted himself a twinkle and a titter by making up a Garter Set, containing nail polish, lipstick, and his new Cheek Stick in a coy oval box that has a ruffly pink garter edged with black lace around it; $2.60 for all this gaiety, in addition to the superb things inside. . . . Gunther has some new perfumes by Alain-Ritchie. One is Scarf, a nice, sharp, fresh scent; myself, I prefer the dry, elusive Sweet Grass. Maybe I am just an eccentric trying to be Different. . . . Lura de Gez, of 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), is a girl with a knack second to



"I'm looking for something to wear on a jury."



Have you ever wanted your complexion to look divinely fair?

. . . and radiantly young as the springtime? Then try Yardley "English Complexion" Face Powder, mist-blown into rare loveliness . . . clinging lightly, effectively. . . . And laugh at the lusty November weather from behind its sweet protection! You'll love its utterly natural look . . . its enchanting fragrance, for it is delicately perfumed with regal "Bond Street" Perfume. Eight exquisite shades to choose from. At Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. And better drug and department stores. **$1**

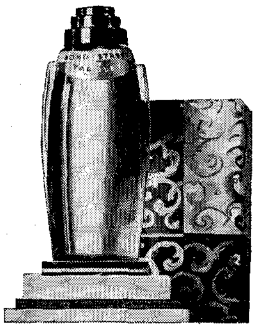
YARDLEY "ENGLISH COMPLEXION" *Powder*

SCENTED WITH "BOND STREET"

The perfume *of brilliant sophisticates, in sealed packages at $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, and $13.50, as illustrated above. In finer shops.*

If you will send 35 cents in stamps or coin to YARDLEY, Dept. 2, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, you can obtain a generous box of "English Complexion" Powder and a trial flask of "BOND STREET" Perfume. Write your name and address in margin and check shade desired. ☐ English Peach. ☐ Deep Peach.

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS



none for cutting hair and manipulating it into easy-to-fix and easy-to-change coiffures. You'll hear talk about her red, white, and blue permanents, which don't, as you might think, have anything to do with tinting the hair. There are three lotions in three different colors, and the texture of your hair determines which one is used in your permanent. A permanent, either machine or machineless, is $15; the price includes cut, set, everything. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Keys to Beauty lipsticks—three tiny ones dangling from a key chain that has a metal mirror disc attached—are a lot of fun for a dollar. . . . I also dote on a new lapel ornament in the semblance of a rakish tiger, two inches high, holding a cocktail cup aloft. The cup is scented with Fabergé's Tigress perfume, a good, voluptuous scent, and the whole gaga nonsense costs $4 at Saks-Fifth Avenue. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Replacements

APPARENTLY the pinch of doing without European delicacies will have to become considerably more acute than it is at present to make Americans bestir themselves and produce substitutes of the same quality as the foods that have stopped coming from abroad. Undoubtedly, as time goes on and the necessity becomes more pressing, American *technique* will get a lot more expert. Right now, however, really acceptable replacements for European table luxuries aren't as easy to come by as you might think, so maybe some notes on where certain satisfactory home products are to be had will prove useful.

American cheeses seem to be filling the gap more successfully than most domestic commodities, which indicates that this could be a great cheese-producing country if it only half tried. It's a pity, though, that the cheese-makers give the impression of having decided upon names for their cheeses without waiting to see how the things were going to turn out. We have some fine cheeses and we have some fine names, but in a great many instances they just don't seem to match, so cheese names give no clearer idea of what to expect than the titles of musical comedies. Macy, for instance, sells as a California Cheddar an extremely good dairy cheese which to me tastes much more like a Cheshire. Maison Glass, at 15 East 47th Street, carries a pleasant, soft cheese which resembles Bel Paese and is imported from South America as Uruguayan Edam, and Borden's manufactures something like a good Münster and calls it Brie. (Maybe, if things go on the way they have been, standards for cheese will change like everything else, and we shall come to think of Edam only as a nice cheese made in Uruguay and of Brie as something associated with the cow Elsie.) The situation is not wholly confused, however. Camembert made in Illinois and sold by Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), has considerable authentic character, as have a New York State Limburger and an Argentine Gorgonzola to be found at Macy, at the Morvay Cheese Shop, 13 East 59th Street, and at Maison Glass. A Danish blue, shipped here from the Middle West, is an easily recognizable member of the Gorgonzola-Roquefort family, though rather less pungent than its Scandinavian prototype. It is kept by all the serious cheese places, and so is a Bel Paese made here in New York. Finally, there is a cheese that is going to save the faces of any number of anxious cooks—a very creditable imitation of Parmesan, made in the Argentine, which is sold by La Bottega Italiana, at 630 Fifth Avenue (50th), and by Esposito Brothers, at 444 Sixth Avenue (10th).

IMPORTED *pâtés*, or the lack of them, have already become a terrible pain to the retailers who didn't have the foresight to lay in a substantial supply before the French debacle. Of course, as long as our S.P.C.A.-sponsored laws prohibit the forced feeding of geese in practically every state, we never shall have anything much along the lines of the Strasbourg *foie gras*, but a few excellent spreads already have appeared, and doubtless there will be more. Hors d'Œuvres, Inc., at 128 East 66th Street, turns out its own ravishing version of *pâté Toulouse*, in which duck livers are substituted for goose livers. This exemplary shop has opened a new department containing ready-to-take-out food, so you don't have to order the *pâté* ahead of time; moreover, you can have as little as one portion cut for you from the big *terrine*. Another excellent spread is the new smoked-turkey *pâté* of Pinesbridge Farms. Somewhere in the course of its preparation this paste loses the fine, smoky flavor of the Pinesbridge Farm turkeys, but that may be an advantage, since people are likely to hanker for a good, mild sandwich spread oftener than for a smoky one. The *pâté* is to be found at just about every one of the town's good food shops. A spread which is sure to fill in very satisfactorily for the once modestly priced French purées of *foie gras* is Underwood's Pâtefoie, a new liver paste that nearly all grocers have on their shelves.

VENDÔME TABLE DELICACIES, at 415 Madison (48th), which has long been a source of authoritative pronouncements on the caviar situation, says there is nothing to rumors that we shall soon be getting American caviar comparable to the beluga catch. It seems that a lot of intensive experimenting is going on, however, and Vendôme thinks it quite likely that in time our sturgeon fisheries may develop something to compare with the sevruga variety. In the meantime, there are a number of American- and Canadian-packed fish products which are taking the place of imports very nicely. Nyborg & Nelson, 841 Third Avenue (51st), sell a smoked eel, prepared by a firm on Staten Island, which seems to me every bit as delicious as the Scandinavian article ever was and which mustn't be confused with a lot of quite indifferent smoked eel that's going around. A superior Canadian finnan haddie is to be found at the Morvay Cheese Shop. Most of our supply of Scotch kippered herrings came from Canada even before the war, and that's where it is still coming from, in increasingly large quantities. Both Macy and Barney Greengrass, at 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th), have exceptionally fine Columbia River smoked salmon, which ought to console all but the most finicky for the loss of the incomparable Scotch product, and these places, as well as Vendôme, carry exceedingly good smoked American lake sturgeon. Maison Glass sells a salmon paste, made in the State of Washington, which ought to come in very handy for canapés when the present supply of anchovy paste is exhausted. Enough herring and shrimp are coming in from Iceland right along to keep us easy in our minds about that sort of cocktail provender; Vendôme prepares the herring tidbits in a white-wine dressing that is up to anything the Swedes ever sent over.

NEARLY all the meat packers in the country are breaking their necks trying to turn out something similar to a Polish cooked ham, so I daresay it won't be long before an adequate substitute comes along, but it hasn't come yet. On the other hand, an Italian colony in Pennsylvania is making a *prosciutto* that is very like the imported original, and it's to be had at La Bottega Italiana. The same ham is sold by the slice or done up into imaginative cocktail things by Hors d'Œuvres. Not many of the various European sausages are left, but there are some very good substitutes for them at one place or another: Nyborg & Nelson sell a satisfactory Swedish-style *Medwurst* made in New York State; the Trinacria Importing Company, at 415 Third Avenue (29th), has some superior American-made salami; and Macy carries a collection of *Würste* of all kinds.

To supplement the irregular shipments of Scotch grouse, Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop sells marvellous Chukar East Indian partridges raised in Colorado and shipped here by plane; Nathan Schweitzer, at 409 West 14th Street, and Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison (61st), carry the same variety of bird grown on a New York State preserve. These partridges are new to me, and to my taste a vast improvement in flavor and succulence over the grouse which they replace.

IMPORTS of European pastries and sweets are hardly being missed at all, since the makers of so many of them—refugees from one country or another—are now turning out their products over here. The Transatlantic Biscuit Company (refugees) makes authentic and delicious *Oblaten*, which are sold at the Morvay Cheese Shop and at Maison Glass; and Trade Winds, Inc., an exchange for refugees' work, which has moved to 56 East 55th Street, has most of the German and Austrian chocolates and cakes of the sort we used to import. Alice Marks, at 6 East 52nd Street, carries good *Lebkuchen*, put out by a firm on Long Island, and at the Vendôme you can get excellent shortbread made by a Scotch woman upstate.

Other fine native products that are ready to take over where the imported things left off are four perfectly delicious chutneys made by the East India Curry Shop in its new home at 122

A bland emollient for skins that resent harsh weather... heavy creams

DOROTHY GRAY

SENSITIVE SKIN CREAM

SENSITIVE SKIN CREAM
Dorothy Gray

● If your skin is delicate, easily nettled by cold wind and artificial heat, then Dorothy Gray Sensitive Skin Cream is the perfect emollient for you! This cream is unusually bland and light—prepared expressly for the skin which rebels against too-rich, cloying cream. Sensitive Skin Cream feels beautifully soothing to skin chapped and roughed by exposure to cutting cold. Pat it on and let it remain on overnight. Faithful use helps keep your skin feeling smooth and pliant. $2.00.

Sensitive Skin Treatment at the Salon

A famous Dorothy Gray Salon treatment for skin that winces at thought of winter. First...gentle yet thorough cleansing. A soothing velvety mask. Then skilful, feathery-light manipulations, using Sensitive Skin Cream. Bland, non-irritating. Designed for baby-fine skin that can't tolerate richer creams. Finally, a Dorothy Gray Salon make-up, and you feel pampered, look radiant! One hour, $5. Course of 6, $22.50. Dorothy Gray Salon, 683 Fifth Avenue.

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DOROTHY GRAY

American design of Beauty

East 57th Street; an extremely good sorrel soup (*soupe à l'oseille*) put up by a woman with a Connecticut herb farm; and, just in the nick of time for Thanksgiving turkey stuffings, beautiful California chestnuts to replace the Italian ones which we shan't get this year. The soup and the chestnuts are to be had right now at Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), and at the Grand Royal Markets, 798 Lexington Avenue (62nd) and 1289 Lexington Avenue (87th). —S. H.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SECOND round. We broke the ice last week with gift suggestions along these lines:

Christmas cards
Stationery and playing cards
Handkerchiefs

This week we concern ourselves for the most part with that farsighted and commendably finicky group of shoppers who want what they give for Christmas to be just so and are equipped with the patience (as well as the details of the size, taste, and household furnishings of their friends) needed for custom buying. In an effort to make things easier, we've split our selections up into these four categories:

Custom gifts for men, below
Lingerie de luxe, page 60
Gifts to order for the house, page 62
Custom luggage, page 62

This is all we've been able to get around to so far. Next week we go ready-made.

Custom Gifts for Men

ASSUMING that you're reasonably familiar with a man's preferences in the matter of style, you still, obviously, must know his measurements if you want to give him something to wear. It's not nearly as hard as one might think to get hold of such information. Just find out who his tailor is, and the chances are you're all set, for most tailors can be persuaded to divulge the details of a client's girth, trouser length, and so forth. Turn these over to a haberdasher, pick out the material and type of monogram you like (plain, forthright lettering is almost sure to be acceptable), and that's that.

For those who feel timid about ordering a man's clothes for him, there are plenty of other gifts which they can have made to suit their or—more important—his fancy. Cartier, for example, invites you to look over the shop's supply of cigarette cases and point out the features you particularly like about this case and that. Then they'll draw you a picture of a case combining the aspects you've favored, and if that meets with your approval, they'll go ahead and make the result in gold. Black, Starr & Gorham will copy the photograph of a country house or favorite jumper on the side of a sterling thermos bucket for ice cubes. Other hints:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Silver plaques inscribed with Army, Navy, or Air Corps insignia are mounted on 7-ounce pocket flasks made of britannia, an alloy which this shop believes is unique in that alcohol can't corrode it; $8.50. Twelve-ounce Pilsner glasses with colored seals of any college or club; $18 a dozen. Felt bridge-table covers have layers of sponge rubber under them, so they won't skid around no matter how violent the game; $6, marked with big, sturdy initials. Motor robes of plush and broadcloth to match the upholstery of almost any car; $25, including what you want in the way of a monogram. Cushions and foot muffs, too, if the gentleman really likes his comfort; $10 and $15.

Brooks: Small wooden game birds, carved and colored by hand, make good mantel ornaments for a sportsman's den. The shop defies you to name the fowl it can't reproduce—from plain woodcock to white-eyed pochard and Hottentot teal; $8.50 to $15. Lightweight flannel bed jackets for the man who likes to read before he goes to sleep come in navy, light blue, green, yellow, wine, or white; $8.50; monogram, $2 or more extra. Custom shirts made from as large a stock of imported materials as can be found in town; neckband models for day wear start at $8.50.

M. Cherry, 150 West 56th Street: The unpretentious exterior may startle you, but there's no better place to go if you want luggage for those big, unwieldy deep-sea fishing reels and other hard-to-tote sporting equipment, such as saddles, blankets, boots, etc. They welcome special problems. Trunks for anglers begin at $25, gun trunks at $50.

De Pinna: Lounging suits of wool gabardine with trousers of one color and a coat of another—blue and gray, green and tan are a couple of the choices; $29.50, monogrammed. Initialled braces and garters for evening wear; $6.50 a set. Formal white crêpe scarves with cutout monograms; $17.50.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Monogrammed gold-plated belt buckles worked out in such a way that the owner's initials grip the belt end—$10; with leather belt, $13.50. Crystal cuff links with hand-painted initials in red, green, or blue; $8.50 a pair. A tie clip to match is $5.50.

Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street: Given a photograph of a man's favorite dog, they'll paint an oil portrait of the animal on a masculine-looking cocktail tray of unfinished wood; $30. The new Schick razor—runs on either A.C. or D.C.—can be had with the owner's name stamped in gold on the handle; razor, $17.50; lettering, $1.50 and up.

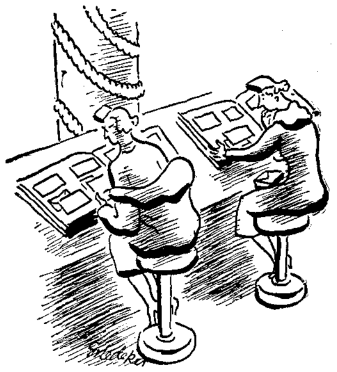
Countess Mara, 338 Park Avenue (51st): She'll make lined or unlined robes out of imported silk foulards printed with designs frequently seen on neckties; collars and cuffs have plain facings, and so has the breast pocket, which is the place for a set of initials; from $30 or thereabouts. English washable silk pajamas with patterned monogrammed coats and plain-colored trousers; $20, monogram extra.

Newells, 290 Park Avenue (49th): They hold some sort of special rights to make shirts with collars that stay stiff without starching (there's a note to the laundry on the neckband, so you won't have to tell the recipient all about it on a Christmas card). The same idea is applied to dinner-jacket voile dress shirts with French poplin fronts; $17. Colorful shorts made to order start at $5.

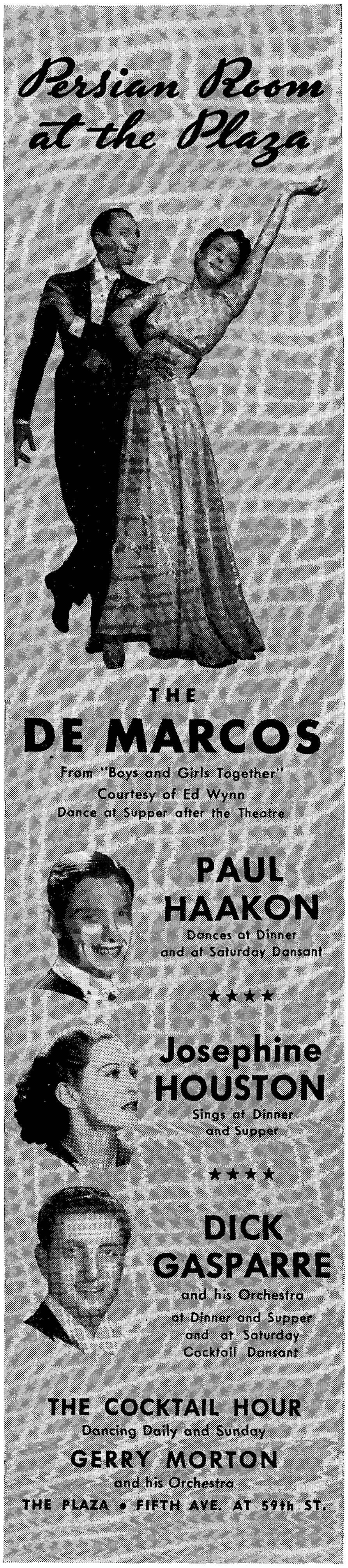
Saks-Fifth Avenue: The men's-robe department makes silk-and-wool dressing gowns to measure in hand-blocked English patterns; some of the best have foulard designs, lined and faced with plain-colored silk; $75. Here, too, and for the same price, you may order lounge suits of imported cashmere with double-breasted jackets that have shawl collars and silk sashes and can be worn separately as house coats.

Sulka, 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Pajamas made to measure from Chinese silks that are among the most colorful to be seen around town—you know, brilliant birds, gardens, and pagodas; $47.50. There is a carefully thought-out black leather jewelry case designed for the man who is forever losing things; dress sets, cuff links, and studs are held down by velvet-topped pins in a top tray; collar pins, tie clips, and collar buttons are similarly kept in place in a drawer below; $30, with the owner's name embossed in gold on the top.

Tripler: Black, silk-covered cigarette case with the signature of the man it's intended for embroidered on it in gray, red, or blue; $8.50. They'll do the same trick on handkerchiefs; $2 each. A sterling, initialled dress-collar button-hook, useful for saving fingernails during those last clawing moments of getting ready, is $3.50.



If haberdashery will solve your problems, any one of the following shops stands ready to lend a hand: Budd, 590 Fifth Avenue (48th); Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street; Charles Dillon, 18 East 54th Street; Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street; Keep, 5 East 44th Street; Walter McCrory, 36



Persian Room at the Plaza

THE
DE MARCOS
From "Boys and Girls Together"
Courtesy of Ed Wynn
Dance at Supper after the Theatre

PAUL HAAKON
Dances at Dinner
and at Saturday Dansant

★★★★

Josephine HOUSTON
Sings at Dinner
and Supper

★★★★

DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra
at Dinner and Supper
and at Saturday
Cocktail Dansant

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday
GERRY MORTON
and his Orchestra
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST.

Your TOWN-HOUSE —*for the season. Delightfully furnished—2 and 3 room housekeeping apartments, some with terraces—all with complete kitchens. 4-burner stoves and refrigeration. Full hotel service included in the rentals.*

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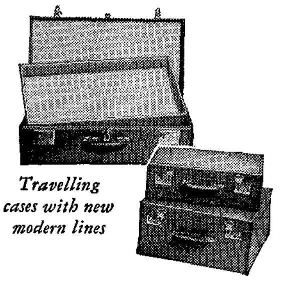
On the park

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Luggage

for Gifts


Travelling cases with new modern lines

Also depot for genuine
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The problem is not difficult
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WHERE TO SEND HIM!

West 46th Street; and William McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue (54th).

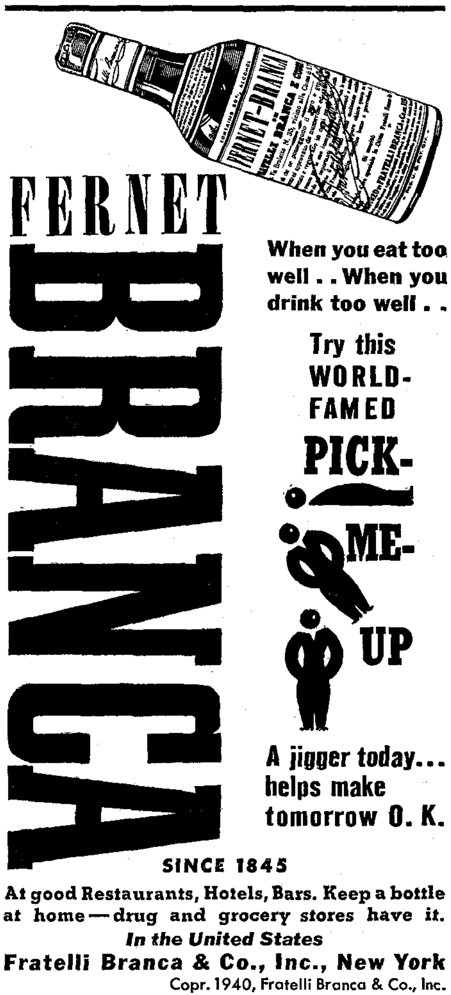
Lingerie de Luxe

THERE is little that is startlingly different in the lingerie and hostess-gown situation this year, except for signs of a revival of step-ins or combinations (or what used to be called teddies), which disappeared so abruptly when skirts became longer some years ago. Now that skirts are again heading kneeward, these are being shown, with amused chortles, by both Bergdorf Goodman and Kargère. Brief skirts can be held responsible, too, for an unusual passion for panties all over town. Jay-Thorpe's wrap-around nightgowns are a notion the shop takes great pride in, but, generally speaking, nightgowns are fitted carefully through the body, much as they have been for several seasons. This time most of them have detail that rises in an inverted V over the diaphragm, often joining forces with the V of the décolletage. Frothy English Shetland-wool bed jackets and robes are still to be found, and vast strides have been made in producing warm lingerie that is as sophisticated in its appeal as the most glamorous chiffon or satin. Dinners at home are creating new demands for hostess pajamas, and most of the shops have taken a flyer at the Persian type of jacket in lamé, some of them going so far as to offer trousers that wrap tight and tie around the ankle. Nevertheless, the hostess gown that can double as an evening dress is still, quite rightly, in the highest favor.

Much of the lingerie listed below is made to order, but there are also a number of ready-to-wear yet still very excellent items to delight the soul of any woman. Custom departments will be grateful to you if you'll give them at least two weeks' notice. Bergdorf Goodman, incidentally, will send things basted in readiness for a final fitting, so that your friend will get a better fit than she would if you merely gave the shop a list of her measurements. Particulars:

ALTMAN: The new custom department loves a champagne-pink color in lovely froufrou affairs, like chiffon gowns with full skirts and hand-run Alençon at the neck; $29.95, and as ladylike in this color as it is hussy in the black that men customers insist on. A satin princesse nightgown—champagne pink again—has trimmings of white net, appliquéd with satin hearts ($10.95); a matching chiffon robe has a large heart catching the drapery at either side of the throat ($16.95).

BENDEL: A new, exclusive gardenia design printed in various color combinations on pastel sheer or crêpe makes ex-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quisite ready-to-wear nightgowns, slips, and panties that are trimmed with fagoting, ruffles, or Val-type lace. Gowns begin at $18.75, slips at $12.75, and there are quilted robes of the printed sheer to match. Printed crêpe bed jackets, too, challis-lined for warmth; $19.75. This shop responds to the demand for custom negligees by providing dinner pajamas with lamé Persian-type coats and harem trousers of ruby velveteen; $135. A tea gown which, like many here, fits the figure tightly down to the knees and then explodes into a ruffle is made of olive-green velvet with a pleated, changeable taffeta flounce; $110.

Bergdorf Goodman: The custom department goes in heavily for the high, inverted V between the bosoms and likes very wide, Val-type lace. Gowns of French crêpe, so soft they roll up into nothing, are around $35; ingenious slips of the same material with fronts cut on the bias and backs straight, to prevent riding up, are from $23 to $30. Ready-to-wear: Myth Crêpe, a sheer with a crêpe finish which is not overly transparent and reputedly wears like iron, comes in heavenly colors—burnt pink (peach ice cream), Cézanne blue (with an aqua tinge), and such. A lacy nightgown of this, with Binche-type lace forming little wings on the shoulders, is $28; a matching fitted satin robe costs $45. For tailored women, periwinkle-blue crêpe makes scattered, globe-and-star designs all over a white crêpe gown; $13.75, with three-inch monogram.

Bonwit Teller: Famous for "hospital toppers"—knee-length nightgowns for convalescents. They fasten, surplice fashion, in back, and are either tailored in tea-rose crêpe meteor with Peter Pan collars and applied blue flowers ($29.95) or made of satin, highly lace-trimmed, with square or V necks and edgings of hand-run Alençon ($29.95). Blue dominates the scene here, a nice, icy shade. It appears in the crêpe scallops and piping on slips of white crêpe meteor, with flower and bowknot appliqués across the chest; $15. We also liked a white satin day-length slip slashed at the bottom and trimmed lavishly with dark hand-run Alençon; $29.95.

Helen Coen, 16 East 52nd Street: Noted for tailored pajamas and robe sets so grand that movie stars order them by the dozen, no less. The jackets of white satin pajamas have turnover collars, fasten with large pearl buttons, and are trimmed with a red block monogram ($25); the matching tailored robe is $29.50. For feminine girls, look at a pale-blue crêpe nightgown with periwinkle satin bluebells trimming its neck and waistline ($24.50), and a bed jacket to go with it ($19.50).

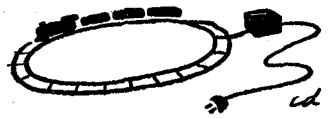
M. Collart, 581 Madison Avenue (56th): Beautiful workmanship and great-lady simplicity. Tailored white crêpe gowns with sawtooth edges as their only trimming are $22.50, and have slips ($19.75) and panties ($10.75) to match. Gowns of pale crêpe or pastel flowered sheer are trimmed with insertions like those on baby clothes and finely puffed white net; $29.50 to $31.50. As a substitute for a bed jacket, consider a Marie Antoinette fichu of pink chiffon edged with wide point-Lille-type lace, which also makes the long ends that tie across the chest; $18.75.

Colony Lingerie Shop, 664 Madison Avenue (60th): Frail nightgowns you could go out dancing in; some of ivory or mauve chiffon are trimmed with satin flowers—one applied over the diaphragm and the others scattered over the widely flaring skirts; $38. Princesse gowns of pale-pink satin have swirling skirts (they're six yards around, almost) with huge applied chiffon flowers and scrolls. Garbo types will love a satin tea- or nightgown with a tiny self frill at the neck, long raglan sleeves caught at the wrist, and a Vionnet-like cut through the body; $25. Reminder: our pet satin mules with velvet bows are $10.50.

Jay-Thorpe: Among the wrap-around nightgowns we've mentioned is a ninon affair that is edged with two bands of narrow real Val and has a satin bow on each shoulder ($19.95); tailored pink satin ones with soft-green piping, shirring on the shoulders, and applied monograms on the chest; $39.95. A knockout three-piece negligee ensemble of Chinese derivation gives you brocaded black crêpe pajamas, a jacket fitted and fastened with frogs ($65), and a long, fitted red velveteen coat lined with the crêpe ($75).

Kargère, 535 Madison Avenue (54th): They still have lacy Shetland bed jackets and a good supply of frantic French things; also a stock of French materials to be made up here. Startling stuff: drawers of black Chantilly lace with pastel flowers applied all over ($19.50); a gown to match, with a hand-run Alençon lace top on a black chiffon body, is $18.50. Beauvais embroidery appears, as always, on white satin bed jackets; $39.50.

Hazel Kolman, 535 Madison Avenue (54th): Beautiful, beautiful tailored robes, with one or more nightgowns to go with them. A two-tone one of pale-pink pebbly crêpe, lined and piped with geranium ($35), is accompanied by a pink crêpe gown trimmed with two-tone poppies appliquéd in geranium and copper shades ($23). A warm robe of a thin, washable pale-blue wool trimmed with narrow imitation Val down the front and on the buttons; $55, and heavenly. With it you can have a matching gown of crêpe with lace ruffles over the shoulder ($29.50), or one of chiffon wool, the thinnest we ever felt, that has Val-type lace edging on its convertible neck and long sleeves—highly sophisticated and yet cozy ($35). Not liking white slips under dark dresses, Mrs. Kolman has designed some with bias tops in, say, two tones of rose, joined by point turc to black satin skirts; $25. She has also designed a slip for large older women—white crêpe with a square neck and plenty of bosom room; its tucked sheer top comes well up under the arms and continues on into wide shoulder straps; $19.50.



Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): Mighty fancy boudoir frills, like a pale-pink wool house coat widely shirred through the waistline and with a pleated chiffon furbelow down the front—luxurious, light, and ever so soft; $125. There's plenty of femininity in a tailored challis nightgown with a high, turnover collar, long sleeves, and a tucked vest outlined by tiny self ruffles whipped in matching color ($37.50); a silk-lined robe to match is $49.50. The Glory Ensemble: A white chiffon gown with blue stars on its bodice and down one side ($35), a flaring bed jacket with short, puffed sleeves to match ($25.50), and the inevitable panties and slips.

Nancy Lincoln Guild, 417 Park Avenue (55th): Everything here is hand-quilted to order by deft Kentucky mountaineer women. Among the tricks are quilted coats that can play more than one rôle. A tailored affair of white cotton that looks like doeskin is double-breasted and hip length, and would go just as well over dresses as over pajamas ($35); a white satin jacket trimmed with trapunto will see you through fancy breakfasts in bed and look just as well at cocktail parties ($29.50).

Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th): A quilted pink-and-white pin-dotted crêpe makes a prim bed jacket with a round collar softened by rows of Val-type lace ($15.50); a matching single- or double-breasted robe is $39.50. Bed jackets of red crêpe with a white pin dot have red piping as the only decoration; $12.50. Something new in nightgowns: bud-pink crêpe with a Val-trimmed V neck has chipper embroidered rabbits riding velocipedes all over the bodice, bringing carrots to rabbit weekend guests; $39.50. Darling.

Rose Marné, 683 Fifth Avenue (54th): Among her good, inexpensive sets to order are nightgowns of white crêpe with turquoise-blue piping and monogram for $10.50; slips for $8.50. Tailored nightgowns of sheer blue wool have Peter Pan collars and tiny pearl-button fastenings; $12.50. Peach flannel, feminine as anything, is used to make a military robe with a standing self collar, epaulettes, flat gold-metal buttons, and enormous pockets—enough to give an Army man the creeps; $29.50.

Elsie McNeill, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd): The familiar Fortuny pleated gowns are still delivered for Christmas rolled up in a box no bigger than a florist would use for a bunch of violets. Some are trimmed with Venetian-glass beads and are made with drawstring necks that can be worn high or low; $135. House coats and evening wraps in medieval and modern designs—Caprice cotton velvet hand-blocked with gold patterns, white-and-silver cotton brocades, and so on; $55 and up.

Purple Box, 554 Madison Avenue (55th): Things here are made by crippled women and girls who hold their own against the most expert commercial craftsmen. Exquisitely tailored satin gowns with shirred sheer tops and long sleeves and tiny pearl-button fastenings; $21.50. Less conventional: a white

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crêpe-de-Chine nightgown with red eyelet embroidery and scallops trimming its convertible collar ($19.50), to be worn with a bed jacket whose square shoulders are stiffened by scalloped epaulettes ($13.50).

Jane Romeyn, Hotel Pierre: Made-to-order lingerie at you-won't-believe-it prices. A white crêpe gown with shirring on its bosom and watermelon-pink piping is $6.95; the color scheme is reversed on a tailored robe for $18.50. Wrap-around pink albatross house coats lined with China silk have lapels, long sleeves, and pockets edged with beige, hand-run Alençon; $25. Good black slips—and they can be so hard to find—are made here of satin trimmed with black, hand-run Alençon lace; $6.95.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Lingerie for your tailored friends and your frivolous ones, too. Along the way, look at a blue chiffon gown recklessly trimmed from shoulder to waist with bands of white embroidery edged by narrow Val-type lace; the skirt is enormously full; $59.75. A red plaid quilted cotton house coat with a fitted bodice and full skirt is double-breasted and fastens with gold military buttons ($19.95); black silk frogs and epaulettes trim a lipstick-red crêpe hostess gown ($69.50).

Gifts to Order for the House

In an age which provides so many ready-made marvels (useful or ornamental or both) for the home, the idea of giving your friends things designed and made just for their inimitable houses seems to us to have its own special charm. This also has its own special difficulties, for it's much, much harder to think up a present than it is to buy one that is put right before your eyes. This list is designed to make the job easier for you and, if nothing else, should give you a hint of what you can do if you put your mind on it:

Abercrombie & Fitch: This year, Gorainoff, whose sporting decorations on table china are an A. & F. institution, is painting game birds on the bases of walnut-mounted porcelain lamps—perfect for country houses. He has already made up a number of these for the store, but he'll do some especially for you, with whatever bird or birds your friend may be partial to, and have them ready for Christmas if you get after him right away. Gorainoff shades for these lamps display attractive charts showing the flight speeds of various game birds; $17.50 for both lamp and shade.

Cauman, 14 East 50th Street: Enamelled dessert services—cobalt finger bowl, plate of pale, misty gold, and turquoise ashtray make one lovely combination; $16. A wastebasket covered in a choice of Cauman metallic hand-blocked fabrics is a find at $4.50; telephone-book covers to match are $5. Best of all, perhaps, is the handmade silver in traditional American patterns, like the Fiddleback and Moulton, to piece out incomplete heirloom services or to start new ones. Price examples: $42 a dozen for teaspoons, $78 for dinner forks.

Greenwich House Pottery, 645 Madison Avenue (60th): Although represented in the Metropolitan Museum, the potters of Greenwich House are not too proud to execute, especially for you, beautiful little gifts in your choice of their fine glazes. Individual cigarette containers and ashtrays for dinner table or breakfast tray (from $2.50); small coin banks to hold razor blades ($1 up); beaker-shaped vases in which flowers all but arrange themselves ($5 to $25).

Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): They like nothing better than creating, from bolts of magnificent fabrics, dinner cloths such as were never seen on land or sea; $35 up to practically anything. With one hand, they'll turn your most whimsical fancies into designs on cocktail napkins and bar or guest-house towels; with the other, they'll embroider decorous monograms on traditional household linens in faultless taste.

New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Besides being one of those rare spots where they know what a tea cozy is, this place is adept at making breakfast trays painted in patterns to match china or bedroom wallpaper; $8.80. Among inspirations of the season here is a portable writing desk with a blotter-lined drop front and compartments for everything; decorated with French prints of your own choosing, it's $9.

Repairs, Inc., 20 East 57th St.: Easel-type picture frames covered in fabrics to match a room's decorations are around $18 (less if you supply the fabric). They like to scale down furniture, using, say, a Sheraton mahogany dining table as a model for a coffee table; $70. A file for cancelled checks, which looks exactly like a book, has a leather-covered back on which is printed "Bought and Paid For, by"—the recipient's name to be filled in; $10.

Custom Luggage

Good luggage can make the most treasured of gifts *if* it is bought with the special requirements of the recipient in mind. Better give a plain suitcase than a fitted one with space for a safety razor when he uses an electric one, or for many bottles when she uses jars. The three specialists whose wares are discussed below take intelligent delight in the individual's problems, and their work is as good as you can find anywhere in the world:

Mark Cross, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Women can't get over the Mayfair case, which has adjustable loops for holding lotion bottles and jars snugly, and accommodations for nightgowns, wet washcloths, and the like; $78.50 in pig. The Transcontinental is a super-satchel that just gets by as a handbag on airliners. The suède lining has beautifully arranged pockets, and there's plenty of room for overnight necessities as well as the usual handbag clutter; $42.50 in pig, $81.50 in crocodile, and just lovely. For men, the Overnighter, a scaled-down suitcase of saddle-stitched pig, which has a covered tray with chromium fittings and Kent brushes; it may be removed and carried separately if extra space is needed for business papers or something; $69.50. If you want to go overboard, have them make up a drop-front morocco-lined pigskin suitcase with sterling fittings—shaving equipment, brush and comb, etc.; among other things, this has a silk-lined shirt compartment; $575 with silver fittings, $100 more for ivory.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, 400 Madison Avenue (48th): Sturdy men have a tendency to howl against zippers on knockabout luggage. C. & F. take care of them with a medium-size, double-handled club bag that shuts with a padlock. It's made of hand-boarded cowhide and saddle-stitched by hand, it fairly yawns for lots of gear. Pull it open and it stays *wide* open until you press the sides together; $25. Attaché cases (you know, fat briefcases with square corners) are a specialty. One you may have in almost any leather you can think of; it's lined with Irish linen crash and has a crescent handle with the seam on top—easy on the hands; $20 in pig or $17.50 in calf. Camera fiends like the miniature cowhide suitcases designed to hold small cameras, films, and all the other paraphernalia such folk lug around; $10. Women yearn for that drop-front dressing case of alligator lined with silk moiré and filled with jars and gilt-topped bottles and secret compartments beneath them, for jewels and the like—it's super, that's what it is; $175.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street: Even connoisseurs gawp at his unpretentious way of doing the right thing with English brass locks, fine tooling of edges, and frames of light basswood. His final word in men's luggage is a case made of Scotch pig, looking like an oversized Victoria case. Below its deep tray, holding six to ten shirts, are removable sections in which two pairs of treed shoes and an extra hat can be carried; morocco-lined and swell for motor travel; $120. The Officer's Bag, made of grained cowhide with a tallow finish and lined with a strong cotton drill, is another current favorite. It's of kit-bag persuasion, constructed so that it folds flat when stowed away, and was born to be stuffed. One sturdy strap binds it around its middle; $50. Gilmore has revived the suitcase with a set-in dressing case which may be removed and used separately. He has a grand batch of lotion bottles and jars to choose from, or he'll fit in your friend's own containers if you can get hold of them. The centre section supports a mirror that snaps up on an easel, and under it there's lots of space for your nightgown, those curlers and tweezers, and the like; $200 in pig.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

TULARE, Sept. 24. (Exclusive)—With bombs dropping from planes at high altitudes and sirens wailing—marking another year of peacetime, progress and prosperity—the 21st annual Tulare-Kings County Fair opened in a burst of glory today.

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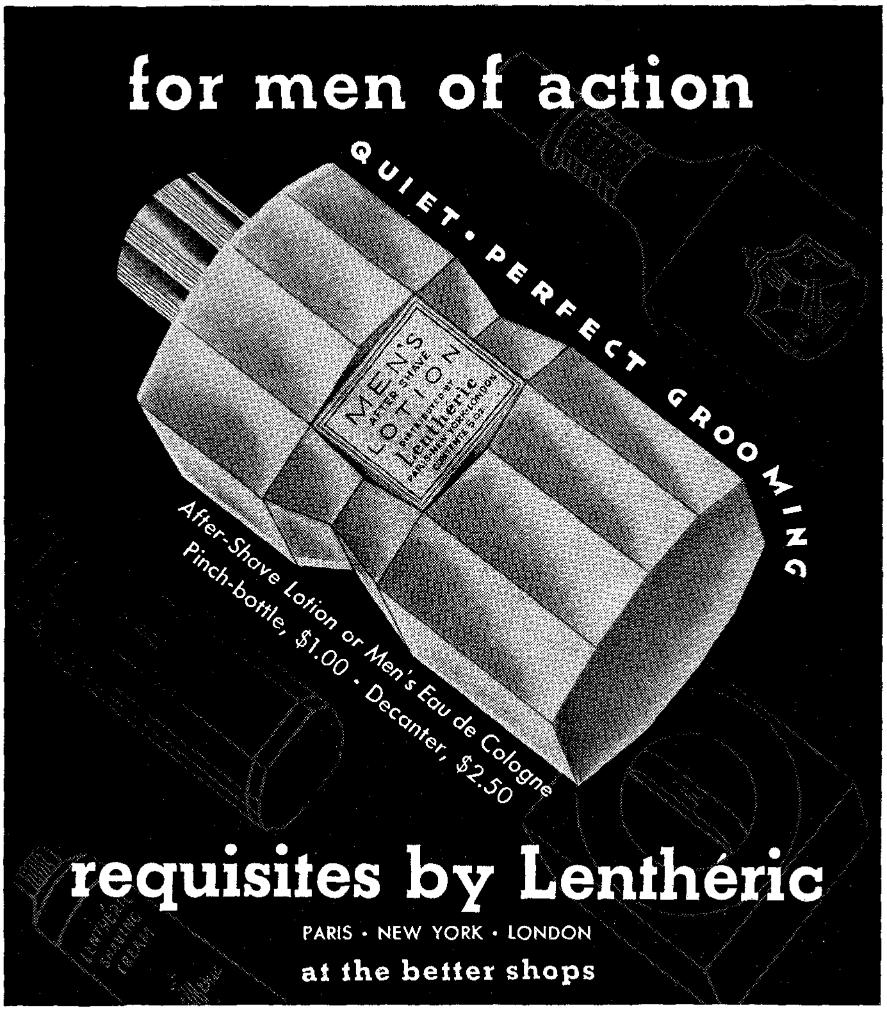
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THE RACE TRACK

All the Winners

WHEN the last fascinating tabulation of the experts' ratings has been tucked away for the season, I fancy Mioland is going to be well up in it. The big moment of the Westchester Handicap at Empire City came when he caught Foxbrough at the turn into the stretch. Before that, Foxbrough had stolen off to such a long lead that he seemed safe. Even though Foxbrough isn't quite another Gallant Fox, it takes a fair horse to spot him that sort of start, as well as nine pounds in actual weight, and then beat him handily on a muddy track.

Without meaning to boast too much, I should like to recall my advice last week to have a double on Mioland and Level Best, who won the Autumn Day Stakes. It's not particularly hot news that Level Best is the top two-year-old filly, but you might be interested to know that the Autumn Day Stakes was her last race this season; also, that next year she will not be trained for the Kentucky Derby or The Preakness. She will run only in races for mares. Crispin Oglebay, who owns her, doesn't intend to follow the program of racing fillies against colts—a program that has been so disastrous to Top Flight, Now What, and many others.

I daresay I could make myself thoroughly disagreeable by looking over my specs and giving a lecture on how to bet on winners. It may annoy you even more, though, to be told how a hunch player, who never bothers with such trifles as past performances, beat the races at Empire City last Saturday. In the first race, he bought a ticket on a horse called Impressionist, because he had been thinking about pictures on his way to the track. When Impressionist won at $6.50, he dashed off and bet on Homeward Bound in the second, because it was the final day of the meeting. After Homeward Bound won at $18.60, this fellow wagered on Radio in the third, because he had been fussing with radio contracts all week. Well, Radio won, and paid $45.80. For all I know, after that the man's friends quietly did away with him.

THE only complaint I heard about the new programs at Empire City was that they didn't fold well; making them a mite wider and binding them more carefully ought to do the trick. As you know, the new race cards were not so long as the old ones, and were bound like a book. You may not know, though, that they were printed on the track grounds in a motor truck in which was installed a complete printing plant, including a linotype machine, a rotary press, and a binder with a capacity of 10,000 programs an hour. The truck is thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide, weighs 17½ tons, can roll over the road at forty miles an hour, and has a crew of seven men. The Official Program Corporation, which owns it, intends to send it from one track to another. In addition to saving time, the equipment is supposed to save money, since its output can be adjusted to the size of the crowds and only as many race cards printed as are actually needed.

IF there has been a duller race lately than the Pimlico Special, my roving observers missed it. As you may have heard, Challedon simply galloped around the track lengths in front of Can't Wait. The Pimlico Futurity, however, might have given us some idea as to which two-year-old we could stick little gold stars on as we while away the long winter months. It didn't. Bold Irishman led all the way and won by inches from Our Boots. It's curious, isn't it, how Fitzsimmons, who trains Bold Irishman, bags those big purses when least expected? It's not so curious, really, because all season he's said that Bold Irishman was his best hope for the long races but always had bad racing luck. Our Boots may be better than I thought, and Whirlaway not so good; maybe they will have a return engagement in the Walden Handicap at Pimlico on November 14th. The best two-year-old at Empire City last week was Dispose, who looks more like his grandpa, Display, than he does like his papa, Discovery.

NOTE ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BREED OF THOROUGHBREDS: $103,159,529 was wagered on the New York tracks this season.

—AUDAX MINOR

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WHAT NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA READ

While the coolies loaded up 2,000 trucks, corps of Chinese "hell drivers" swizzled their last drinks and prepared for the perilous, roller-coaster journey in the face of Japanese threats to blast the [Burma] road into ruin.—*Newsweek, October 28th.*

There was a wonderful electric atmosphere. Even the Chinese drivers refrained from drinking.—*Time, October 28th.*

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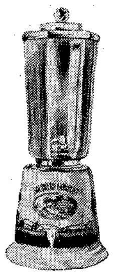

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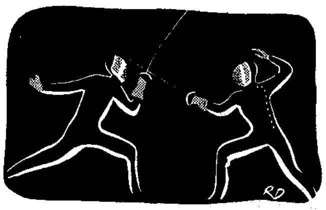
NO PLACE LIKE IT

On the second day after Faber's return from Berlin, he still looked at people with astonishment, because they did not seem worried enough. Millikan, who knew the symptoms, understood the way Faber felt as soon as he saw him come into the office. They were to have lunch together and talk about Europe and Faber's experiences as a war correspondent. Faber was bigger and blonder than ever; he walked with chin and nose pointed upward and talked with wide gestures. He would have had a noble and stupid face if it had not been for his malicious and intelligent little eyes, which redeemed it. Faber still talked a little too loud, as people do in a foreign country where they assume nobody around understands them. He had arrived by Clipper and so had not had time to change back from his foreign to his domestic personality. When the friends got into the elevator to go down to lunch, Faber began talking about the bombings he had been in. "The first time they bombed Berlin," he said, "they didn't do enough damage." The office girls who were jammed into the elevator all about him, some with their shoulder blades against his belly and others with their chins against his shoulder blades, looked up with interest. "The second time they bombed it, they were really getting somewhere," he said. "It made me feel good down in my air-raid shelter. Those bastards in Berlin don't like it." When he said "bastards" the girls looked confused, because he had no right to say that to them, but they had no right to be listening, either.

Millikan said in a perfunctory way, "The only bombardment I was in was at Paris." He had said it so often since returning from his assignment in France that it didn't even interest him any longer, and June 3, 1940, seemed as long ago as the battle of Hastings. All the girls continued looking at Faber as if Millikan had not said anything at all.



The elevator reached the street floor, and Faber said, "What I want is a really good meal. With wine. I am used to drinking wine with my meals." The two men headed toward Fifth Avenue. Faber suddenly stopped and said, "What are we doing about our defences? I mean, have we really started or are we still futzing around?" His voice sounded very anxious.

Millikan remembered when he had felt the same way, coming back from Lisbon in August, but just before meeting Faber for lunch, he had been thinking principally about the heavy overlay against a race horse named Hash, on which he had failed to bet. Understanding Faber's anxiety, he tried to formulate in his mind what he truly believed about defence, cancelling out wishful thinking. "Yeah," he said, "I think we've started."

Faber began walking again, looking over the heads of the people in the street, who were so unworried and foolish. "Well, maybe we'll be all right then," he said.

They walked uptown without any precise destination, until they came to the sunken skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza. As usual, there were a good many people hanging over the railings, watching the skaters. Faber and Millikan joined them. Two professional skaters were putting on an exhibition. The man wore a blue uniform like a moving-picture usher's and the girl short skirts which showed chunky, chapped legs. They were going through a complicated sort of waltz to music relayed by a loudspeaker. The trouble was, however, that while they skated well, they would have danced badly under any circumstances. Several times the girl threw herself sideways through the air, the man holding onto her wrists, and when she landed on her skates with a clacking, mechanical noise, she looked around for approval. There were restaurant tables at either end of the rink and on a level with it.

"This is a pretty good place to eat," Millikan said. "It's nice outdoors today." Faber thought the place looked all right, too, so they walked down the steps and a maître d'hôtel showed them to a table.

After they had ordered oysters, lobster Thermidor, and a bottle of Pouilly, Millikan asked Faber whether the Germans seemed much bucked up by their victories. Faber said the Army Germans did but the civilians didn't. "But the civilians have nothing to say anyway," he said. "It's just the Army and the Party. The country will never crack until somebody cracks the Army."

"Who?" said Millikan.

They both knew the only possible answer.

Faber looked gloomily at the people hanging over the railing above the rink and at the skaters. They didn't seem potentially formidable. "It's a wonderful country," he said, "but I think everybody is crazy."

Millikan tried to be funny. "That's just a European frame of mind," he said, imitating the voice of a normal, unfrightened American, like his editor. "You forget about the three thousand miles of ocean and the time Hitler will need to digest all the countries he has already taken."

"People who talk like that give me a pain in the butt," Faber said.

"I used to be like you myself, old man," Millikan continued, "but now, after a couple of months in a sane atmosphere compounded of Lindbergh's speeches and editorials in the *New Masses*, I see how things really are."

Faber said, "When you begin to think that sort of stupidity is even funny, you are beginning to go crazy yourself. The first batch of French prisoners I saw, I cried."

Millikan was not listening very intently, because he had said the same things until he had noticed people didn't like to listen to him. Faber was right, and nobody cared, he thought, and after a while Faber would understand that without anybody telling him. A waiter served the oysters and poured two glasses of wine, and the men began to eat. The beginning of a meal demands concentration, and while they were appraising the oysters and ranking the wine in the great hierarchy of oysters and wine that had gone down their gullets, a tall girl came out of the little skate room under the stairs and began to move about the rink. There is nothing finer to watch than a graceful animal on legs a bit too long for symmetry—a two-year-old thoroughbred, a kudu, or a heron. The girl was leggy, and Millikan thought she was brave to put on skates at all, because her little scut was such a long way from the ground in case she fell. There didn't seem much risk of that, though, the way she moved around. She seldom lifted her skates far off the surface, and she didn't jump up or squat on her haunches and revolve with one foot in the air like the instructress. She just moved well, and her hands made slight, disarticulated motions from the wrist, as if to call attention to the lovely, slow turns she was making.

Faber had finished his oysters—he always ate with the speed of a small dog consuming meat in the presence of larger dogs of whose forbearance it is not sure—and was beginning to talk of the gray, tasteless fish in Germany and the gray, tasteless people who endured it when he noticed the girl. He said, "It's funny, but when you're terribly worried you're not interested in food. I didn't mind the taste of the stuff. But I wouldn't eat a piece of it now for a buck." The girl was wearing a black skirt and a thin shirtwaist through which the men could see the white, clean straps of her underwear. Faber's nostrils flared, as if he could smell the faint aroma of laundry soap and ironing board that such underwear should have. If the girl had spoiled this bouquet with a perfume, as she probably had, nobody at that distance could know it.

"I know," said Millikan. "Then, when you're a little less worried, you take an interest in food again, but not in women. When you take an interest in women, you're not worried."

Faber said, "I don't feel like a man from Mars but like a man from earth who has landed on another planet. Don't the damn fools know what is happening on earth?" But his voice was milder than before and he watched the girl's thin hips.

The girl summoned a male instructor with one of her small motions, and the two of them skated hand in hand. She was very blonde, with fine, threadlike hair that wouldn't stay up, and she had dark eyebrows and a small, turned-up nose that gave her a silly, friendly look. Millikan and Faber followed her with their eyes, and both felt angry when she placed the instructor's arm around her, under her right armpit. They were glad she held his hand firmly in hers, so it did not touch her breast.

"That girl skates as if thousands of other girls weren't cold and hungry, or cowering from bombs," Faber said with a last, feeble effort to appear outraged. But he was obviously more interested in her than in his talk.

"He's beginning to be comfortable," Millikan thought, "and he's ashamed of it." Just then the waiter arrived with the lobster Thermidor. Millikan said, tactfully, "Oh, what the hell! Why don't you tell me all about Europe some other time?"

Faber looked relieved. "Sure," he said. "That girl looks like a doll I used to know in a Wiman show. I wonder if it could be the same one."

—A. J. Liebling

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Program Trouble

IT can't be much fun being a young pianist. You train your fingers so they land on the right keys at the right time, you study with experts, you get up a regulation concert program, you give a recital, and next day you're likely to read in the papers that you have talent and technique but will have to develop musically or emotionally or intellectually or artistically or a couple of other ways ending in "lly."

That's how things have gone for many young pianists this season, and every season. The trouble, I think, is the regulation concert program, which is intended to prove that the performer can play anything, from Bach to dizzy transcriptions of waltzes. Sometimes the pianist makes good on this appalling assignment. Usually, he gets about a B-minus, with perhaps an extra merit for effort.

It takes a certain amount of gumption to give a recital at all. Would it take any more to leave the regulation program in the studio and to play only music with which the pianist feels entirely at home? That's the question that pops up every time I hear an obviously gifted and well-taught youngster battling with the most trying problems of Bach, Beethoven, and his own nerves. Such pianists are to be heard in concert halls several times a week—several times a day, on occasion.

WHEN it comes to musicians who can master anything and play it with the greatest of ease, there's Jascha Heifetz. At his Carnegie Hall recital, he took on Spohr's eighth violin concerto and demolished its technical difficulties with such apparent unconcern that one could listen to the work simply as music—dated music, but interesting as history. Mr. Heifetz, who once included a bit of Victor Herbert in one of his Carnegie Hall programs, this time presented his own arrangements of two Gershwin preludes which had been composed for the piano. These will turn up at a good many violin sessions. Mr. Heifetz also played Robert Russell Bennett's brilliant and entertaining "Hexapoda (Five Studies in Jitteroptera)," which was introduced here last March by Louis

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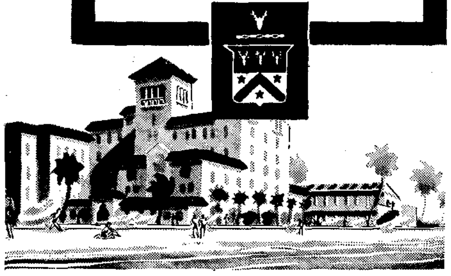

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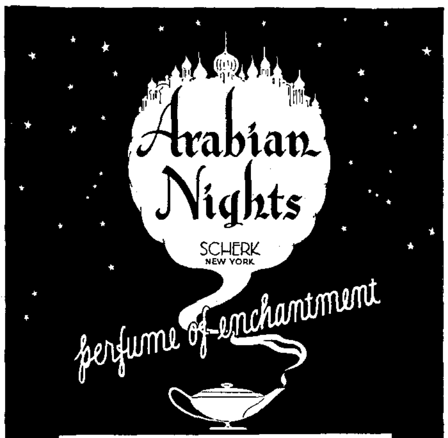

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Kaufman. There's more rowdy fun in the Bennett compositions than Mr. Heifetz and his pianist, Emanuel Bay, drew out of them, but the études in "Jitteroptera" managed to capsize the audience successfully, and two of the five were encored.

HARPSICHORDISTS usually enjoy what they're doing, and that's the way it went at the first of Ralph Kirkpatrick's three concerts in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Mr. Kirkpatrick's plan of operations evidently is to pick an assortment of music he likes, invite capable musicians to help out in the performance, and share his finds with his audience. It makes for good listening, all right, and painless education, if that's what you're after.

SHORTS: An attractive new voice is that of Charles Holland, the Negro tenor, who made his recital début in Town Hall. The program, however, was no great help to the singer. . . . Musical details in novels usually are sentimental guesswork. An exception is the background in "Clue in Two Flats," a detective story by R. L. F. McCombs, who has been around orchestras for years as critic and program annotator. One of the murder suspects is Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra. It isn't wigwagging the dénouement to say that Mr. Goossens wasn't guilty of maestrocide, the crime about which the novel turns.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Samples and Examples

WHEN you stop for a red light along some highways near town, you're likely to be greeted by young men who distribute small chunks of candy without charge, hoping that you'll invest in a carton of their confectionery before the light changes. A subtler form of this sales technique has invaded the record market. Now you can get certain operatic and symphonic excerpts, not for free, but at low prices; the idea is that these samples will interest you in becoming an opera enthusiast or a collector of symphonic recordings.

The National Committee for Music Appreciation is sponsoring "The World's Greatest Operas," a series of albums in which you will find attractive excerpts from staples of the lyric stage. The "Carmen" and "Faust" discs released under the Committee's auspices have already been reviewed in this corner. Since then, "Aïda," "Madama Butter-

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fly," "Rigoletto," "La Bohème," and "Tannhäuser" have been made available. The "Aïda" set is impressive because of the recording of the triumphal scene, which really "sounds." "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohème," and "Rigoletto" are notable for the good orchestral playing and the balance between voices and instruments. There are a few curious omissions of famous passages, such as Mimi's two arias in "La Bohème," and half of "La donna é mobile" in "Rigoletto." There also is one restoration of a passage usually omitted in performances hereabouts: an orchestral stretch in the flower duet from "Madama Butterfly." "Tannhäuser," the Committee's first Wagnerian contribution, is a sturdy job chorally and orchestrally, with uneven solo singing. That observation, in fact, goes for most of the albums so far released. The recordings are excellent technically, and serve their purpose—to introduce music you'd like to hear again.

As for symphonic samples, Victor sponsors "The Heart of the Symphony" (album G-15), consisting of seven familiar extracts from famous symphonies and a few minutes of "Schéhérazade." The orchestra, conducted by Charles O'Connell, functions efficiently, and the set ought to be a helpful trailer that will induce new listeners to ask for complete recordings of the music represented.

THERE are plenty of good voices in the recent record lists. Miss Lily Pons has an album of operatic airs and songs, mostly standard material (Victor M-702). Sir Henry R. Bishop's "Pretty Mocking Bird," arranged by Frank La Forge, may be a novelty for a lot of you. It's a better item from the composer's aviary than his "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark." Maybe I only imagine that, because I never can hear the one about the lark without visualizing the facial agonies of most sopranos who struggle with it. Anyhow, Miss Pons does a neat and effective exhibition of "Pretty Mocking Bird." The special interest of the opera part of the album is two duets by Miss Pons and Giuseppe de Luca, the astonishing baritone, whose voice, except for a few traces of unsteadiness, apparently is as fresh as ever after decades of service.

Two unhackneyed songs by Richard Strauss (Victor 17230) demonstrate thoroughly the fine voice and art of Miss Marjorie Lawrence. Miss Helen Traubel makes her disc début with "Divinités du Styx," from Gluck's "Alceste," and "Dich, teure Halle," from "Tannhäuser" (Victor 17268). If you haven't

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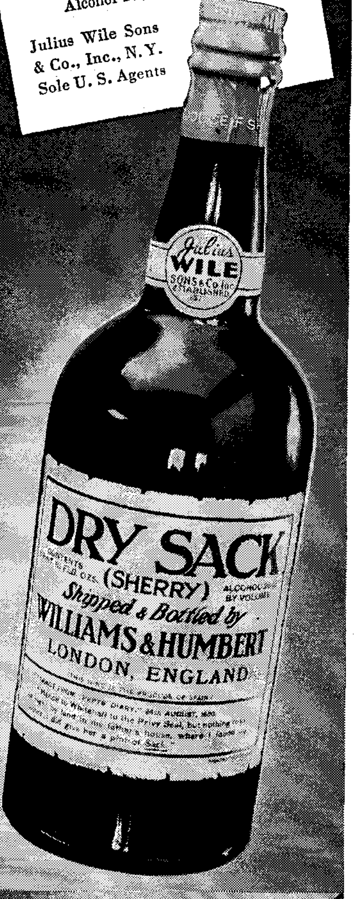
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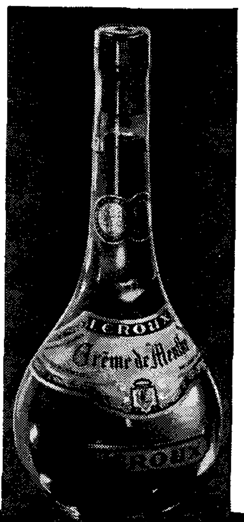

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John Charles Thomas is superb in "Preach Not Me Your Musty Rules," from Dr. Thomas Arne's "Comus" (Victor 2054), which, by some inexplicable whim, has been placed on the same side of the disc with Thomas Hay Malotte's sentimental "A Little Song of Life." On the other side is Mr. Malotte's amusing setting of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," which provides Mr. Thomas plenty of chances for comedy, not all of it high.

A SHORT Mendelssohn program could be made up of the "Ruy Blas" overture, magnificently performed by the London Philharmonic, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia 70352-D), and the "Scotch" symphony, played tidily by the Rochester Philharmonic under the direction of José Iturbi (Victor album M-699).

For something composed more recently—and perhaps better known to present-day concertgoers—there's a new recording of "Le Sacre du Printemps," led by the composer, Igor Stravinsky, and played by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Columbia M-417). It's just about the definitive recording of the composition. Ravel's Bolero, by the All-American Youth Orchestra and Leopold Stokowski (Columbia X-174), is brilliantly played and recorded, but it sounds rushed at the end. Mr. Stokowski also appears on the Victor list, directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," with Emanuel Feuermann as solo 'cellist (M-698). It's a stimulating presentation of an important work, although some may wish there had been more restraint in the orchestra.

The amity existing between the big bands is demonstrated by the recording of a composition by the manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Harl McDonald, played by the Boston Symphony, directed by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor 17229). "San Juan Capistrano" is the title, and the music, consisting of two short sketches, is expertly written and agreeable material, which Mr. Koussevitzky couldn't have conducted with more sympathy if it had been an opus by the manager of his own ensemble.

—R. A. S.

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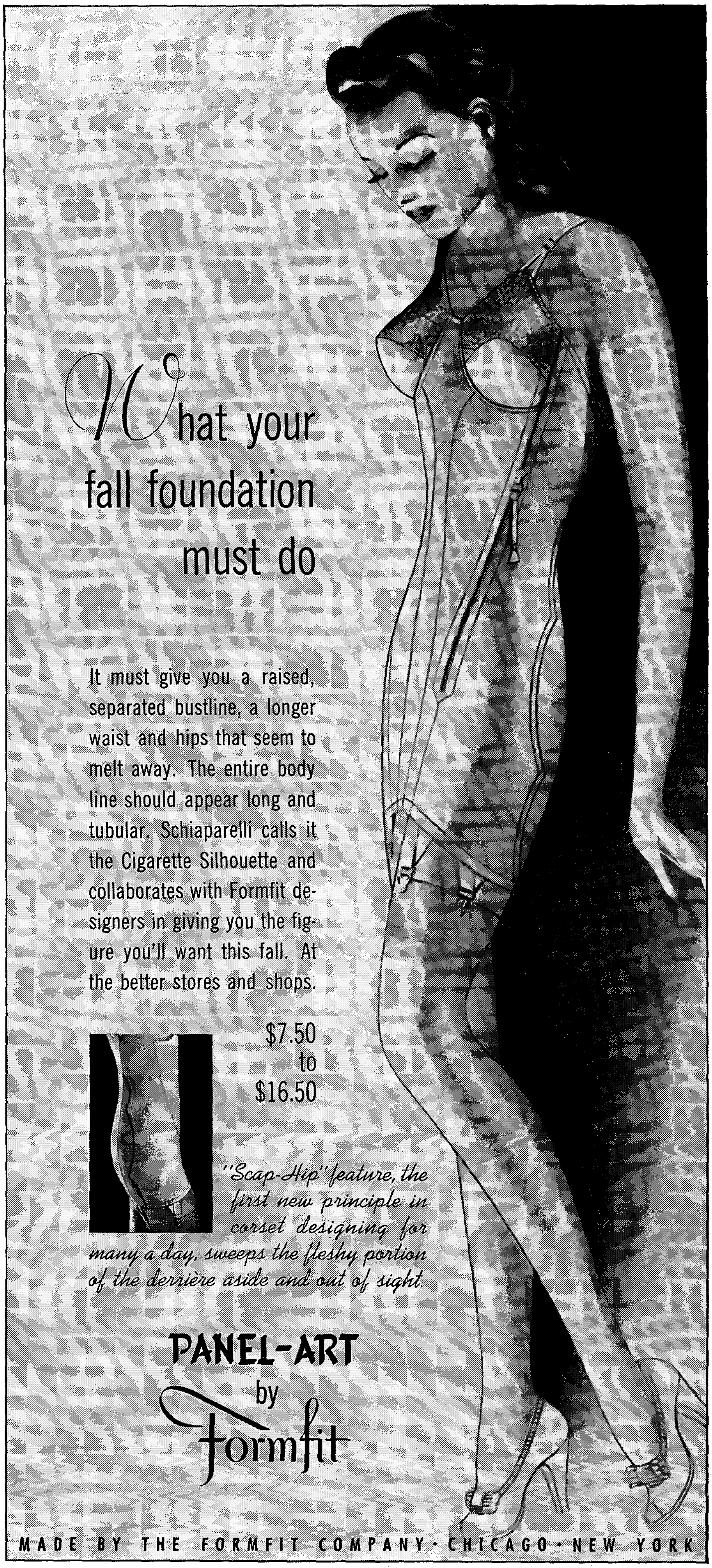

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nazimova's Escape

SOME apprehension that Miss Shearer and Robert Taylor, imperial figures that they are, might simply take over the mysterious Ethel Vance's "Escape" and readjust it to their personal requirements is proved unwarranted. Perhaps the deference due one of the better best-sellers gave them pause. Anyhow, the film follows the book pretty closely, retaining some of the story's weaknesses, and actually a number of the other actors have quite a chance to assert themselves. Either the picture has been ruthlessly and rather stupidly cut or the story has been over-condensed; even the two stars suffer from the result, though they are not the major victims, of course.

The major victim is Mme. Nazimova, and the clarity of the plot developments is dimmed sadly thereby. Beautiful as the condemned mother, she has by no means sufficient chance to show us the growth of her influence over the prison doctor, the detail on which depends all the business of the climax. Also, toward the end, when she recovers consciousness in the Countess's house, the scene (one of the best in the book) is much too hurried. It is so hurried, for instance, that the arrangement of the telephone call, the call to be put through from the airport when the fugitives are safe at last, is either not referred to, as I remember it, or is certainly so casually projected that when it finally comes, its significance is lost and the crisis blurred. For once, I am inclined to think, here is a film that might have been expanded and its whole story presented with far greater deliberation.

Miss Shearer, as the Countess, is what one might call just herself in one of her more subdued moods. Handsome and composed, she manages social appearances at the opera, with her young charges in the drawing room, and the like, with an air of dignity, but not all her dignity can make her scramble in the pantry with her youthful lover anything more than ludicrous. Not that I blame the lady. There's something shaky in the book itself about this love theme and its young man who has time for romantic dalliance on the very day before his mother is to be shot. I should say that the film presents this dubious ele-

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The Informal Empire Room

ment of the plot quite as satisfactorily as the novel, and, except for the pantry tussle, is quite as sensible about it. The atmosphere of the German city and countryside gains much, undoubtedly, from two Germans in the cast: Conrad Veidt, as the General, and Albert Basserman, who more than anyone conveys a sense of the terror in an extremely brief incident—again, a too-brief scene. As a film of Nazi Germany, however, the picture hasn't the tension, the depth of emotional pressure, that you will find in "Pastor Hall." With the cutting or condensation, with the stress, slight as it is, on the romance, this becomes more the conventional film of flight and pursuit than a violent revelation of very exciting tragedy.

A SURGE of less ambitious films seems to have swept over the town. Wholesome younger folk ought to enjoy the Indian warfare in Cecil B. De Mille's "North West Mounted Police," a snack of Americana rich with instruction in the styles of uniform affected by the Canadian Mounties along around 1885. Not privileged to wear one of the scarlet coats so lucky in this Technicolor production, Gary Cooper lopes into the landscape as a Texas ranger, has a vague sort of attachment for a local heroine (Madeleine Carroll), and isn't deceived a moment by a bad little thing loose in those north woods (Paulette Goddard). . . . Only the least critical young people, ten-year-olds with the minds of five, for instance, will be kind to "A Little Bit of Heaven," which displays Gloria Jean, poor babe, practically swamped by such old codgers as Hugh Herbert, C. Aubrey Smith, and Eugene Pallette. Not even a child can lead this gang.

The liveliest item for adults would be "Christmas in July," a slight piece indeed, but comical, though about a poor clerk and a slogan contest. Preston Sturges, of "The Great McGinty," wrote and directed it, employed Dick Powell, and never gave him even one song. . . . "Haunted Honeymoon," with Constance Cummings and, in a lackadaisical temper, Robert Montgomery, has a Dorothy L. Sayers murder in the right place and a nice collection of minor English types. . . . "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" tries out Marjorie Rambeau in the old Marie Dressler part, but one feels that Miss Rambeau might better stay ashore, with her hair combed. . . . Just before the Occupation, the French sent over "Two Women," a story of life around Dunkerque and Zeebrugge, a life of smugglers and sad adultery, with little lift to it, I fear.—JOHN MOSHER

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BOOKS

A Letter to Winston Churchill

Dear Mr. Churchill:

FROM rumors of your labors, I suspect that you will hardly find time to read this unimportant letter by an American journalist of whom you have never heard. The pretext for it springs simply from a vast admiration for yourself and your people. It is an admiration shared by many Americans who have all their lives hated professional Anglophiles.

The purpose of this letter that you may never read is to call your attention to a book, in the hope that you may possibly read that. The book is called "Where Do We Go from Here?" The author is your distinguished countryman, the social philosopher and Labour Party spokesman Harold Laski. You are, or have been, a Tory. Your lineage is among the most lordly in England. Mr. Laski is a Socialist, a term that, considered purely as a party label, has no more meaning today than the term Tory. His lineage, I suppose, is quite undistinguished. But there is a nobility in Mr. Laski's words that corresponds to a nobility in your own. I believe that, across the now artificial chasm of party, these nobilities can speak to each other.

When you first assumed power, you uttered one of those magnificent phrases that we have come to expect from you but which nonetheless continue to move us as we listen to your voice across three thousand miles of ocean. You said, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." I am one of those simple souls who believe that there was no demagogy in this sentence. It was a sentence to which the English people —the real English people, perhaps ninety-five per cent of the population —responded with that quiet, almost abstracted stoicism that can be laughable in the trite times of peace and so grandly heroic in the calamity of crisis. It was a very great statement, worthy of you and the men and women from whom you spring.

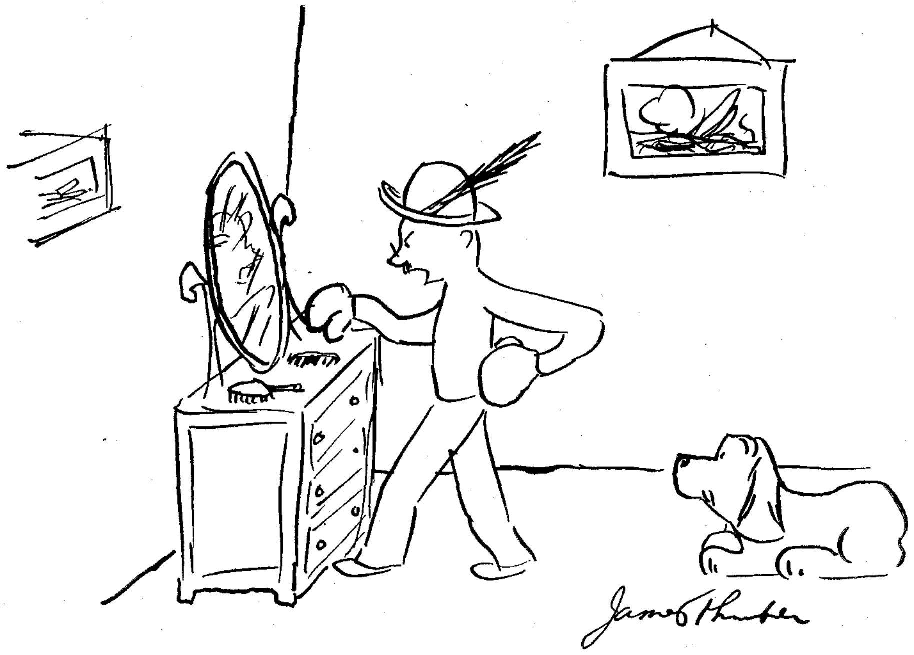
But, sir, it was not great enough. Your people have now bled, toiled, wept, and sweated, nor do they cry out against further blood, toil, tears, and sweat. But sooner or later they will cry out, not because they are tired of sacrifice but because they will wish to know for what it is that they are sacrificing. Then, if you will give them the answer, and that the right one, you will be an even greater man than you now are. But if you give them that answer *now*, before they cry out, then you will be one of the greatest men England and Europe have ever known. For when the lofty character and the high moment grapple joyfully with each other, the union is titanic and the yield prodigious.

I believe you will find the answer in Mr. Laski's book. You will find out why you must offer your people—and yourself—more than blood, toil, tears, and sweat. You will find out that if you do offer them this something more, you will have unlocked a reserve of power and devotion, of intelligence and energy, that will enable you to win this war not merely for England but for all mankind. If you do not make this offer, England may at best win a military victory (and that is doubtful), but the English people will have been defeated, and you with them. The rise of German Fascism surely demonstrates that the military conqueror—I think of 1918—is not necessarily the final victor.

Now, allow your powerful and humane mind, which years ago rose superior to the pettiness of your party, to consider the ideas and proposals of Harold Laski, who has risen above the pettiness of his. He demonstrates, first of all, what not all the Conservative members of your government understand, that the Nazi leaders are outlaws. With outlaws you cannot treat, because with outlaws you cannot reason. Are you sure that all your colleagues believe this? I think Mr. Laski would like to know whether Lord Halifax, for example, believes it. Do they believe, are they aware, that the rise of this outlawry is not an accidental matter but the horrible expression of the breakdown of a whole social order? Do you agree with Mr. Laski, in other words, that traditional capitalism and traditional democracy can co-exist only in times of expansion, and that in times of contraction the first will jettison the second, only in turn to be swallowed up by the outlaws it fondly conceived to be its tools?

Surely you understand these things. Five years ago, when most of us did not understand them, you understood them and, in your English forum, like a greater Cato, cried for the destruction of a new Carthage. Surely, then, you will also understand Mr. Laski's argument that to defeat Hitler in order to restore Mr. Chadband Chamberlain's brand of democracy is meaningless, that only by giving democracy a new and deeper content will that defeat come about. I cannot say these things as nobly as you do, or as clearly as Mr. Laski does. Here are his words: "The road to a victory for democracy lies not merely in the affirmation of its historic procedures, but in the effective enlargement of the ends for which these are used. It is in its power to organize the enlargement of those ends that the British government will provide the true measure of its determination to overthrow the tyranny of Fascism."

Then, if you accept this statement in theory—as your great words have already accepted it—you will and must



"They're going to put you away if you don't quit acting like this."

accept it, like the man of action you are, in practice. You will, first, sternly remove from power those Englishmen in high places who are Vichy-minded—and that means those who think only of preserving intact the Empire that Hitler would destroy. To destroy it is possible, and terrible; to preserve it is less possible, and futile. Surely you agree with Mr. Laski that Hitler's aim is not alone the subjugation of the Empire but the domination of the world. He can, by the logic of his own dynamic, have no other aim. Hence, just as Hitler's destructiveness is worldwide, so must your constructiveness, to meet it, be worldwide.

And so, to follow Mr. Laski's argument, you must ignore the Halifaxes and the Duff Coopers, who do not understand the dynamic of totalitarian war. It is not that they are selfish or "unpatriotic;" it is that their imaginations are not large enough to grasp the Fascist perspective and hence not large enough to conceive another perspective to rival and at last annihilate it.

What is that perspective? It is no less than the liberation of the English people. Mr. Laski calls it a "revolution by consent," non-violent, thoroughly English in its calm, its orderliness, its rationality, a revolution that will merely complete the great series of years 1215, 1688, 1832. Sir, shall we not say 1940? Already you have instituted important reforms in social welfare. Do not stop. Go forward. Go forward not because it is the Christian thing to do but, if you must, because it is a strategic necessity. For if the class you have outgrown will abdicate some of its privileges and dedicate itself to England exactly as does the humble munitions worker, that munitions worker will find his force multiplied one hundredfold, for he will know for what he is fighting, and for what his children may hope to live.

And then what? What comes after this bloodless "revolution by consent"? The answer is, the liberation of the Continent. "If we want the winds of democratic doctrine to blow through all Europe, we must first set them in play in Great Britain." Much may be said against this view; much may be said in favor of continuing the British system as is. I ask you to follow Mr. Laski's demonstration, so fair and undogmatic, of the fatal weakness of such arguments.

What a high opportunity is yours to overcome not alone by the force of your arms but by the superiority of your insight. We are all—average men like myself, thinkers like H. G. Wells

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and Clarence Streit—groping toward a principle of human union great enough to match and master the Fascist principle of devilish division. Your throat can give it voice, your hand set it in motion. The cleansing of your democracy will mean heavy sacrifices for you and your class, but that is the price of victory. It may mean, as Mr. Laski gravely argues, the enfranchisement of India. Surely it means the total rejection of such outmoded war aims as the dismemberment of Germany. On page 187 of Mr. Laski's book, you will find a general expression of what it may signify. In essence it means a revitalizing of the entire European order—but in a manner resembling neither the fatally limited and tyrannical Russian revolution nor the streamlined chaos of the Fascist nihilists. "Our choice," says Mr. Laski, "is between the dark age of privilege and the dawn of an equal fellowship among men."

And, sir, that choice must be made, not tomorrow but today. Today, with the bombs crashing in the London streets. Today, even as your compendious mind anxiously grapples with a thousand problems of strategy. Today, while your people have not yet begun to cry out against the blood, the toil, the tears, and the sweat. For if it is not done today, there may be no tomorrow in which to do it. No tomorrow for you and your people, for me and mine.

I have the honor to remain, sir,
Your obedient servant and well-wisher,
CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

TEN years ago it was the custom for *avant-garde* critics to call those people who were puzzled by Ezra Pound's Cantos imbeciles. Such people then were beneath both explanation and contempt. Now it is different. Pound's publishers have gone to the trouble, as they publish his new volume, "Cantos LII-LXXI," to provide a neat little explanatory brochure, which slips into a neat pocket pasted on the inside back cover of the book. This brochure, entitled "Notes on Ezra Pound's Cantos: Structure and Metric," contains two well and clearly written essays, one on Pound's matter and one on his manner. A photograph of Pound, making him look even more scowling than he frequently sounds, embellishes its cover.

Pound's moral ideas are based, we are told, on the discipline of Confucius; his economic ideas on those of "certain of the Canonist writers on economics," "certain of the economic theories of the corporate state," Major Douglas, and

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STOKES

the obscurer economist Silvio Gesell. Pound believes that everything in the modern mess could be fixed up if "the democracies" would "finance their war and defence with statal economy"—this in spite of the fact that Pound is against war. Pound is no Fascist at heart, we are told, although he likes to live in Italy; and the Chinese have taught him the use of "extreme ellipsis." Also, the Cantos actually are not based on the fugue form but may have been strongly influenced by the structure of Dante's "Commedia." Pound has already given us an "Inferno" in the early Cantos; in the present "American Colonial and Chinese cantos," we are in the midst of his "Purgatorio." At any moment, as his apologist puts it, Pound may "plunge into the Empyrean." On the metrical side, we are assured, Pound is breaking up the iambic metres, usual and often monotonous in English poetry, with trochees and spondees.

After Pound's long and rather insolent cultivation of opacity and ambiguity, it would be easy to become hilarious at all this blueprinting. And it would be easy to poke fun at Pound himself, since he seems to be almost totally without humor. But one must realize that he is in many ways a great figure. He did an extraordinary job thirty years ago of bringing life to English verse, and his influence has not yet petered out. He has written beautiful poetry. That he now sounds less like a poet than like a case history is tragic rather than comic. Faced with these new Cantos, one's warmest charity is certainly called into use. The dullness and brutishness of the Ming and the Manchu rulers, described in the first section, are equalled only by the fustiness and mustiness of John Quincy Adams' notations on life and business conditions with which Pound deals in the second. We are given, in this latter part, not "the idea and the ideal of democracy as it was conceived in the mind of one of the founding fathers," which the publishers rather sentimentally promise us, but the atmosphere of American Colonial laundry bills and old promissory notes. Pound's early ability to open up gaps in his narration, through which we saw tranquil sea- and landscapes and lovely, cool forms of antique beauty, has totally disappeared. The only asides are scatological ones, of an extremely childish and petulant kind, and a few yelps of pure race hatred. As for the metrics, they often are those of prose (which is a mixture of iambs, trochees, and spondees).

Perhaps this *is* Purgatory. If so, we can only hope it is to be brief. For if

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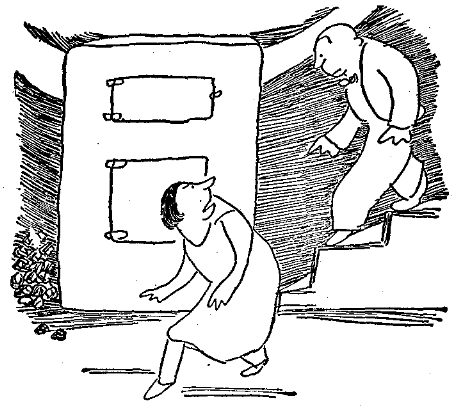

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Pound plans to make "plunges" into Paradise, he must be able to put aside his hatred, as Dante managed to do. If one hates anything too long, one not only begins to resemble what is hated but one forgets, one becomes incapable even of imagining any longer, what it is that one could love. What Pound would do in a paradise unencumbered by old bills of lading and growls about usury, it is becoming difficult to think. Moral indignation is one thing; *l'amor*, which Dante said moved the sun and other stars, is something even more difficult.

The ideograms occurring here and there in the text are certainly beautiful, and it is a great pleasure just to look at them.

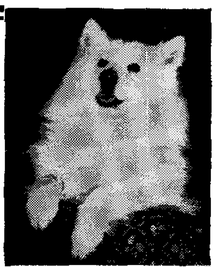
POUND'S manner, which seems finally to have got him, should stand as a warning to writers: if you express different things in the same way over too long a period of time, you are likely to sound after a while as if you were saying the *same* things in the same way. This is the only warning that Kenneth Fearing, whose exciting and interesting book of "Collected Poems" has just been issued, should bear in mind. In these works, several of which have appeared in the pages of this magazine, he has developed a manner which can accommodate almost anything that comes up: radio commentators, photoelectric beams, Mayor Hague, Madison Square Garden, love, crime, drinking, evictions, and the grave. That it is poetry of "social consciousness" is apparent; it is, as well, poetry written with a conspicuous sense of timing, drama, and style. Mr. Fearing should continue to hold his vehicle open to changes in tone as well as subject; his later poems are likely to leave out the humorous effects of his earlier ones. If he fixes in mind the superb early "Minnie and Mrs. Hoyne," he will keep his work fresh and defeat a slight tendency toward a high moral tone which tends to make every poem the same poem and all of them somewhat closed to the humane satire he knows so well how to bring off.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT, by T. H. White. Another chapter in Mr. White's modern version of Malory, this time the story of Lancelot, Guinevere, and Elaine; of King Arthur and his vision of the Round Table as the means of establishing government by law; and of Galahad, a cross



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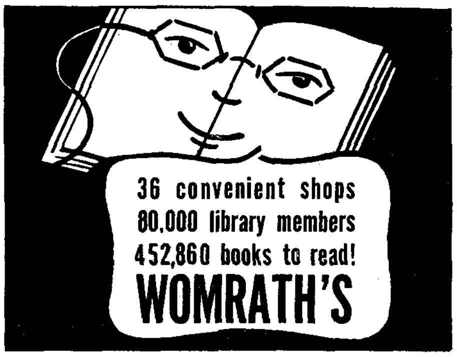

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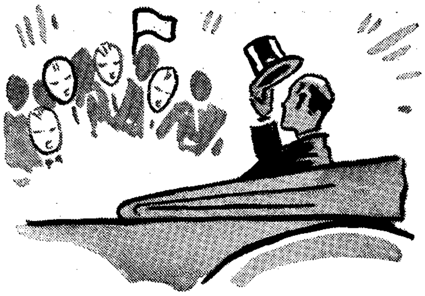

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between a prig and an angel. Mr. White makes the days of King Arthur completely contemporary, yet they lose none of their ancient drama, splendor, or dignity. A fascinating combination of medieval learning, wit, pity, and high jinks. Recommended with great praise.

HILDRETH, by Harlow Estes. A tender and penetrating study of a young girl's mind and heart. The action takes place in a Maine summer colony. The chief character is Hildreth, who thinks she knows why her parents are divorced, how life must seem to her recently widowed aunt, and what to do about Geoffrey, who can't seem to pull himself together and find a job. She suffers disappointment and chagrin, and learns humility and the beginnings of wisdom. Winner of the $10,000 *Redbook*-Dodd, Mead prize, and a better-than-average choice.

WINGED CITADEL, by Kristmann Gudmundsson, translated from the Norwegian by Barrows Mussey. The story of the downfall of Crete, the destruction of a humane and decadent civilization by the Achaean barbarians, who despised humaneness and culture. A credible reconstruction of an ancient period, not cluttered up with archaisms but dramatic, readable, and alive.

ON THE LONG TIDE, by Laura Krey. The settlement of Texas in the early *nineteenth century*. Mrs. Krey begins with a glimpse of Thomas Jefferson, introduces Andrew Jackson and young Sam Houston, and proceeds with Indian fights, Negro slaves, conniving Mexicans, and the struggles of the new settlers for land and peace. If you like novelized American history, you'll probably like this.

ANGELS ON TOAST, by Dawn Powell. Big-businessmen with overamorous inclinations, adventuresses from the Continent, and some assorted American ladies of various degrees of complaisance are set up by Miss Powell against a background of smart hotels, de-luxe trains, and night clubs. Unabashedly trivial but rather entertaining.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, 1940, edited, with notes and an introduction, by Edward J. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien's annual collection, containing many familiar names—T. O. Beachcroft, John Collier, Rhys Davies, Eric Knight, Gwyn Jones, and so on. Although some of the stories are distinguished and a few are humorous, most of them are depress-

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ing. A dash of Ring Lardner would help a lot.

GENERAL

BATTLE SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC, by Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson. A retired American Army officer who has tested his theories under service conditions tells us what he believes is wrong with our Army and what we ought to do about it. His indictment, which goes far beyond anything you've read in the newspapers, sounds both plausible and alarming, and his plan for reform, based on industrial methods and a more democratic competitive system of promotion, seems to make very good sense.

THE SHAPE OF THE WAR TO COME. Anonymous. Fascinating little book that tells how the war will come out. Germany, says the author, will attempt to invade England this month; we will be forced to defend South America; and Hitler's armies, before their final defeat in Europe, will pour across Russia and gain a foothold in Alaska and western Canada.

WITCH HUNT, by George Seldes. If you can discount the party-line sentiment, this is a vigorous and detailed exposé of civil-liberties abuses in the United States since the World War. The author charges that red-baiting is an organized economic and political maneuver intended to suppress not only Communism *per se* but all liberal and labor reform as well.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WRONG MURDER, by Craig Rice. Our old friend Jake Justus bets a would-be murderess he can catch her if she goes through with it. This one gives you plenty of action, a cop named Von Flanagan, and a clear picture of most of the bars in Chicago. Should keep you reading pretty steadily.

THE SHADOW AND THE WEB, by Mary Allerton. Colorful and horrifying tale of the decline and fall of the Morphew sisters, with the South the place they decline in. There is little mystery but lots of crime. The period is late McKinley. Based on the Snead-Wardlaw case, described in Alvin Harlow's "Murder Not Quite Solved," and as frightening as a bad dream.

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Marshal Pétain is the Chief of State, and the last word always rests with him (here eight words were censored).—*The Times.*

Anybody want to guess?

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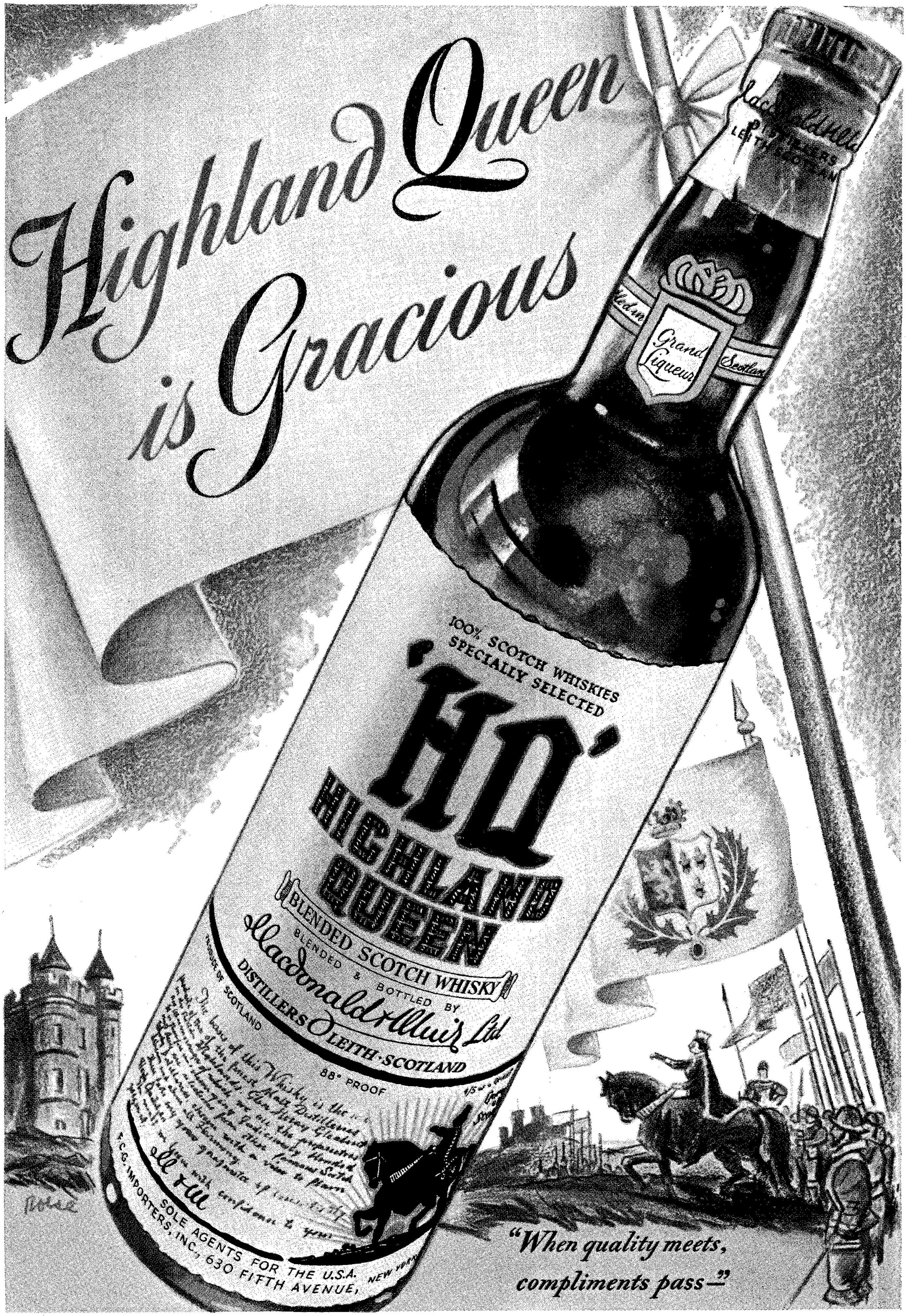
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